1560/533.

THE

# SPECTATOR.

VOL. II.

THE

# SPECTATOR,

WITH

## ILLUSTRATIVE NOTES.

TO WHICH ARE PREFIXED

## THE LIVES OF THE AUTHORS:

COMPREHENDING

JOSEPH ADDISON,
SIR RICHARD STEELE,
THOMAS PARNELL,
JOHN HUGHES,

EUSTACE BUDGEL,
LAWRENCE EUSDEN,
THOMAS TICKELL,
ALEXANDER POPE,

WITH

## *CRITICAL REMARKS*

ON

## THEIR RESPECTIVE WRITINGS.

*A NEW EDITION.*

VOL. II.

*By ROBERT BISSET, L.L.D.*
AUTHOR OF THE LIFE OF BURKE, &c. &c.

———Qui vitam excoluere per artes,
Quique sui memores alio fecere merendo. VIRG.

*LONDON:*

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1799.

TO

# CHARLES LORD HALIFAX.*

MY LORD,

*SIMILITUDE of manners and studies is usually mentioned as one of the strongest motives to affection and esteem; but the passionate veneration I have for your Lordship, I think, flows from an admiration of qualities in you, of which, in the whole course of these Papers, I have acknowledged*

* CHARLES MONTAGUE was grandson to the Earl of MANCHESTER, who, when Lord KIMBOLTON, was one of the most distinguished speakers in the Parliament which abolished the Star Chamber and High Court of Commission, and afterwards Commander at Marstonmoor. MONTAGUE was educated at Cambridge, and gained there great applause by his poetical talents. At the Revolution he came to court, and was made one of the Lords of the Treasury. In 1694 he was made Chancellor of the Exchequer. In 1698 he was appointed First Lord of the Treasury. In both departments he displayed great knowledge as a financier. In 1700 he was created Lord HALIFAX, and made Auditor of the Exchequer. In the reign of Queen ANNE he was intimately connected with the Duke of MARLBOROUGH, Lords SOMERS, GODOLPHIN,

*knowledged myself incapable. While I busy myself as a stranger upon earth, and can pretend to no more than being a looker-on, you are conspicuous in the busy and polite world, both in the world of men, and that of letters. While I am silent and unobserved in public meetings, you are admired by all that approach you, as the life and genius of the conversation. What an happy conjunction of different talents meets in him whose whole discourse is at once animated by the strength and force of reason, and adorned with all the graces and embellishments of wit! When learning irradiates common life, it is then in its highest use and perfection; and it is to such as your Lordship, that the Sciences owe the esteem which they have with the active part of mankind. Knowledge of books in recluse men, is like that sort of lantern, which hides him who carries it, and serves only to pass through secret and gloomy paths of his*

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PHIN, and the other great men of the Whig Party. He was also the MÆCENAS of the age. He patronized ADDISON, STEELE, and others of the most distinguished Wits. Though, like MÆCENAS, he patronized men of real genius, he differed from that illustrious Roman, in countenancing men who wished to be poets, but wanted talents.

On the Accession of GEORGE I. he was one of the Lords of the Regency, and on the arrival of the King he was made Prime Minister, and soon after created Earl HALIFAX. He died in May, 1715. Had MÆCENAS written poetry, many, no doubt, in his life time would have declared that they believed him superior to HORACE, or even to VIRGIL. HALIFAX's poetry was very highly praised by ADDISON, and other men of genius of that age: now it is little known.

*his own; but, in the possession of a man of business, it is, as a torch in the hand of one who is willing and able to shew those who were bewildered, the way which leads to their prosperity and welfare. A generous concern for your country, and a passion for every thing which is truly great and noble, are what actuate all your life and actions; and I hope you will forgive me that I have an ambition this book may be placed in the library of so good a judge of what is valuable, in that library where the choice is such, that it will not be a disparagement to be the meanest author in it. Forgive me, my Lord, for taking this occasion of telling all the world how ardently I love and honour you; and that I am, with the utmost gratitude for all your favours,*

My Lord,

*Your Lordship's most obliged,*

*Most obedient,*

*And most humble servant,*

*THE SPECTATOR.*

THE

# SPECTATOR.

## N°. 30.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 4, 1711.

Si, MIMNERMUS uti censet, sine amore jocisque
Nil est jucundum; vivas in amore jocisque.

HOR. 1 EP. vi. 65.

"If nothing, as MIMNERMUS strives to prove,
"Can e'er be pleasant without mirth and love,
"Then live in mirth and love, thy sports pursue."

CREECH.

### ON LOVE.

ONE common calamity makes men extremely affect each other, though they differ in every other particular. The passion of Love is the most general concern among men; and I am glad to hear by my last advices from Oxford that there are a set of sighers in that university, who have erected themselves into a society in honour of that tender passion. These gentlemen are of that sort of inamoratos, who are not so very much lost to com-

mon sense, but that they understand the folly they are guilty of; and for that reason separate themselves from all other company, because they will enjoy the pleasure of talking incoherently, without being ridiculous to any but each other. When a man comes into the club, he is not obliged to make any introduction to his discourse, but at once, as he is seating himself in his chair, speaks in the thread of his own thoughts, "She gave me a very obliging glance, she never looked so well in her life as this evening;" or the like reflection, without regard to any other member of the society; for in this assembly they do not meet to talk to each other, but every man claims the full liberty of talking to himself. Instead of snuff-boxes and canes, which are the usual helps to discourse with other young fellows, these have each some piece of ribbon, a broken fan, or an old girdle, which they play with while they talk of the fair person remembered by each respective token. According to the representation of the matter from my letters, the company appear like so many players rehearsing behind the scenes; one is sighing and lamenting his destiny in beseeching terms, another declaring he will break his chain, and another in dumb-show, striving to express his passion by his gesture. It is very ordinary in the assembly, for one of a sudden to rise and make a discourse concerning his passion in general, and describe the temper of his mind in such a manner, as that the whole company shall join in the description, and feel the force of it. In this case, if any man has declared the violence of his flame in more pathetic terms, he is made president for that night, out of respect to his superior passion.

We had some years ago in this town a set of people who met and dressed like Lovers, and were distinguished by the name of the *Fringe-glove* Club; but they were persons of such moderate intellects, even before they were impaired by their passion, that their irregularities could not

not furnish sufficient variety of folly to afford daily new impertinences; by which means that institution dropped. These fellows could express their passion in nothing but their dress; but the Oxonians are fantastical, now they are Lovers, in proportion to their learning and understanding before they became such. The thoughts of the ancient poets on this agreeable phrenzy, are translated in honour of some modern beauty; and CHLORIS is won to day by the same compliment that was made to LESBIA a thousand years ago. But as far as I can learn, the patron of the Club is the renowned DON QUIXOTE. The adventures of that gentle knight are frequently mentioned in the society, under the colour of laughing at the passion and themselves: but at the same time, though they are sensible of the extravagancies of that unhappy warrior, they do not observe, that to turn all the reading of the best and wisest writings into rhapsodies of love, is a phrenzy no less diverting than that of the aforesaid accomplished Spaniard. A gentleman who, I hope, will continue his correspondence, is lately admitted into the fraternity, and sent me the following letter.

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SIR,

'SINCE I find you take notice of Clubs, I beg leave to give you an account of one in Oxford, which you have no where mentioned, and perhaps never heard of. We distinguish ourselves by the title of *The Amorous Club*, are all votaries of CUPID, and admirers of the fair sex. The reason that we are so little known in the world, is the secrecy which we are obliged to live under in the university. Our constitution runs counter to that of the place wherein we live: for in love there are no doctors, and we all profess so high a passion, that we admit of no graduates in it. Our presidentship is bestowed according to the dignity of passion; our number is unlimited; and our statutes are like those of the Druids, recorded in our own breasts only, and explained

by the majority of the company. A mistress, and a poem in her praise, will introduce any candidate. Without the latter no one can be admitted; for he that is not in love enough to rhyme, is unqualified for our society. To speak disrespectfully of any woman is expulsion from our gentle society. As we are at present all of us gownmen, instead of duelling when we are rivals, we drink together the health of our mistress. The manner of doing this sometimes indeed creates debates; on such occasions we have recourse to the rules of love among the ancients.

NÆVIA sex cyathis, septem JUSTINA bibatur.

MART. EPIG. i. 72.

"Six cups to NÆVIA, to JUSTINA seven."

'This method of a glass to every letter of her name, occasioned the other night a dispute of some warmth. A young student, who is in love with Mrs. ELIZABETH DIMPLE, was so unreasonable as to begin her health under the name of *Elizabetha*; which so exasperated the club, that by common consent we retrenched it to Betty. We look upon a man as no company that does not sigh five times in a quarter of an hour; and look upon a member as very absurd, that is so much himself as to make a direct answer to a question. In fine, the whole assembly is made up of absent men, that is, of such persons as have lost their locality, and whose minds and bodies never keep company with one another. As I am an unfortunate member of this distracted society, you cannot expect a very regular account of it; for which reason I hope you will pardon me that I so abruptly subscribe myself,

SIR,

Your most obedient,
humble servant,

*T. B.*'

'I forgot to tell you, that ALBINA, who has six votaries in this club, is one of your readers.' R.

NO.

# N°. 31.

THURSDAY, APRIL 5, 1711.

Sit mihi fas audita loqui———

VIRG. ÆN. vi. 266.

"What I have heard, permit me to relate."

## A PROJECTOR'S PLAN OF AN OPERA.

LAST night, upon my going into a coffee-house not far from the Hay-market theatre, I diverted myself for above half an hour with overhearing the discourse of one, who, by the shabbiness of his dress, the extravagance of his conception, and the hurry of his speech, I discovered to be of that species who are generally distinguished by the title of Projectors. This gentleman, for I found he was treated as such by his audience, was entertaining a whole table of listners with the project of an opera, which he told us had not cost him above two or three mornings in the contrivance, and which he was ready to put in execution, provided he might find his account in it. He said, that he had observed the great trouble and inconvenience which ladies were at, in travelling up and down to the several shows that are exhibited in different quarters of the town. The dancing monkies are in one place; the puppet-show in another; the opera in a third; not to mention the lions, that are almost a whole day's journey from the politer part of the town. By these means people of figure are forced to lose half the Winter after their coming to town, before they have seen all the strange sights about it. In order to remedy this great inconvenience, our projector drew out of his pocket the scheme of an opera, entitled,

the *Expedition of* ALEXANDER the Great; in which he had disposed all the remarkable shows about town, among the scenes and decorations of his piece. The thought, he confessed, was not originally his own, but that he had taken the hint of it from several performances which he had seen upon our stage: in one of which there was a raree-show; in another, a ladder-dance; and in others, a posture-man, a moving picture, with many curiosities of the like nature.

This Expedition of ALEXANDER opens with his consulting the oracle at Delphos, in which the dumb conjuror, who has been visited by so many persons of quality of late years, is to be introduced as telling his fortune. At the same time CLINCH of Barnet is represented in another corner of the temple, as ringing the bells of Delphos, for joy of his arrival. The tent of DARIUS is to be peopled by the ingenious Mrs. SALMON, where ALEXANDER is to fall in love with a piece of wax-work that represents the beautiful STATIRA. When ALEXANDER comes into that country in which QUINTUS CURTIUS tells us the dogs were so exceeding fierce, that they would not lose their hold, though they were cut to pieces limb by limb, and that they would hang upon their prey by their teeth when they had nothing but a mouth left, there is to be a scene of Hockley in the Hole, in which is to be represented all the diversions of that place, the bull-baiting only excepted, which cannot possibly be exhibited in the theatre, by reason of the lowness of the roof. The several woods in Asia, which ALEXANDER must be supposed to pass through, will give the audience a sight of monkies dancing upon ropes, with many other pleasantries of that ludicrous species. At the same time, if there chance to be any strange animals in town, whether birds or beasts, they may be either let loose among the woods, or driven across the stage by some of the country people of Asia. In the last great battle, PINKETHMAN is to personate King PORUS upon an elephant, and is to be encountered by POWELL, representing ALEXANDER the Great, upon

upon a dromedary, which nevertheless Mr. POWELL is desired to call by the name of BUCEPHALUS. Upon the close of this great decisive battle, when the two kings are thoroughly reconciled, to shew the mutual friendship and good correspondence that reigns between them, they both of them go together to a puppet-show, in which the ingenious Mr. POWELL, junior, may have an opportunity of displaying his whole art of machinery, for the diversion of the two monarchs. Some at the table urged, that a puppet-show was not a suitable entertainment for ALEXANDER the Great; and that it might be introduced more properly, if we suppose the conqueror touched upon that part of India which is said to be inhabited by the Pygmies. But this objection was looked upon as frivolous, and the proposal immediately over-ruled. Our projector further added, that after the reconciliation of these two kings, they might invite one another to dinner, and either of them entertain his guest with the German Artist,* Mr. PINKETHMAN's heathen gods, or any of the like diversions, which shall then chance to be in vogue.

This project was received with very great applause by the whole table. Upon which the undertaker told us, that he had not yet communicated to us above half his design; for that ALEXANDER being a Greek, it was his intention that the whole opera should be acted in that language, which was a tongue he was sure would wonderfully please the ladies, especially when it was a little raised and

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* Lately arrived a rare and curious Artist, who in the presence of all spectators makes all sorts and fashions of Indian China, and other curious figures of various colours, as small as they please.—Also all sorts of birds, fowls, images of men, &c. He bloweth all colours of glass curiously, &c. He sheweth a glass of water wherein 4 or 5 images rise or fall as he pleases; with several other rarities; a wheel turned by human power, which spins 10,000 yards of glass in less than half an hour. He makes for sale, artificial eyes to admiration, curiously coloured, and not to be discerned from natural eyes, and teaches how they may fix them in their heads themselves, to the great satisfaction of all who use them.—*Vivant Regina.*

and rounded by the Ionick dialect; and could not but be acceptable to the whole audience, because there are fewer of them who understand Greek than Italian. The only difficulty that remained, was, how to get performers, unless we could persuade some gentlemen of the universities to learn to sing, in order to qualify themselves for the stage; but this objection soon vanished, when the projector informed us that the Greeks were at present the only musicians in the Turkish empire, and that it would be very easy for our factory at Smyrna to furnish us every year with a colony of musicians, by the opportunity of the Turkey fleet; besides, says he, if we want any single voice for any lower part in the opera, LAWRENCE can learn to speak Greek, as well as he does Italian, in a fortnight's time.*

The projector having thus settled matters, to the good-liking of all that heard him, he left his seat at the table, and planted himself before the fire, where I had unluckily taken my stand for the convenience of overhearing what he said. Whether he had observed me to be more attentive than ordinary, I cannot tell, but he had not stood by me above a quarter of a minute, but he turned short upon me on a sudden, and catching me by a button of my coat, attacked me very abruptly after the following manner. "Besides, Sir, I have heard of a very extraordinary genius for music that lives in Switzerland, who has so strong a spring in his fingers, that he can make the board of an organ sound like a drum, and if I could but procure a subscription of about ten thousand pounds every Winter, I would undertake to fetch him over, and oblige him by articles to set every thing that should be sung upon the English stage." After this he looked full in my face, expecting I would make an answer, when, by good luck, a gentleman that had

* This is not an exaggerated description of the extravagant inconsistencies received by people of fashion under the name of operas.

had entered the coffee-house since the projector applied himself to me, hearing him talk of his Swiss compositions, cried out in a kind of laugh, "Is our music then to receive further improvements from Switzerland!" This alarmed the projector, who immediately let go my button, and turned about to answer him. I took the opportunity of the diversion which seemed to be made in favour of me, and laying down *my penny* upon the bar, retired with some precipitation. C.

## N^o. 32.

FRIDAY, APRIL 6, 1711.

Nil illi larva aut tragicis opus esse cothurnis.

HOR. 1 SAT. v. 64.

"He wants no tragic vizor to increase
"His natural deformity of face."

### DISSERTATION ON DEFORMITY.

THE late discourse concering the statutes of the Ugly Club having been so well received at Oxford, that contrary to the strict rules of the society, they have been so partial as to take my own testimonial, and admit me into that select body, I could not restrain the vanity of publishing to the world the honour which is done me. It is no small satisfaction, that I have given occasion for the president's shewing both his invention and reading to such advantage as my correspondent reports he did: but it is not to be doubted there were many very proper hums and pauses in his harangue, which lose their ugliness in the narration, and which my correspondent (begging

(begging his pardon) has no very good talent at representing. I very much approve of the contempt the society has of beauty. Nothing ought to be laudable in a man, in which his will is not concerned; therefore our society can follow nature, and where she has thought fit, as it were, to mock herself, we can do so too, and be merry upon the occasion.

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MR. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR making public the late trouble I gave you, you will find to have been the occasion of this. Who should I meet at the coffee-house door the other night, but my old friend Mr. President. I saw somewhat had pleased him; and as soon as he had cast his eye upon me, "Oh, doctor, rare news from London, (say he) the SPECTATOR has made honourable mention of the Club (man) and published to the world his sincere desire to be a member, with a recommendatory description of his phiz: and though our constitution has made no particular provision for short faces, yet his being an extraordinary case, I believe we shall find an hole for him to creep in at; for I assure you he is not against the canon; and if his sides are as compact as his joles, he need not disguise himself to make one of us." I presently called for the Paper,* to see how you looked in print; and after we had regaled ourselves a while upon the pleasant image of our proselyte, Mr. President told me I should be his stranger at the next night's club: where we were no sooner come, and pipes brought, but Mr. President began an harangue upon your introduction to my epistle, setting forth, with no less volubility of speech than strength of reason, That a speculation of this nature was what had been long and much wanted; and that he doubted not but it would be of inestimable value to the public, in reconciling even of bodies and souls; in com-

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* SPECT. No. 1.

composing and quieting the minds of men under all corporal redundancies, deficiencies, and irregularities whatsoever; and making every one sit down content in his own carcase, though it were not perhaps so mathematically put together as he could wish." And again, "How, that for want of a due consideration of what you first advance, viz. That our faces are not of our own choosing, people had been transported beyond all good breeding, and hurried themselves into unaccountable and fatal extravagancies: as, how many impartial looking-glasses had been censured and calumniated, nay, and sometimes shivered into ten thousand splinters, only for a fair representation of the truth? How many head-strings and garters had been made accessary, and actually forfeited, only because folks must needs quarrel with their own shadows? And who (continues he) but is deeply sensible, that one great source of the uneasiness and misery of human life, especially amongst those of distinction, arises from nothing in the world else, but too severe a contemplation of an indefeasible contexture of our external parts, or certain natural and invincible dispositions to be fat or lean? When a little more of Mr. SPECTATOR's philosophy would take off all this. In the mean time, let them observe, that there is not one of their grievances of this sort, but perhaps in some ages of the world, has been highly in vogue, and may be so again; nay, in some country or other, ten to one is so at this day. My Lady AMPLE is the most miserable woman in the world, purely of her own making. She even grudges herself meat and drink, for fear she should thrive by them; and is constantly crying out, "In a quarter of a year more I shall be quite out of all manner of shape!" Now the lady's misfortune seems to be only this, that she is planted in a wrong soil; for, go but to the other side of the water, it is a jest at Haerlem to talk of a shape under eighteen stone. These wise traders regulate their beauties as they do their butter, by the pound; and Miss CROSS, when

when she first arrived in the Low Countries, was not computed to be so handsome as Madam VAN BRISKET by near half a ton. On the other hand, there is a Squire LATH, a proper gentleman of fifteen hundred pound per annum, as well as of an unblameable life and conversation; yet would not I be the esquire for half his estate; for if it was as much more, he would freely part with it all for a pair of legs to his mind. Whereas in the reign of our first EDWARD, of glorious memory, nothing more modish than a brace of your fine taper supporters; and his Majesty, without an inch of calf, managed affairs in peace and war as laudable as the bravest and most politic of his ancestors; and was as terrible to his neighbours under the royal name of LONGSHANKS, as CŒUR DE LION to the Saracens before him. If we look farther back into history, we shall find that ALEXANDER the Great wore his head a little over the left shoulder; and then not a soul stirred out till he had adjusted his neck-bone; the whole nobility addressed the prince and each other obliquely, and all matters of importance were concerted and carried on in the Macedonian court, with their polls on one side. For about the first century, nothing made more noise in the world than Roman noses, and then not a word of them till they revived again in eighty-eight.* Nor is it so very long since RICHARD the Third set up half the backs of the nation; and high shoulders, as well as high noses, were the top of the fashion. But to come to ourselves, gentlemen, though I find by my quinquennial observations, that we shall never get ladies enough to make a party in our own country, yet might we meet with better success among some of our allies. And what think you if our board sat for a Dutch piece? Truly I am of opinion, that as odd as we appear in flesh and blood, we should be no such

* WILLIAM the Third's nose was aquiline: DRYDEN, to compliment the king, represents ÆNEAS as having a Roman nose.

such strange things in metzo-tinto. But this project may rest till our number is complete; and this being our election night, give me leave to propose Mr. SPECTATOR. You see his inclinations, and perhaps we may not have his fellow."

'I found most of them (as is usual in all such cases) were prepared; but one of the senators (whom by the bye Mr. President had taken all this pains to bring over) sat still, and cocking his chin, which seemed only to be levelled at his nose, very gravely declared, "That in case he had had sufficient knowledge of you, no man should have been more willing to have served you; but that he, for his part, had always had regard to his own conscience, as well as other people's merit; and he did not know but that you might be a handsome fellow; for, as for your own certificate, it was every body's business to speak for themselves." Mr. President immediately reported, "A handsome fellow! why he is a wit, Sir, and you know the proverb;" and to ease the old gentleman of his scruples, cried, "That for matter of merit it was all one, you might wear a mask." This threw him into a pause, and he looked desirous of three days to consider on it; but Mr. President improved the thought, and followed him up with an old story, "That wits were privileged to wear what masks they pleased, in all ages; and that a vizard had been the constant crown of their labours, which was generally presented them by the hand of some satyr, and sometimes of APOLLO himself:" For the truth of which, he appealed to the frontispiece of several books, and particularly to the English JUVENAL, to which he referred him; and only added, "That such authors were the *Larvati* or *Larva donati* of the ancients." This cleared up all, and in the conclusion you were chose Probationer; and Mr. President put round your health as such, protesting, "That though indeed he talked of a vizard, he did not believe all the while you had any more occasion for it than the cat-a-mountain;" so that

all

all you have to do now is to pay your fees, which here are very reasonable, if you are not imposed upon; and you may stile yourself *Informis Societatis Socius:* which I am desired to acquaint you with, and upon the same I beg you to accept of the congratulation of,

SIR,

Your obliged humble servant,

Oxford, March, 21. } *A. C.*

R.

## No. 33.

SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1711.

Fervidus tecum puer, et solutis
Gratiæ zonis, properentque nymphæ,
Et parùm comis sine te juventas,
MERCURIUSQUE.

HOR. I OD. XXX. 5.

"The Graces with their zones unloos'd;
"The Nymphs their beauties all expos'd;
"From every spring, and every plain;
"Thy pow'rful, hot, and winged Boy;
"And Youth, that's dull without thy joy;
"And MERCURY compose thy train."

CREECH.

### LÆTITIA AND DAPHNE.

A FRIEND of mine has two daughters, whom I will call LÆTITIA and DAPHNE; the former is one of the greatest beauties of the age in which she lives, the latter no way remarkable for any charms in her person. Upon this one circumstance of their outward form, the good and

and ill of their lives seem to turn. LÆTITIA has not, from her very childhood, heard any thing else but commendations of her features and complexion, by which means she is no other than nature made her, a very beautiful outside. The consciousness of her charms has rendered her insupportably vain and insolent towards all who have to do with her. DAPHNE, who was almost twenty before one civil thing had ever been said to her, found herself obliged to acquire some accomplishments to make up for the want of those attractions which she saw in her sister. Poor DAPHNE was seldom submitted to in a debate wherein she was concerned; her discourse had nothing to recommend it but the good sense of it, and she was always under a necessity to have very well considered what she was to say before she uttered it; while LÆTITIA was listened to with partiality, and approbation sat in the countenances of those she conversed with, before she communicated what she had to say. These causes have produced suitable effects, and LÆTITIA is as insipid a companion, as DAPHNE is an agreeable one. LÆTITIA, confident of favour, has studied no arts to please; DAPHNE, despairing of any inclination towards her person, has depended only on her merit. LÆTITIA has always something in her air that is sullen, grave, and disconsolate. DAPHNE has a countenance that appears chearful, open, and unconcerned. A young gentleman saw LÆTITIA this Winter at a play, and became her captive. His fortune was such, that he wanted very little introduction to speak his sentiments to her father. The lover was admitted with the utmost freedom into the family, where a constrained behaviour, severe looks, and distant civilities, were the highest favours he could obtain of LÆTITIA; while DAPHNE used him with the good humour, familiarity, and innocence of a sister:—insomuch that he would often say to her, "Dear DAPHNE, wert thou but "as handsome as LÆTITIA." She received such language with that ingenuous and pleasing mirth, which is natural to a woman without design. He still

sighed in vain for LÆTITIA, but found certain relief in the agreeable conversation of DAPHNE. At length, heartily tired with the haughty impertinence of LÆTITIA, and charmed with the repeated instances of good-humour he had observed in DAPHNE, he one day told the latter, that he had something to say to her he hoped she would be pleased with—"Faith, DAPHNE," continued he, "I am in love with thee, and "despise thy sister sincerely." The manner of his declaring himself gave his mistress occasion for a very hearty laughter.—"Nay," says he, "I knew you would laugh at me, but I will ask your father." He did so; the father received his intelligence with no less joy than surprise, and was very glad he had now no care left but for his *beauty*, which he thought he could carry to market at his leisure. I do not know any thing that has pleased me so much a great while, as this conquest of my friend DAPHNE's. All her acquaintance congratulated her upon her chance-medley, and laugh at that premeditating murderer her sister. As it is an argument of a light mind, to think the worse of ourselves for the imperfections of our persons, it is equally below us to value ourselves upon the advantages of them. The female world seem to be almost incorrigibly gone astray in this particular; for which reason I shall recommend the following extract out of a friend's letter,* to the professed beauties, who are a people almost as unsufferable as the professed wits.

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'MONSIEUR ST. EVREMOND has concluded one of his Essays with affirming, that the last sighs of a handsome woman are not so much for the loss of her life, as of her beauty. Perhaps this raillery is pursued too far, yet it is turned upon a very obvious remark, that woman's strongest passion is for her own beauty, and that she values it as her favourite distinction. From hence it

---

* Mr. JOHN HUGHES.

it is that all arts, which pretend to improve it or preserve it, meet with so general a reception among the sex. To say nothing of many false helps and contraband wares of beauty, which are daily vended in this great mart, there is not a maiden gentlewoman of a good family, in any county of South Britain, who has not heard of the virtues of May-dew, or is unfurnished with some receipt or other in favour of her complexion; and I have known a physician of learning and sense, after eight years study in the university, and a course of travels into most countries of Europe, owe the first raising of his fortunes to a cosmetic wash.

'This has given me occasion to consider how so universal a disposition in womankind, which springs from a laudable motive, the desire of pleasing, and proceeds upon an opinion, not altogether groundless, that nature may be helped by art, may be turned to their advantage. And, methinks, it would be an acceptable service to take them out of the hands of quacks and pretenders, and to prevent their imposing upon themselves, by discovering to them the true secret and art of improving beauty.

'In order to this, before I touch upon it directly, it will be necessary to lay down a few preliminary maxims, viz.

"That no woman can be handsome by the force of features alone, any more than she can be witty only by the help of speech:

'That pride destroys all symmetry and grace, and affectation is a more terrible enemy to fine faces than the small-pox:

'That no woman is capable of being beautiful, who is not incapable of being false:

'And, That what would be odious in a friend, is deformity in a mistress.

'From these few principles, thus laid down, it will be easy to prove, that the true art of assisting beauty consists in embellishing the whole person by the pro-

per ornaments of virtuous and commendable qualities. By this help alone it is, that those who are the favourite work of nature, or as Mr. DRYDEN expresses it, the porcelain clay of human kind, become animated, and are in a capacity of exerting their charms: and those who seem to have been neglected by her, like models wrought in haste, are capable in a great measure of finishing what she has left imperfect.

'It is, methinks, a low and degrading idea of that sex, which was created to refine the joys, and soften the cares of humanity, by the most agreeable participation, to consider them merely as objects of sight.---- This is abridging them of their natural extent of power, to put them upon a level with their pictures at KNELLER's. How much nobler is the contemplation of beauty, heightened by virtue, and commanding our esteem and love, while it draws our observation? How faint and spiritless are the charms of a coquette, when compared with the real loveliness of SOPHRONIA's innocence, piety, good-humour, and truth; virtues which add a new softness to her sex, and even beautify her beauty! That agreeableness, which must otherwise have appeared no longer in the modest virgin, is now preserved in the tender mother, the prudent friend, and the faithful wife. Colours artfully spread upon canvass may entertain the eye, but not affect the heart; and she who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person any excelling qualities, may be allowed still to amuse, as a picture; but not to triumph, as a beauty.

'When ADAM is introduced by MILTON, describing EVE in Paradise, and relating to the Angel the impressions he felt upon seeing her at her first creation, he does not represent her like a Grecian VENUS, by her shape or features; but by the lustre of her mind, which shone in them, and gave them their power of charming.

"Grace was in all her steps, Heav'n in her eye,
"In all her gestures, dignity and love!"

'With-

'Without this irradiating power, the proudest fair one ought to know, whatever her glass may tell her to the contrary, that her most perfect features are uninformed and dead.

'I cannot better close this moral, than by a short epitaph written by BEN JONSON, with a spirit which nothing could inspire but such an object as I have been describing:

"Underneath this stone doth lie
"As much virtue as could die;
"Which when alive did vigour give
"To as much beauty as could live."

I am, SIR,
Your most humble servant,
R. 'R. B.'

## N°. 34.

MONDAY, APRIL 9, 1711.

——————parcit
Cognatis maculis similis fera ——————
JUV. SAT. XV. 159.

"From spotted skins the leopard does refrain."
TATE.

MEMBERS OF THE CLUB DESIRE AN EXEMPTION, EACH FOR HIS OWN CLASS, FROM THE SPECTATOR'S ANIMADVERSIONS—OVERRULED.

THE club of which I am a member, is very luckily composed of such persons as are engaged in different ways of life, and deputed as it were out of the most conspicuous classes of mankind. By these means I am

furnished with the greatest variety of hints and materials, and know every thing that passes in the different quarters and divisions, not only of this great city, but of the whole kingdom. My readers too have the satisfaction to find, that there is no rank or degree among them who have not their representative in this club, and that there is always somebody present who will take care of their respective interests, that nothing may be written or published to the prejudice or infringement of their just rights and privileges.

I last night sat very late in company with this select body of friends, who entertained me with several remarks which they and others had made upon these my speculations, as also with the various success which they had met with among their several ranks and degrees of readers. WILL HONEYCOMB told me, in the softest manner he could, That there were some ladies (but for your comfort, says WILL, they are not those of the most wit) that were offended at the liberties I had taken with the opera and the puppet-show; that some of them were likewise very much surprised, that I should think such serious points as the dress and equipage of persons of quality, proper subjects for raillery.

He was going on, when Sir ANDREW FREEPORT took him up short, and told him, That the papers he hinted at, had done great good in the city, and that all their wives and daughters were the better for them; and further added, that the whole city thought themselves very much obliged to me for declaring my generous intentions to scourge vice and folly as they appear in a multitude, without condescending to be a publisher of particular intrigues and cuckoldoms. In short, says Sir ANDREW, if you avoid that foolish beaten road of falling upon aldermen and citizens, and employ your pen upon the vanity and luxury of courts, your paper must needs be of general use.

Upon this my friend the TEMPLAR told Sir ANDREW, That he wondered to hear a man of his sense talk after

that

that manner; that the city had always been the province for satire; and that the wits of King CHARLES's time jested upon nothing else during his whole reign. He then shewed, by the examples of HORACE, JUVENAL, BOILEAU, and the best writers of every age, that the follies of the stage and court had never been accounted too sacred for ridicule, how great soever the persons might be that patronized them. But after all, says he, I think your raillery has made too great an excursion, in attacking several persons of the inns of court; and I do not believe you can shew me any precedent for your behaviour in that particular.

My good friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY, who had said nothing all this while, began his speech with a pish! and told us, That he wondered to see so many men of sense so very serious upon fooleries. Let our good friend, says he, attack every one that deserves it: I would only advise you, Mr. SPECTATOR, applying himself to me, to take care how you meddle with country-squires. They are the ornaments of the English nation; men of good heads, and sound bodies! and, let me tell you, some of them take it ill of you, that you mention fox-hunters with so little respect.

Captain SENTRY spoke very sparingly on this occasion. What he said was only to commend my prudence in not touching upon the army, and advised me to continue to act discreetly in that point.

By this time I found every subject of my speculations was taken away from me, by one or other of the club; and began to think myself in the condition of the good man that had one wife who took a dislike to his grey hairs, and another to his black, till by their picking out what each of them had an aversion to, they left his head altogether bald and naked.

While I was thus musing with myself, my worthy friend the CLERGYMAN, who, very luckily for me, was at the club that night, undertook my cause. He told us, That he wondered any order of persons should think themselves

too considerable to be advised. That it was not quality, but innocence, which exempted men from reproof.—That vice and folly ought to be attacked wherever they could be met with, and especially when they were placed in high and conspicuous stations of life. He further added, that my paper would only serve to aggravate the pains of poverty, if it chiefly exposed those who are already depressed, and in some measure turned into ridicule, by the meanness of their conditions and circumstances. He afterward proceeded to take notice of the great use this paper might be of to the public, by reprehending those vices which are too trivial for the chastisement of the law, and too fantastical for the cognizance of the pulpit. He then advised me to prosecute my undertaking with chearfulness, and assured me, that whoever might be displeased with me, I should be approved by all those whose praises do honour to persons on whom they are bestowed.

The whole club pays a particular deference to the discourse of this gentleman, and are drawn into what he says, as much by the candid ingenuous manner with which he delivers himself, as by the strength of argument and force of reason which he makes use of. WILL HONEYCOMB immediately agreed, that what he had said was right; and that for his part, he would not insist upon the quarter which he had demanded for the ladies. Sir ANDREW gave up the city with the same frankness. The TEMPLAR would not stand out, and was followed by Sir ROGER and the CAPTAIN: who all agreed that I should be at liberty to carry the war into what quarter I pleased, provided I continued to combat with criminals in a body, and to assault the vice without hurting the person.

This debate, which was held for the good of mankind, put me in mind of that which the Roman Triumvirate were formerly engaged in, for their destruction. Every man at first stood hard for his friend, till they found that by these means they should spoil their *proscription*; and at length,

length, making a sacrifice of all their acquaintance and relations, furnished out a very decent execution.

Having thus taken my resolutions to march on boldly in the cause of virtue and good sense, and to annoy their adversaries in whatever degree or rank of men they may be found; I shall be deaf for the future to all the remonstrances that shall be made to me on this account. If PUNCH grows extravagant, I shall reprimand him very freely. If the stage becomes a nursery of folly and impertinence, I shall not be afraid to animadvert upon it. In short, if I meet with any thing in city, court, or country, that shocks modesty or good manners, I shall use my utmost endeavours to make an example of it. I must, however, intreat every particular person, who does me the honour to be reader of this paper, never to think himself, or any one of his friends or enemies, aimed at in what is said: for I promise him, never to draw a faulty character which does not fit at least a thousand people; or to publish a single paper, that is not written in the spirit of benevolence, and with a love to mankind.

C.

# N°. 35.

TUESDAY, APRIL 10, 1711.

Risu inepto res ineptior nulla est.

"Nothing so foolish as the laugh of fools."

## GENEALOGY OF TRUE AND FALSE WIT AND HUMOUR.

AMONG all kinds of writing, there is none in which authors are more apt to miscarry than in works of Humour, as there is none in which they are more ambitious to excel. It is not an imagination that teems with monsters, an head that is filled with extravagant conceptions, which is capable of furnishing the world with diversions of this nature; and yet if we look into the productions of several writers, who set up for men of humour, what wild irregular fancies, what unnatural distortions of thought do we meet with? If they speak nonsense, they believe they are talking humour; and when they have drawn together a scheme of absurd, inconsistent ideas, they are not able to read it over to themselves without laughing. These poor gentlemen endeavour to gain themselves the reputation of Wits and Humorists, by such monstrous conceits as almost qualify them for Bedlam; not considering that humour should always lie under the check of reason, and that it requires the direction of the nicest judgment, by so much the more as it indulges itself in the most boundless freedoms. There is a kind of nature that is to be observed in this sort of compositions, as well as in all other; and a certain regularity of thought which must discover the writer to be a man of sense, at the same time that he appears altogether given up to caprice.----

For

For my part, when I read the delirious mirth of an unskilful author, I cannot be so barbarous as to divert myself with it, but am rather apt to pity the man, than laugh at any thing he writes.

The deceased Mr. SHADWELL, who had himself a great deal of the talent which I am treating of, represents an empty rake, in one of his plays, as very much surprised to hear one say that breaking of windows was not humour; and question not but several English readers will be as much startled to hear me affirm, that many of those raving incoherent pieces, which are often spread among us, under odd chimerical titles, are rather the offsprings of a distempered brain than works of humour.

It is indeed much easier to describe what is not humour, than what is; and very difficult to define it otherwise, than as COWLEY has done wit, by negatives.---- Were I to give my own notions of it, I would deliver them after PLATO's manner, in a kind of allegory, and by supposing Humour to be a person, deduce to him all his qualifications, according to the following genealogy. TRUTH was the founder of the family, and the father of GOOD SENSE. GOOD SENSE was the father of WIT, who married a lady of collateral line called MIRTH, by whom he had issue HUMOUR. HUMOUR therefore being the youngest of this illustrious family, and descended from parents of such different dispositions, is very various and unequal in his temper; sometimes you see him putting on grave looks and a solemn habit, sometimes airy in his behaviour and fantastic in his dress: insomuch that at different times he appears as serious as a judge, and as jocular as a Merry-Andrew. But as he has a great deal of the mother in his constitution, whatever mood he is in, he never fails to make his company laugh.

But since there is an impostor abroad, who takes upon him the name of this young gentleman, and would willingly pass for him in the world; to the end that well-meaning persons may not be imposed upon by cheats, I would

would desire my readers, when they meet with this pretender, to look into his parentage, and to examine him strictly, whether or no he be remotely allied to TRUTH, and lineally descended from GOOD SENSE; if not, they may conclude him a counterfeit. They may likewise distinguish him by a loud and excessive laughter, in which he seldom gets his company to join with him. For as TRUE HUMOUR generally looks serious, while every body laughs about him; FALSE HUMOUR is always laughing, whilst every body about him looks serious. I shall only add, if he has not in him a mixture of both parents, that is, if he would pass for the offspring of WIT without MIRTH, or MIRTH without WIT, you may conclude him to be altogether spurious, and a cheat.

The impostor of whom I am speaking, descends originally from FALSEHOOD, who was the mother of NONSENSE, who was brought to bed of a son called FRENZY, who married one of the daughters of FOLLY, commonly known by the name of LAUGHTER, on whom he begot that monstrous infant of which I have been here speaking. I shall set down at length the genealogical table of FALSE HUMOUR, and, at the same time, place under it the genealogy of TRUE HUMOUR, that the reader may at one view behold their different pedigrees and relations.

FALSEHOOD.

NONSENSE.

FRENZY.——LAUGHTER.

FALSE HUMOUR.

TRUTH.

GOOD SENSE.

WIT.——MIRTH.

HUMOUR.

I might extend the allegory, by mentioning several of the children of FALSE HUMOUR, who are more in number than the sands of the sea, and might in particular enu-

enumerate the many sons and daughters which he has begot in this island. But as this would be a very invidious task, I shall only observe in general, that FALSE HUMOUR differs from the TRUE, as a monkey does from a man.

First of all, He is exceedingly given to little apish tricks and buffooneries.

Secondly, He so much delights in mimickry, that it is all one to him whether he exposes by it vice and folly, luxury and avarice; or on the contrary, virtue and wisdom, pain and poverty.

Thirdly, He is wonderfully unlucky, insomuch that he will bite the hand that feeds him, and endeavour to ridicule both friends and foes indifferently. For, having but small talents, he must be merry where he *can*, not where he *should*.

Fourthly, Being entirely void of reason, he pursues no point either of morality or instruction, but is ludicrous only for the sake of being so.

Fifthly, Being incapable of having any thing but mock representations, his ridicule is always personal, and aimed at the vicious man, or the writer; not at the vice, or at the writing.

I have here only pointed at the whole species of False Humorists; but as one of my principal designs in this paper is to beat down that malignant spirit which discovers itself in the writings of the present age, I shall not scruple, for the future, to single out any of the small wits, that infest the world with such compositions as are ill-natured, immoral, and absurd. This is the only exception which I shall make to the general rule I have prescribed myself, of attacking multitudes, since every honest man ought to look upon himself as in a natural state of war with the libeller and lampooner, and to annoy them wherever they fall in his way. This is but retaliating upon them, and treating them as they treat others. C.

# No. 36.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 11, 1711.

———Immania monstra
Perferimus———

VIRG. ÆN. iii. 583.

"Things the most out of nature we endure."

## LETTERS CONCERNING THE THEATRE.

I SHALL not put myself to any farther pains for this day's entertainment, than barely to publish the letters and titles of petitions from the play-house, with the minutes I have made upon the latter, for my conduct in relation to them.

*Drury-Lane, April the 9th.*

'UPON reading the project which is set forth in one of your late papers, of making an alliance between all the bulls, bears, elephants, and lions, which are separately exposed to public view in the cities of London and Westminster; together with the other wonders, shows, and monsters, whereof you made respective mention in the said speculation; we, the chief actors of this play-house, met and sat upon the said design. It is with great delight that we expect the execution of this work; and in order to contribute to it, we have given warning to all our ghosts to get their livelihoods where they can, and not to appear among us after day-break of the 16th instant. We are resolved to take this opportunity to part with every thing which does not contribute to the representation of human life; and shall make a free gift of

of all animated utensils to your projector. The hangings you formerly mentioned are run away; as are likewise a set of chairs, each of which was met upon two legs going through the *Rose* tavern at two this morning. We hope, Sir, you will give proper notice to the town that we are endeavouring at these regulations; and that we intend for the future to show no monsters, but men who are converted into such by their own industry and affectation. If you will please to be at the house to-night, you will see me do my endeavour to shew some unnatural appearances which are in vogue among the polite and well-bred. I am to present, in the character of a fine lady dancing, all the distortions which are frequently taken for graces in mien and gesture. This, Sir, is a specimen of the method we shall take to expose the monsters which come within the notice of a regular theatre; and we desire nothing more gross may be admitted by your Spectators for the future. We have cashiered three companies of theatrical guards, and design our kings shall for the future make love, and sit in council without an army; and wait only your direction, whether you will have them reinforce King PORUS, or join the troops of MACEDON. Mr. PINKETHMAN resolves to consult his pantheon of heathen gods in opposition to the oracle of DELPHOS, and doubts not but he shall turn the fortune of PORUS, when he personates him. I am desired by the company to inform you, that they submit to your censures; and shall have you in greater veneration than HERCULES was of old, if you can drive monsters from the theatre; and think your merit will be as much greater than his, as to convince is more than to conquer.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient servant,

*T. D.*

SIR,

SIR,

'WHEN I acquaint you with the great and unexpected vicissitudes of my fortune, I doubt not but I shall obtain your pity and favour. I have for many years past been Thunderer to the play-house; and have not only made as much noise out of the clouds as any predecessor of mine in the theatre that ever bore that character, but also have descended and spoke on the stage as the bold Thunderer in "The Rehearsal." When they got me down thus low, they thought fit to degrade me further, and make me a ghost. I was contented with this for these two last Winters; but they carry their tyranny still further, and not satisfied that I am banished from above ground, they have given me to understand that I am wholly to depart their dominions, and take from me even my subterraneous employment. Now, Sir, what I desire of you is, that if your undertaker thinks fit to use fire-arms, (as other authors have done) in the time of ALEXANDER, I may be a cannon against PORUS, or else provide for me in the burning of Persepolis, or what other method you shall think fit.

*SALMONEUS,*
*Of Covent-Garden.*

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The petition of all the Devils of the play-house, in behalf of themselves and families, setting forth their expulsion from thence, with certificates of their good life and conversation, and praying relief.

*The merit of this petition referred to* MR. CHR. RICH, *who made them Devils.*

The petition of the grave-digger in HAMLET, to command the pioneers in the Expedition of ALEXANDER.

*Granted.*

The petition of WILLIAM BULLOCK, to be HEPHESTION to PINKETHMAN the Great.

*Granted.*

ADVER-

## ADVERTISEMENT.

A WIDOW gentlewoman, well born both by father and mother's side, being the daughter of THOMAS PRATER, once an eminent practitioner in the law, and of LÆTITIA TATTLE, a family well known in all parts of this kingdom, having been reduced by misfortunes to wait on several great persons, and for some time to be a teacher at a boarding-school for young ladies, giveth notice to the public, That she hath lately taken a house near Bloomsbury-Square, commodiously situated next the fields, in a good air; where she teaches all sorts of birds of the loquacious kinds, as parrots, starlings, magpies, and others, to imitate human voices in greater perfection than ever was yet practised. They are not only instructed to pronounce words distinctly, and in a proper tone and accent, but to speak the language with great purity and volubility of tongue, together with all the fashionable phrases and compliments now in use either at tea-tables, or visiting-days. Those that have good voices may be taught to sing the newest opera airs, and if required, to speak either Italian or French, paying something extraordinary above the common rates.—— They whose friends are not able to pay the full prices, may be taken as half boarders. She teaches such as are desgined for the diversion of the public, and to act in enchanted woods in the theatres, *by the great.* As she has often observed with much concern how indecent an education is usually given these innocent creatures, which in some measure is owing to their being placed in rooms next the street, where, to the great offence of chaste and tender ears, they learn ribaldry, obscene songs, and immodest expressions, from passengers, and idle people, as also to cry fish and card-matches, with other useless parts of learning to birds who have rich friends: she has fitted up proper and neat apartments for them in the back part of her said house, where she suffers none to approach them but herself, and a servant

maid who is deaf and dumb, and whom she provided on purpose to prepare their food, and cleanse their cages; having found by long experience how hard a thing it is for those to keep silence who have the use of speech, and the dangers her scholars are exposed to, by the strong impressions that are made by harsh sounds, and vulgar dialects. In short, if they are birds of any parts or capacity, she will undertake to render them so accomplished in the compass of a twelvemonth that they shall be fit conversation for such ladies as love to choose their friends and companions out of this species.

R.

## N°. 37.

THURSDAY, APRIL 12, 1711.

——Non illa colo calathisve Minervæ
Fœmineas assueta manus——

VIRG. ÆN. vii. 805.

"Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd."

DRYDEN.

### ON A LADY'S LIBRARY.

SOME months ago, my friend Sir Roger, being in the country, inclosed a letter to me directed to a certain lady whom I shall here call by the name of Leonora, and as it contained matters of consequence, desired me to deliver it to her with my own hand. Accordingly I waited upon her ladyship pretty early in the morning, and was desired by her woman to walk into her lady's library, till such time as she was in a readiness to receive me.—The very sound of a lady's library, gave me a great curiosity to see it; and as it was some time before the lady came

came to me, I had an opportunity of turning over a great many of her books, which were ranged together in a very beautiful order. At the end of the *folios* (which were finely bound and gilt) were great jars of *China* placed one above another in a very noble piece of architecture. The *quartos* were separated from the *octavos* by a pile of smaller vessels, which rose in a delightful pyramid. The *octavos* were bounded by tea-dishes of all shapes, colours, and sizes, which were so disposed on a wooden frame, that they looked like one continued pillar indented with the finest strokes of sculpture, and stained with the greatest variety of dyes. That part of the library which was designed for the reception of plays and pamphlets, and other loose papers, was inclosed in a kind of square, consisting of one of the prettiest grotesque works that I ever saw, and made up of scaramouches, lions, monkies, mandarines, trees, shells, and a thousand other odd figures in China ware. In the midst of the room was a little japan table, with a quire of gilt paper upon it, and on the paper a silver snuff box made in the shape of a little book. I found there were several other counterfeit books upon the upper shelves, which were carved in wood, and served only to fill up the numbers, like fagots in the muster of a regiment. I was wonderfully pleased with such a mixt kind of furniture, as seemed very suitable both to the lady and the scholar, and did not know at first whether I should fancy myself in a grotto, or in a library.

Upon my looking into the books, I found there were few which the lady had bought for her own use, but that most of them had been got together, either because she had heard them praised, or because she had seen the authors of them. Among several that I examined, I very well remember these that follow:

OGLEBY'S *Virgil.*
DRYDEN'S *Juvenal.*
CASSANDRA.

CLEOPATRA.
ASTRÆA.
Sir ISAAC NEWTON's Works.
The GRAND CYRUS; with a pin stuck in one of the middle leaves.
PEMBROKE's *Arcadia*.
LOCKE of Human Understanding; with a paper of patches in it.
A Spelling Book.
A Dictionary for the explanation of hard words.
SHERLOCK upon Death.
The Fifteen Comforts of Matrimony.
Sir WILLIAM TEMPLE's Essays.
Father MALEBRANCHE's Search after Truth, translated into English.
A book of Novels.
The Academy of Compliments.
CULPEPPER's Midwifery.
The Ladies Calling.
Tales in Verse by Mr. DURFEY: bound in red leather, gilt on the back, and doubled down in several places.
All the Classic Authors in Wood.
A set of Elzevirs by the same Hand.
CLELIA: which opened of itself in the place that describes two lovers in a bower.
BAKER's Chronicle.
Advice to a Daughter.
The New Atalantis, with a Key to it.
Mr. STEELE's Christian Hero.
A Prayer Book: with a bottle of Hungary-Water by the side of it.
Dr. SACHEVERELL's Speech.
FIELDING's Trial.
SENECA's Morals.
TAYLOR's Holy Living and Dying.
LA FERTE's Instructions for Country Dances.

I was

I was taking a catalogue in my pocket-book of these and several other authors, when LEONORA entered, and upon my presenting her with a letter from the Knight, told me, with an unspeakable grace, that she hoped Sir ROGER was in good health: I answered *Yes*, for I hate long speeches, and after a bow or two retired.

LEONORA was formerly a celebrated beauty, and is still a very lovely woman. She has been a widow for two or three years, and being unfortunate in her first marriage, has taken a resolution never to venture upon a second. She has no children to take care of, and leaves the management of her estate to my good friend Sir ROGER. But as the mind naturally sinks into a kind of lethargy, and falls asleep, that is not agitated by some favourite pleasures and pursuits, LEONORA has turned all the passion of her sex into a love of books and retirement. She converses chiefly with men, (as she has often said herself) but it is only in their writings; and admits of very few male-visitants, except my friend Sir ROGER, whom she hears with great pleasure, and without scandal. As her reading has lain very much among romances, it has given her a very particular turn of thinking, and discovers itself even in her house, her gardens, and her furniture. Sir ROGER has entertained me an hour together with a description of her country-seat, which is situated in a kind of wilderness, about an hundred miles distant from London, and looks like a little enchanted palace. The rocks about her are shaped into artificial grottos covered with woodbines and jessamines. The woods are cut into shady walks, twisted into bowers, and filled with cages of turtles. The springs are made to run among pebbles, and by that means taught to murmur very agreeably. They are likewise collected into a beautiful lake that is inhabited by a couple of swans, and empties itself by a little rivulet which runs through a green meadow, and is known in the family by the name of *The Purling Stream*. The Knight likewise tells me, that this lady preserves her game better than

any of the gentlemen in the country; not (says Sir Roger) that she sets so great a value upon her partridges and pheasants, as upon her larks and nightingales. For she says, that every bird which is killed in her ground, will spoil a concert, and that she shall certainly miss him the next year.

When I think how oddly this lady is improved by learning, I look upon her with a mixture of admiration and pity. Amidst these innocent entertainments which she has formed to herself, how much more valuable does she appear than those of her sex, who employ themselves in diversions that are less reasonable, though more in fashion? What improvements would a woman have made, who is so susceptible of impressions from what she reads, had she been guided to such books as have a tendency to enlighten the understanding and rectify the passions, as well as to those which are of little more use than to divert the imagination?

But the manner of a lady's employing herself usually in reading, shall be the subject of another paper, in which I design to recommend such particular books as may be proper for the improvement of the sex. And as this is a subject of a very nice nature, I shall desire my correspondents to give me their thoughts upon it.

C.

# N°. 38.

FRIDAY, APRIL 13, 1711.

——————Cupias non placuisse nimis.

MART.

"One would not please too much."

## EXCESSIVE LOVE OF PRAISE.

A LATE conversation which I fell into, gave me an opportunity of observing a great deal of beauty in a very handsome woman, and as much wit in an ingenious man, turned into deformity in the one, and absurdity in the other, by the mere force of affectation. The fair one had something in her person upon which her thoughts were fixed, that she attempted to shew to advantage in every look, word, and gesture. The gentleman was as diligent to do justice to his fine parts, as the lady to her beauteous form. You might see his imagination on the stretch to find out something uncommon, and what they call bright, to entertain her; while she writhed herself into as many different postures to engage him. When she laughed, her lips were to sever at a greater distance than ordinary, to shew her teeth; her fan was to point to somewhat at a distance, that in the reach she may discover the roundness of her arm; then she is utterly mistaken in what she saw, falls back, smiles at her own folly, and is so wholly discomposed, that her tucker is to be adjusted, her bosom exposed, and the whole woman put into new airs and graces. While she was doing all this, the gallant had time to think of something very pleasant to say next to her, or make some unkind observation on some other lady, to feed her va-

nity. These unhappy effects of affectation, naturally led me to look into that strange state of mind which so generally discolours the behaviour of most people we meet with.

The learned Dr. BURNET, in his Theory of the Earth, takes occasion to observe, That every thought is attended with consciousness and representativeness; the mind has nothing presented to it but what is immediately followed by a reflection or conscience, which tells you whether that which was so presented is graceful or unbecoming. This act of the mind discovers itself in the gesture, by a proper behaviour in those whose consciousness goes no farther than to direct them in the just progress of their present state or action; but betrays an interruption in every second thought, when the consciousness is employed in too fondly approving a man's own conceptions; which sort of consciousness is what we call affectation.

As the love of praise is implanted in our bosoms as a strong incentive to worthy actions, it is a very difficult task to get above a desire of it for things that should be wholly indifferent. Women, whose hearts are fixed upon the pleasure they have in the consciousness that they are the objects of love and admiration, are ever changing the air of their countenances, and altering the attitude of their bodies, to strike the hearts of their beholders with new sense of their beauty. The dressing part of our sex, whose minds are the same with the sillier part of the other, are exactly in the like uneasy condition to be regarded for a well-tied cravat, an hat cocked with an uncommon briskness, a very well-chosen coat, or other instances of merit, which they are impatient to see unobserved.

This apparent affectation, arising from an ill-governed consciousness, is not so much to be wondered at in such loose and trivial minds as these: but when you see it reign in characters of worth and distinction, it is what you cannot but lament, not without some indignation.

nation. It creeps into the heart of the wise man as well as that of the coxcomb. When you see a man of sense look about for applause, and discover an itching inclination to be commended; lay traps for a little incense, even from those whose opinion he values in nothing but his own favour; who is safe against this weakness? Or who knows whether he is guilty of it or not? The best way to get clear of such a light fondness for applause, is to take all possible care to throw off the love of it upon occasions that are not in themselves laudable, but as it appears we hope for no praise from them. Of this nature are all graces in mens' persons, dress, and bodily deportment, which will naturally be winning and attractive if we think not of them, but lose their force in proportion to our endeavour to make them such.

When our consciousness turns upon the main design of life, and our thoughts are employed upon the chief purpose either in business or pleasure, we shall never betray an affectation, for we cannot be guilty of it: but when we give the passion of praise an unbridled liberty, our pleasure in little perfections, robs us of what is due to us for great virtues and worthy qualities. How many excellent speeches and honest actions are lost, for want of being indifferent where we ought? Men are oppressed with regard to their way of speaking and acting, instead of having their thoughts bent upon what they should do or say; and by those means bury a capacity for great things, by their fear of failing in indifferent things. This, perhaps, cannot be called affectation; but it has some tincture of it, at least so far, as that their fear of erring in a thing of no consequence, argues they would be too much pleased in performing it.

It is only from a thorough disregard to himself in such particulars, that a man can act with a laudable sufficiency: his heart is fixed upon one point in view; and he commits no errors, because he thinks nothing an error but what deviates from that intention.

The

The wild havock affectation makes in that part of the world, which should be most polite, is visible wherever we turn our eyes: it pushes men not only into impertinences in conversation, but also in their premeditated speeches. At the bar it torments the bench, whose business it is to cut off all superfluities in what is spoken before it by the practitioner; as well as several little pieces of injustice which arise from the law itself. I have seen it make a man run from the purpose before a judge, who was, when at the bar himself, so close and logical a pleader, that with all the pomp of eloquence in his power, he never spoke a word too much. *

It might be borne even here, but it often ascends the pulpit itself; and the declaimer, in that sacred place, is frequently so impertinently witty, speaks of the last day itself with so many quaint phrases, that there is no man who understands raillery, but must resolve to sin no more. Nay, you may behold him sometimes in prayer, for a proper delivery of the great truths he is to utter, humble himself with so very well-turned phrase, and mention his own unworthiness in a way so very becoming, that the air of the pretty gentleman is preserved, under the lowliness of the preacher.

I shall end this with a short letter I writ the other day to a very witty man, over-run with the fault I am speaking of.

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DEAR SIR,

'I SPENT some time with you the other day, and must take the liberty of a friend to tell you of the unsufferable affectation you are guilty of in all you say and do. When I gave you an hint of it, you asked me whether a man is to be cold to what his friends think of him? No, but praise is not to be the entertainment of

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* Chancellor COWPER.

of every moment. He that hopes for it must be able to suspend the possession of it till proper periods of life, or death itself. If you would not rather be commended than be praise-worthy, contemn little merits; and allow no man to be so free with you, as to praise you to your face. Your vanity by these means will want its food. At the same time your passion for esteem will be more fully gratified; men will praise you in their actions:—where you now receive one compliment, you will then receive twenty civilities. Till then you will never have of either, further than,

SIR,

Your humble servant.'

T.

## N°. 39.

SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1711.

Multa fero, ut placeam genus irritabile vatum,
Cum scribo ———

HOR. 2 EP. ii. 102.

IMITATED.

"Much do I suffer, much, to keep in peace
"This jealous, waspish, wrong-head'd rhyming race."

POPE.

### ON TRAGEDY.

AS a perfect tragedy is the noblest production of human nature, so it is capable of giving the mind one of the most delightful and most improving entertainments. A virtuous man (says SENECA) struggling with misfortunes, is such a spectacle as gods might look upon with pleasure; and such a pleasure it is which

which one meets with in the representation of a well written tragedy. Diversions of this kind wear out of our thoughts every thing that is mean and little. They cherish and cultivate that humanity which is the ornament of our nature. They soften insolence, sooth affliction, and subdue the mind to the dispensations of Providence.

It is no wonder therefore that in all the polite nations of the world, this part of the Drama has met with public encouragement.

The modern tragedy excels that of Greece and Rome, in the intricacy and disposition of the fable; but, what a Christian Writer would be ashamed to own, falls infinitely short of it in the moral part of the performance.

This I may shew more at large hereafter; and in the mean time, that I may contribute something towards the improvement of the English tragedy, I shall take notice, in this and in other following papers, of some particular parts in it that seem liable to exception.

ARISTOTLE observes, that the iambic verse in the Greek tongue was the most proper for tragedy: because at the same time that it lifted up the discourse from prose, it was that which approached nearer to it than any other kind of verse. For says he, we may observe that men, in ordinary discourse, very often speak iambics, without taking notice of it. We may make the same observation of our English blank verse, which often enters into our common discourse, though we do not attend to it, and is such a due medium between ryhme and prose, that it seems wonderfully adapted to tragedy. I am therefore very much offended when I see a play in rhyme; which is as absurd in English, as a tragedy of hexameters would have been in Greek or Latin. The solecism is, I think, still greater in those plays that have some scenes in rhyme and some in blank verse, which are to be looked upon as two several languages; or where we see some particular

cular similies dignified with rhyme, at the same time that every thing about them lies in blank verse. I would not however debar the poet from concluding his tragedy, or if he pleases, every act of it, with two or three couplets, which may have the same effect as an air in the Italian opera after a long recitativo, and give the actor a graceful exit. Besides that we see a diversity of numbers in some parts of the old tragedy, in order to hinder the ear from being tired with the same continued modulation of voice. For the same reason, I do not dislike the speeches in our English tragedy that close with an hemistich, or half verse, notwithstanding the person who speaks after it begins a new verse, without filling up the preceding one; nor with abrupt pauses and breakings off in the middle of a verse, when they humour any passion that is expressed by it.

Since I am upon this subject, I must observe that our English poets have succeeded much better in the stile, than in the sentiments of their tragedies. Their language is very often noble and sonorous, but the sense either very trifling, or very common. On the contrary, in the ancient tragedies, and indeed in those of CORNEILLE and RACINE, though the expressions are very great, it is the thought that bears them up, and swells them. For my own part, I prefer a noble sentiment that is depressed with homely language, infinitely before a vulgar one that is blown up with all the sound and energy of expression. Whether this defect in our tragedies may arise from want of genius, knowledge, or experience in the writers, or from their compliance with the vicious taste of their readers, who are better judges of the language than of the sentiments, and consequently relish the one more than the other, I cannot determine. But I believe it might rectify the conduct both of the one and of the other, if the writer laid down the whole contexture of his dialogue in plain English, before he turned it into blank verse; and if the reader, after the perusal of a scene, would consider the naked

thought

thought of every speech in it, when divested of all its tragic ornaments. By these means, without being imposed upon by words, we may judge impartially of the thought, and consider whether it be natural or great enough for the person that utters it, whether it deserves to shine in such a blaze of eloquence, or shew itself in such a variety of lights as are generally made use of by the writers of our English tragedy.

I must in the next place observe, that when our thoughts are great and just, they are often obscured by the sounding phrases, hard metaphors, and forced expressions in which they are cloathed. SHAKESPEARE is often very faulty in this particular. There is a fine observation in ARISTOTLE to this purpose, which I have never seen quoted. "The expression," says he, "ought to be very much laboured in the unactive parts of the fable, as in descriptions, similitudes, narrations, and the like; in which the opinions, manners, and passions of men are not represented; for these (namely, the opinions, manners, and passions) are apt to be obscured by pompous phrases and elaborate expressions." HORACE, who copied most of his criticisms after ARISTOTLE, seems to have had his eye on the foregoing rule, in the following verses;

Et tragicus plerùmque dolet sermone pedestri:
TELEPHUS & PELEUS, cùm pauper & exul uterque,
Projicit ampullas & sesquipedalia verba,
Si curat cor spectantis tetigisse querelâ.

ARS POET. VER. 95.

"Tragedians too lay by their state to grieve:
"PELEUS and TELEPHUS, exil'd and poor,
"Forget their swelling and gigantic words."

ROSCOMMON.

Among our modern English poets, there is none who was better turned for tragedy than LEE; if instead of favouring the impetuosity of his genius, he had restrained it,

it, and kept it within is proper bounds. His thoughts are wonderfully suited to tragedy, but frequently lost in such a cloud of words, that it is hard to see the beauty of them. There is an infinite fire in his works, but so involved in smoke, that it does not appear in half its lustre. He frequently succeeds in the passionate parts of the tragedy, but more particularly where he slackens his efforts, and eases the stile of those epithets and metaphors, in which he so much abounds. What can be more natural, more soft, or more passionate, than that line in STATIRA's speech, where she describes the charms of ALEXANDER's conversation?

"Then he would talk—Good Gods! how he would talk!"

That unexpected break in the line, and turning the description of his manner of talking into an admiration of it, is inexpressibly beautiful, and wonderfully suited to the fond character of the person that speaks it. There is a simplicity in the words, that outshines the utmost pride of expression.

OTWAY has followed nature in the language of his tragedy, and therefore shines in the passionate parts, more than any of our English poets. As there is something familiar and domestic in the fable of his tragedy, more than in those of any other poet, he has little pomp, but great force in his expressions. For which reason, though he has admirably succeeded in the tender and melting part of his tragedies, he sometimes falls into too great a familiarity of phrase in those parts, which, by ARISTOTLE's rule, ought to have been raised and supported by the dignity of expression.

It has been observed by others, that this poet has founded his tragedy of Venice Preserved on so wrong a plot, that the greatest characters in it are those of rebels and traitors. Had the hero of his play discovered the same good qualities in the defence of his country, that he shewed for its ruin and subversion, the audience could

could not enough pity and admire him: but as he is now represented, we can only say of him what the Roman historian says of CATILINE, that his fall would have been glorious *(si pro patriâ sic concidisset)* had he so fallen in the service of his country. C.

## N°. 40.

MONDAY, APRIL 16, 1711.

Ac ne fortè putes, me, quæ facere ipse recusem,
Cùm rectè tractant alii, laudare malignè;
Ille per extentum funem mihi posse videtur
Ire poëta, meum qui pectus inaniter angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falsis terroribus implet,
Ut Magus; & modò me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.

HOR. 2 EP. i. 208.

IMITATED.

"Yet lest you think I rally more than teach,
"Or praise, malignant, arts I cannot reach,
"Let me for once presume t'instruct the times,
"To know the poet from the man of rhymes;
"'Tis he, who gives my breast a thousand pains,
"Can make me feel each passion that he feigns;
"Enrage, compose, with more than magic art,
"With pity, and with terror, tear my heart;
"And snatch me o'er the earth, or thro' the air,
"To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where."

POPE

### ON TRAGEDY—CONTINUED.

THE English writers of tragedy are possessed with a notion, that when they represent a virtuous or innocent person in distress, they ought not to leave him till they have delivered him out of his troubles, or made him triumph over his enemies. This error they have been

been led into by a ridiculous doctrine in modern criticism, that they are obliged to an equal distribution of rewards and punishments, and an impartial execution of poetical justice. Who were the first that established this rule I know not; but I am sure it has no foundation in nature, in reason, or in the practice of the ancients. We find that good and evil happen alike to all men on this side the grave; and as the principal design of tragedy is to raise commiseration and terror in the minds of the audience, we shall defeat this great end, if we always make virtue and innocence happy and successful. Whatever crosses and disappointments a good man suffers in the body of the tragedy, they will make but small impression on our minds, when we know that in the last act he is to arrive at the end of his wishes and desires. When we see him engaged in the depth of his afflictions, we are apt to comfort ourselves, because we are sure he will find his way out of them; and that his grief, how great soever it may be at present, will soon terminate in gladness. For this reason, the ancient writers of tragedy treated men in their plays, as they are dealt with in the world, by making virtue sometimes happy and sometimes miserable, as they found it in the fable which they made choice of, or as it might affect their audience in the most agreeable manner.—— Aristotle considers the tragedies that were written in either of these kinds, and observes, that those which ended unhappily had always pleased the people, and carried away the prize in the public disputes of the stage, from those that ended happily. Terror and commiseration leave a pleasing anguish in the mind; and fix the audience in such a serious composure of thought, as is much more lasting and delightful than any little transient starts of joy and satisfaction. Accordingly we find, that more of our English tragedies have succeeded, in which the favourites of the audience sink under their calamities, than those in which they recover themselves out of them. The best plays of this kind are *The*

*Orphan, Venice Preserved, Alexander the Great, Theodosius, All for Love, Oedipus, Oroonoko, Othello,* &c. *King Lear* is an admirable tragedy of the same kind, as SHAKESPEARE wrote it; but as it is reformed according to the chimerical notion of poetical justice, in my humble opinion it has lost half its beauty. At the same time I must allow, that there are very noble tragedies, which have been framed upon the other plan, and have ended happily; as indeed most of the good tragedies which have been written since the starting of the above-mentioned criticism, have taken this turn: as *The Mourning Bride, Tamerlane, Ulysses, Phædra* and *Hippolitus*, with most of Mr. DRYDEN's. I must also allow, that many of SHAKESPEARE's, and several of the celebrated tragedies of antiquity, are cast in the same form. I do not therefore dispute against this way of writing tragedies, but against the criticism that would establish this as the only method; and by that means would very much cramp the English tragedy, and perhaps give a wrong bent to the genius of our writers.

The tragi-comedy, which is the product of the English theatre, is one of the most monstrous inventions that ever entered into a poet's thoughts. An author might as well think of weaving the adventures of ÆNEAS and HUDIBRAS into one poem, as of writing such a motly piece of mirth and sorrow. But the absurdity of these performances is so very visible, that I shall not insist upon it.

The same objections which are made to tragi-comedy, may in some meaure be applied to all tragedies that have a double plot in them; which are likewise more frequent upon the English stage, than upon any other; for though the grief of the audience, in such performances, be not changed into another passion, as in tragi-comedies; it is diverted upon another object, which weakens their concern for the principal action, and breaks the tide of sorrow, by throwing it into different channels. This inconvenience, however, may in a great measure be cured, if not wholly removed, by the skil-

ful

ful choice of an under-plot, which may bear such a near relation to the principal design, as to contribute towards the completion of it, and be concluded by the same catastrophe.

There is also another particular, which may be reckoned among the blemishes, or rather the false beauties of our English tragedy: I mean those particular speeches which are commonly known by the name of *rants*.—The warm and passionate parts of a tragedy are always the most taking with the audience; for which reason we often see the players pronouncing, in all the violence of action, several parts of the tragedy which the author writ with great temper, and designed that they should have been so acted. I have seen POWELL very often raise himself a loud clap by this artifice. The poets that were acquainted with this secret, have given frequent occasion for such emotions in the actor, by adding vehemence to words where there was no passion, or inflaming a real passion into fustian. This hath filled the mouths of our heroes with bombast; and given them such sentiments, as proceed rather from a swelling than a greatness of mind. Unnatural exclamations, curses, vows, blasphemies, a defiance of mankind, and an outraging of the gods, frequently pass upon the audience for towering thoughts, and have accordingly met with infinite applause.

I shall here add a remark, which I am afraid our tragic writers may make an ill use of. As our heroes are generally lovers, their swelling and blustering upon the stage very much recommends them to the fair part of their audience. The ladies are wonderfully pleased to see a man insulting kings, or affronting the gods, in one scene, and throwing himself at the feet of his mistress in another. Let him behave himself insolently towards the men, and abjectly towards the fair one, and it is ten to one but he proves a favourite of the boxes. DRYDEN and LEE, in several of their tragedies, have practised this secret with good success.

But to shew how a *rant* pleases beyond the most just and natural thought that is not pronounced with vehemence, I would desire the reader, when he sees the tragedy of *Oedipus*, to observe how quietly the hero is dismissed at the end of the third act, after having pronounced the following lines, in which the thought is very natural, and apt to move compasion:

" To you, good gods, I make my last appeal;
Or clear my virtues, or my crimes reveal.
If in the maze of fate I blindly run,
And backward trod those paths I sought to shun;
Impute my errors to your own decree:
My hands are guilty, but my heart is free."

Let us then observe with what thunder-claps of applause he leaves the stage, after the impieties and execrations at the end of the fourth act; and you will wonder to see an audience so cursed and so pleased at the same time.

" O that, as oft I have at Athens seen,
[*Where, by the way, there was no stage till many years after Oedipus*]
The stage arise, and the big clouds descend;
So now, in very deed, I might behold
This pond'rous globe, and all yon marble roof,
Meet like the hands of JOVE, and crush mankind:
For all the elements," &c.

C.

NO.

# N°. 41.

TUESDAY, APRIL 17, 1711.

——Tu non inventa reperta es.

OVID. MET. l. 654.

"So found, is worse than lost."

ADDISON.

## ON LADIES PAINTING.

COMPASSION for the gentleman, who writes the following letter, should not prevail upon me to fall upon the fair sex, if it were not that I find they are frequently fairer than they ought to be. Such impostures are not to be tolerated in civil society, and I think his misfortune ought to be made public, as a warning for other men always to examine into what they admire.

SIR,

'SUPPOSING you to be a person of general knowledge, I make my application to you on a very particular occasion. I have a great mind to be rid of my wife; and hope, when you consider my case, you will be of opinion I have very just pretensions to a divorce. I am a mere man of the town, and have very little improvement, but what I have got from plays. I remember in the *Silent Woman*, the learned Dr. CUTBERD, or Dr. OTTER (I forget which) makes one of the causes of separation to be *error personæ*, when a man marries a woman, and finds her not to be the same woman whom he intended to marry, but another. If that be law, it is, I presume, exactly my case. For you are to know,

Mr. SPECTATOR, that there are women who do not let their husbands see their faces till they are married.

'Not to keep you in suspence, I mean plainly that part of the sex who paint. They are some of them so exquisitely skilful this way, that give them but a tolerable pair of eyes to set up with, and they will make bosom, lips, cheeks, and eye-brows by their own industry. As for my dear, never man was so enamoured as I was of her fair forehead, neck, and arms, as well as the bright jet of her hair; but to my great astonishment I find they were all the effect of art. Her skin is so tarnished with this practice, that when she first wakes in a morning, she scarce seems young enough to be the mother of her whom I carried to bed the night before. I shall take the liberty to part with her by the first opportunity, unless her father will make her portion suitable to her real, not her assumed countenance. This I thought fit to let him and her know by your means.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient humble servant.'

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I CANNOT tell what the law, or the parents of the lady will do for this injured gentleman, but must allow he has very much justice on his side. I have indeed very long observed this evil, and distinguished those of our women who wear their own, from those in borrowed complexions, by the Picts and the British. There does not need any great discernment to judge which are which. The British have a lively animated aspect; the Picts, though never so beautiful, have dead uninformed countenances. The muscles of a real face sometimes swell with soft passion, sudden surprise, and are flushed with agreeable confusions, according as the objects before them, or the ideas presented to them, affect their imagination. But the Picts behold all things with the same air,

air, whether they are joyful or sad; the same fixed insensibility appears upon all occasions. A Pict, though she takes all that pains to invite the approach of lovers, is obliged to keep them at a certain distance: a sigh in a languishing lover, if fetched too near her, would dissolve a feature; and a kiss snatched by a forward one, might transfer the complexion of the mistress to the admirer. It is hard to speak of these false fair ones, without saying something uncomplaisant, but I would only recommend to them to consider how they like coming into a room new painted: they may assure themselves, the near approach of a lady who uses this practice, is much more offensive.

WILL HONEYCOMB told us one day an adventure he once had with a Pict. This lady had wit, as well as beauty, at will; and made her business to gain hearts for no other reason but to rally the torments of her lovers. She would make great advances to insnare men, but without any manner of scruple break off when there was no provocation. Her ill-nature and vanity made my friend very easily proof against the charms of her wit and conversation; but her beauteous form, instead of being blemished by her falsehood and inconstancy, every day increased upon him, and she had new attractions every time he saw her. When she observed WILL irrevocably her slave, she began to use him as such, and after many steps towards such a cruelty, she at last utterly banished him. The unhappy lover strove in vain, by servile epistles, to revoke his doom; till at length he was forced to the last refuge, a round sum of money to her maid. This corrupt attendant placed him early in the morning behind the hangings in her mistres's dressing-room. He stood very conveniently to observe, without being seen. The Pict begins the face she designed to wear that day, and I have heard him protest she had worked a full half hour before he knew her to be the same woman. As soon as he saw the dawn of that complexion, for which he had so long

languished, he thought fit to break from his concealment, repeating that of COWLEY:

"Th' adorning thee with so much art,
Is but a barbarous skill;
'Tis like the pois'ning of a dart,
Too apt before to kill."

The Pict stood before him in the utmost confusion, with the prettiest smirk imaginable on the finished side of her face, pale as ashes on the other. HONEYCOMB seized all her gally-pots and washes, and carried off his handkerchief full of brushes, scraps of Spanish wool, and phials of unguents. The lady went into the country, the lover was cured.

It is certain no faith ought to be kept with cheats, and an oath made to a Pict is of itself void. I would therefore exhort all the British ladies to single them out, nor do I know any but LINDAMIRA who should be exempt from discovery; for her own complexion is so delicate, that she ought to be allowed the covering it with paint, as a punishment for choosing to be the worst piece of art extant, instead of the master-piece of nature. As for my part, who have no expectations from women, and consider them only as they are part of the species, I do not half so much fear offending a beauty as a woman of sense; I shall therefore produce several faces which have been in public these many years, and never appeared. It will be a very pretty entertainment in the play-house, (when I have abolished this custom) to see so many ladies, when they first lay it down, *incog.* in their own faces.

In the mean time, as a pattern for improving their charms, let the sex study the agreeable STATIRA. Her features are enlivened with the chearfulness of her mind, and good-humour gives an alacrity to her eyes. She is graceful without affecting an air, and unconcerned without appearing careless. Her having no manner of art in her mind, makes her want none in her person.

How

How like is this lady, and how unlike is a Pict, to that description Dr. DONNE gives of his mistress?

" ——Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one would almost say her body thought."

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ADVERTISEMENT.

A young gentlewoman of about nineteen years of age, (bred in the family of a person of quality, lately deceased) who paints the finest flesh-colour, wants a place, and is to be heard of at the house of Mynheer GROTESQUE, a Dutch painter in Barbican.

N. B. She is also well-skilled in the drapery-part, and puts on hoods, and mixes ribbons so as to suit the colours of the face with great art and success.

R.

# No. 42.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 18, 1711.

Garganum mugire putes nemus aut mare Thuscum;
Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,
Divitiæque peregrinæ; quibus oblitus actor
Cum stetit in scenâ, concutrit dextera levæ.
Dixit adhuc aliquid? Nil sanè. Quid placet ergo?
Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.

HOR. 2 EP. i. 202.

IMITATED.

"Loud as the wolves on Orca's stormy steep,
"Howl to the roarings of the northern deep:
"Such is the shout, the long applauding note,
"At QUIN's high plume, or OLDFIELD's petticoat:
"Or when from court a birth-day suit bestow'd,
"Sinks the lost actor in the tawdry load.
"BOOTH enters——hark! the universal peal!—
"But has he spoken?——Not a syllable——
"What shook the stage, and made the people stare?
"CATO's long wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair."

POPE.

## STAGE TRICK.

ARISTOTLE has observed, that ordinary writers in tragedy endeavour to raise terror and pity in their audience, not by proper sentiments and expressions, but by the dresses and decorations of the stage. There is something of this kind very ridiculous in the English theatre. When the author has a mind to terrify us, it thunders; when he would make us melancholy, the stage is darkened. But among all our tragic artifices, I am the most offended at those which are made use of to inspire us with

with magnificent ideas of the persons that speak. The ordinary method of making an hero, is to clap a huge plume of feathers upon his head, which rises so very high, that there is often a greater length from his chin to the top of his head, than to the sole of his foot. One would believe, that we thought a great man and a tall man the same thing. This very much embarrasses the actor, who is forced to hold his neck extremely stiff and steady all the while he speaks; and notwithstanding any anxieties which he pretends for his mistress, his country, or his friends, one may see by his action, that his greatest care and concern is to keep the plume of feathers from falling off his head. For my own part, when I see a man uttering his complaints under such a mountain of feathers, I am apt to look upon him rather as an unfortunate lunatic, than a distressed hero. As these superfluous ornaments upon the head make a great man, a princess generally receives her grandeur from those additional incumbrances that fall into her tail: I mean the broad sweeping train that follows her in all her motions, and finds constant employment for a boy who stands behind her to open and spread it to advantage. I do not know how others are affected at this sight, but I must confess, my eyes are wholly taken up with the page's part; and, as for the queen, I am not so attentive to any thing she speaks, as to the right adjusting of her train, lest it should chance to trip up her heels, or incommode her, as she walks to and fro upon the stage. It is, in my opinion, a very odd spectacle, to see a queen venting her passion in a disordered motion, and a little boy taking care all the while that they do not ruffle the tail of her gown. The parts that the two persons act on the stage at the same time are very different. The princess is afraid lest she should incur the displeasure of the king her father, or lose the hero her lover, whilst her attendant is only concerned lest she should entangle her feet in her petticoat.

We are told, that an ancient tragic poet, to move the pity

pity of his audience for his exiled kings and distressed heroes, used to make the actors represent them in dresses and clothes that were thread-bare and decayed. This artifice for moving pity, seems as ill contrived, as that we have been speaking of, to inspire us with a great idea of the persons introduced upon the stage. In short, I would have our conceptions raised by the dignity of thought and sublimity of expression, rather than by a train of robes or a plume of feathers.

Another mechanical method of making great men, and adding dignity to kings and queens, is to accompany them with halberts and battle-axes. Two or three shifters of scenes, with the two candle-snuffers, make up a complete body of guards upon the English stage; and by the addition of a few porters dressed in red coats, can represent above a dozen legions. I have sometimes seen a couple of armies drawn up together upon the stage, when the poet has been disposed to do honour to his generals. It is impossible for the reader's imagination to multiply twenty men into such prodigious multitudes, or to fancy that two or three hundred thousand soldiers are fighting in a room of forty or fifty yards in compass. Incidents of such nature should be told, not represented.

——— Non tamen intus
Digna geri promes in scenam: multaque tolles
Ex oculis, quæ mox narret facundia præsens.

HOR. ARS. POET. VER. 180.

"Yet there are things improper for a scene,
"Which men of judgment only will relate."

ROSCOMMON.

I should, therefore, in this particular recommend to my countrymen the example of the French stage, where the kings and queens always appear unattended, and leave their guards behind the scenes. I should likewise be glad if we imitated the French in banishing from our stage the noise of drums, trumpets, and huz-

zas;

zas; which is sometimes so very great, that when there is a battle in the Haymarket theatre, one may hear it as far as Charing Cross.

I have here only touched upon those particulars which are made use of to raise and aggrandize the persons of a tragedy; and shall shew in another paper the several expedients which are practised by authors of a vulgar genius to move terror, pity, or admiration, in their hearers.

The taylor and the painter often contribute to the success of a tragedy more than the poet. Scenes affect ordinary minds as much as speeches; and our actors are very sensible, that a well-dressed play has sometimes brought them as full audiences as a well-written one.—The Italians have a very good phrase to express this art of imposing upon the spectators by appearances; they call it the *fourberia della scena*—"the knavery, or trickish part of the drama." But however the show and outside of the tragedy may work upon the vulgar, the more understanding part of the audience immediately see through it, and despise it.

A good poet will give the reader a more lively idea of an army or a battle in a description, than if he actually saw them drawn up in squadrons and battalions, or engaged in the confusion of a fight. Our minds should be opened to great conceptions, and inflamed with glorious sentiments by what the actor speaks, more than by what he appears. Can all the trappings or equipage of a king or hero, give BRUTUS half that pomp and majesty which he receives from a few lines in SHAKESPEARE?

C.

# No. 43.

THURSDAY, APRIL 19, 1711.

Hæ tibi erunt artes; pacisque imponere morem,
Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.

VIRG. ÆN. VI. 854.

"Be these thy arts; to bid contention cease,
"Chain up stern war, and give the nations peace;
"O'er subject lands extend thy gentle sway,
"And teach with iron rod the haughty to obey."

## ON CLUB POLITICIANS.

THERE are crowds of men, whose great misfortune it is that they were not bound to *mechanic* arts or trades; it being absolutely necessary for them to be led by some continual task or employment. These are such as we commonly call Dull Fellows; persons, who for want of something to do, out of a certain vacancy of thought, rather than curiosity, are ever meddling with things for which they are unfit. I cannot give you a notion of them better, than by presenting you with a letter from a gentleman, who belongs to a society of this order of men residing at Oxford.

*Oxford, April, 13, 1711.*
Four o'clock in the morning.

SIR,

'In some of your late speculations, I find some sketches towards an History of Clubs: but you seem to me to shew them in somewhat too ludicrous a light. I have well weighed that matter, and think, that the most im-

important negociations may best be carried on in such assemblies. I shall therefore, for the good of mankind, (for which, I trust, you and I are equally concerned) propose an institution of that nature for example sake.

'I must confess, the design and transactions of too many clubs are trifling, and manifestly of no consequence to the nation or public weal. Those I will give you up. But you must do me then the justice to own, that nothing can be more useful or laudable, than the scheme we go upon. To avoid nicknames and witticisms, we call ourselves "The Hebdomadal Meeting." Our president continues for a year at least, and sometimes four or five: we are all grave, serious, designing men, in our way: we think it our duty, as far as in us lies, to take care the constitution receives no harm---*Ne quid detrimenti res capiat publica*---To censure doctrines or facts, persons or things, which we do not like; to settle the nation at home, and carry on the war abroad, where and in what manner we see fit. If other people are not of our opinion, we cannot help that. It were better they were. Moreover we now and then condescend to direct in, some measure, the little affairs of our own university.

'Verily, Mr. SPECTATOR, we are much offended at the act for importing French wines. A bottle or two of good solid edifying port at honest GRONOW's made a night chearful, and threw off reserve. But this plaguy French claret will not only cost us more money, but do us less good. Had we been aware of it, before it had gone too far, I must tell you, we would have petitioned to be heard upon that subject. But let that pass.

'I must let you know likewise, good Sir, that we look upon a certain northern prince's march, in conjunction with infidels, to be palpably against our good-will and liking; and, for all Monsieur PALMQUIST, a most dangerous innovation and we are by no means yet sure, that some people are not at the bottom of it. At least my own private letters leave room for a politician, well

versed

versed in matters of this nature, to suspect as much, as a penetrating friend of mine tells me.

'We think we have at last done the business with the malecontents in Hungary, and shall clap up a peace there.

'What the neutrality army is to do, or what the army in Flanders, and what two or three other princes, is not yet fully determined among us; and we wait impatiently for the coming in of the next Dyer's, who you must know is our authentic intelligence, our ARISTOTLE in politics. And indeed it is but fit there should be some dernier resort, the absolute decider of all controversies.

'We were lately informed, that the gallant trained-bands had patrolled all night long about the streets of London. We indeed could not imagine any occasion for it, we guessed not a tittle on it aforehand, we were in nothing of the secret; and that city tradesmen, or their apprentices, should do our duty or work during the holidays, we thought absolutely impossible. But Dyer being positive in it, and some letters from other people, who had talked with some who had it from those who should know, giving some countenance to it, the chairman reported from the committee appointed to examine into that affair, that it was possible there might be something in it. I have much more to say to you, but my two good friends and neighbours, DOMINIC and SLY-BOOTS, are just come in, and the coffee is ready. I am, in the mean time,

MR. SPECTATOR,

Your admirer and humble Servant,

*ABRAHAM FROTH.*'

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You may observe the turn of their minds tends only to novelty, and not satisfaction in any thing. It would be disappointment to them, to come to certainty in any thing, for that would gravel them and put an end to their enquiries, which dull fellows do not make for information, but for exercise. I do not know but this

may

may be a very good way of accounting for what we frequently see, to wit, that *dull fellows* prove very good men of business. Business relieves them from their own natural heaviness, by furnishing them with what to do; whereas business to mercurial men, is an interruption from their real existence and happiness. Though the dull part of mankind are harmless in their amusements, it were to be wished they had no vacant time, because they usually undertake something that makes their wants conspicuous, by their manner of supplying them. You shall seldom find a *dull fellow* of good education, but if he happens to have any leisure upon his hands, will turn his head to one of those two amusements for all fools of eminence, politics or poetry. The former of these arts is the study of all *dull people* in general; but when dulness is lodged in a person of a quick animal life, it generally exerts itself in poetry. One might here mention a few military writers, who give great entertainment to the age, by reason that the stupidity of their heads is quickened by the alacrity of their hearts. This constitution in a dull fellow gives vigour to nonsense, and makes the puddle boil, which would otherwise stagnate. The *British Prince*, that celebrated poem, which was written in the reign of King CHARLES the Second, and deservedly called by the wits of that age *incomparable*, was the effect of such an happy genius as we are speaking of. From among many other distichs no less to be quoted on this account, I cannot but recite the two following lines:

> "A painted vest Prince VOLTIGER had on,
> Which from a naked Pict his grandsire won."

Here, if the poet* had not been vivacious, as well as stupid, he could not, in the warmth and hurry of nonsense, have been capable of forgetting, that neither



* The Hon. EDW. HOWARD.

Prince VOLTIGER, nor his grandfather, could strip a naked man of his doublet; but a fool of a colder constitution would have staid to have flead the Pict, and made buff of his skin, for the wearing of the conqueror.

To bring these observations to some useful purpose of life, what I would propose should be, that we imitated those wise nations, wherein every man learns some handicraft work. Would it not employ a beau prettily enough, if instead of eternally playing with a snuff-box, he spent some part of his time in making one? Such a method as this would very much conduce to the public emolument, by making every man living good for something; for there would then be no one member of human society, but would have some little pretension for some degree in it; like him who came to Will's coffee-house, upon the merit of having writ a posy of a ring. R.

## N°. 44.

FRIDAY APRIL 20, 1711.

Tu quid ego & populus mecum desideret audi.

HOR. ARS. POET. VER. 153.

"Now hear what ev'ry auditor expects."

ROSCOMMON.

### SPECTACLES OF HORROR AT TRAGEDIES.

AMONG the several artifices which are put in practice by the poets to fill the minds of an audience with terror, the first place is due to thunder and lightning, which are often made use of at the descending of a god,

or

or the rising of a ghost, at the vanishing of a devil, or at the death of a tyrant. I have known a bell introduced into several tragedies with good effect; and have seen the whole assembly in a very great alarm all the while it has been ringing. But there is nothing which delights and terrifies our English theatre so much as a ghost, especially when he appears in a bloody shirt. A spectre has very often saved a play, though he has done nothing but stalked across the stage, or rose through a cleft of it, and sunk again without speaking one word. There may be a proper season for these several terrors; and when they only come in as aids and assistances to the poet, they are not only to be excused, but to be applauded. Thus the sounding of the clock in *Venice Preserved* makes the hearts of the whole audience quake; and conveys a stronger terror to the mind than it is possible for words to do. The appearance of the ghost in *Hamlet* is a master piece in its kind, and wrought up with all the circumstances that can create either attention or horror. The mind of the reader is wonderfully prepared for his reception by the discourses that precede it. His dumb behaviour at his first entrance, strikes the imagination very strongly; but every time he enters he is still more terrifying. Who can read the speech with which young HAMLET accosts him without trembling?

"HOR. Look, my Lord, it comes!"
"HAM. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damn'd;
Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from hell;
Be thy *events* wicked or charitable;
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee HAMLET,
King, Father, Royal DANE. Oh! answer me!
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death,
Have burst their cearments? Why the sepulchre,

Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his pond'rous and marble jaws
To cast thee up again? What may this mean?
That thou dead corse again in complete steel
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous?"

I do not therefore find fault with the artifices abovementioned, when they are introduced with skill, and accompanied by proportionable sentiments and expressions in the writing.

For the moving of pity, our principal machine is the handkerchief; and indeed in our common tragedies, we should not know very often that the persons are in distress by any thing they say, if they did not from time to time apply their handkerchiefs to their eyes. Far be it from me to think of banishing this instrument of sorrow from the stage; I know a tragedy could not subsist without it: all that I would contend for, is to keep it from being misapplied. In a word, I would have the actor's tongue sympathize with his eyes.

A disconsolate mother, with a child in her hand, has frequently drawn compassion from the audience, and has therefore gained a place in several tragedies. A modern writer, who observed how this had taken in other plays, being resolved to double the distress, and melt his audience twice as much as those before him had done, brought a princess upon the stage with a little boy in one hand, and a girl in the other. This too had a very good effect. A third poet being resolved to outwrite all his predecessors, a few years ago introduced three children with great success; and as I am informed, a young gentleman, who is fully determined to break the most obdurate hearts, has a tragedy by him, where the first person that appears upon the stage is an afflicted widow in her mourning weeds, with half a dozen fatherless children attending her, like those that usually

usually hang about the figure of Charity. Thus several incidents that are beautiful in a good writer, become ridiculous by falling into the hands of a bad one.

But among all our methods of moving pity or terror, there is none so absurd and barbarous, and what more exposes us to the contempt and ridicule of our neighbours, than that dreadful butchering of one another, which is very frequent upon the English stage. To delight in seeing men stabbed, poisoned, racked, or impaled, is certainly the sign of a cruel temper: and as this is often practised before the British audience, several French critics, who think these are grateful spectacles to us, take occasion from them to represent us as a people that delight in blood. It is indeed very odd, to see our stage strewed with carcasses in the last scenes of a tragedy; and to observe in the wardrobe of the play-house several daggers, poinards, wheels, bowls for poison, and many other instruments of death. Murders and executions are always transacted behind the scenes in the French theatre; which in general is very agreeable to the manners of a polite and civilized people: but as there are no exceptions to this rule on the French stage, it leads them into absurdities almost as ridiculous as that which falls under our present censure. I remember in the famous play of CORNEILLE, written upon the subject of the *Horatii* and *Curiatii*, the fierce young hero who had overcome the *Curiatii* one after another, (instead of being congratulated by his sister for his victory, being upbraided by her for having slain her lover) in the height of his passion and resentment kills her. If any thing could extenuate so brutal an action, it would be the doing of it on a sudden, before the sentiments of nature, reason, or manhood could take place in him. However, to avoid public bloodshed, as soon as his passion is wrought to its height, he follows his sister the whole length of the stage, and forbears killing her till they are both withdrawn behind the scenes. I must confess, had he murdered her before the audi-

ence, the indecency might have been greater; but as it is, it appears very unnatural, and looks like killing in cold blood. To give my opinion upon this case, the fact ought not to have been represented, but to have been told, if there was any occasion for it.

It may not be unacceptable to the reader to see how SOPHOCLES has conducted a tragedy under the like delicate circumstances. ORESTES was in the same condition with HAMLET in SHAKESPEARE, his mother having murdered his father, and taken possession of his kingdom in conspiracy with her adulterer. That young prince therefore, being determined to revenge his father's death upon those who filled his throne, conveys himself by a beautiful stratagem into his mother's apartment, with a resolution to kill her. But because such a spectacle would have been too shocking to the audience, this dreadful resolution is executed behind the scenes: the mother is heard calling out to her son for mercy; and the son answering her, that she shewed no mercy to his father: after which she shrieks out that she is wounded, and by what follows we find that she is slain. I do not remember that in any of our plays there are speeches made behind the scenes, though there are other instances of this nature to be met with in those of the ancients; and I believe my reader will agree with me, that there is something infinitely more affecting in this dreadful dialogue between the mother and her son behind the scenes, than could have been in any thing transacted before the audience. ORESTES immediately after meets the usurper at the entrance of his palace; and by a very happy thought of the poet, avoids killing him before the audience, by telling him that he should live some time in his present bitterness of soul before he would dispatch him, and by ordering him to retire into that part of the palace where he had slain his father, whose murder he would revenge in the very same place where it was committed. By these means the poet observes that decency, which HORACE afterwasds established

blished by a rule, of forbearing to commit parricides or unnatural murders before the audience.

Nec coram populo natos MEDEA trucidet.
ARS POET. ver. 185.

" Let not MEDEA draw her murd'ring knife,
" And spill her children's blood upon the stage."
ROSCOMMON.

The French have therefore refined too much upon HORACE's rule, who never designed to banish all kinds of death from the stage; but only such as had too much horror in them, and which would have a better effect upon the audience when transacted behind the scenes. I would therefore recommend to my countrymen the practice of the ancient poets, who were very sparing of their public executions, and rather chose to perform them behind the scenes, if it could be done with as great an effect upon the audience. At the same time I must observe, that though the devoted persons of the tragedy were seldom slain before the audience, which has generally something ridiculous in it, their bodies were often produced after their death, which has always in it something melancholy or terrifying; so that the killing on the stage does not seem to have been avoided only as an indecency, but also as an improbability.

Nec pueros coram populo MEDEA trucidet;
Aut humana palàm coquat exta nefarius ATREUS;
Aut in avem PROGNE vertatur, CADMUS in anguem,
Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic, incredulus odi,
HOR. ARS POET. ver. 115.

" MEDEA must not draw her murd'ring knife,
" Nor ATREUS there his horrid feast prepare;
" CADMUS and PROGNE's metamorphoses,
" (She to a swallow turn'd, he to a snake)
" And whatsoever contradicts my sense,
" I hate to see, and never can believe."
ROSCOMMON.

I have now gone through the several dramatic inventions which are made use of by the ignorant poets to supply the place of tragedy, and by the skilful to improve it; some of which I could wish entirely rejected, and the rest to be used with caution. It would be an endless task to consider comedy in the same light, and to mention the innumerable shifts that small wits put in practice to raise a laugh. BULLOCK in a short coat, and NORRIS in a long one, seldom fail of this effect. In ordinary comedies, a broad and a narrow brimmed hat are different characters. Sometimes the wit of the scene lies in a shoulder-belt, and sometimes in a pair of whiskers. A lover running about the stage, with his head peeping out of a barrel,* was thought a very good jest in King CHARLES the Second's time; and invented by one of the first wits of that age. But because ridicule is not so delicate as compassion, and because the objects that make us laugh are infinitely more numerous than those that make us weep, there is a much greater latitude for *comic* and *tragic* ARTIFICES, and by consequence a much greater indulgence to be allowed them.

C.

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* The Comedy of *The Comical Revenge*, or *Love in a Tub*, by Sir GEORGE ETHERIDGE, 1664.

## No. 45.

SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1711.

Natio comœda est. ——————

JUV. SAT. iii. 100.

"The nation is a company of players."

### ON FRENCH FASHIONS AND FOPPERIES.

THERE is nothing which I desire more than a safe and honourable peace, though at the same time I am very apprehensive of many ill consequences that may attend it. I do not mean in regard to our politics, but to our manners. What an innundation of ribbons and brocades will break in upon us? What peals of laughter and impertinence shall we be exposed to? For the prevention of these great evils, I could heartily wish, that there was an act of parliament for prohibiting the importation of French fopperies.

The female inhabitants of our island have already received very strong impressions from this ludicrous nation, though by the length of the war (as there is no evil which has not some good attending it) they are pretty well worn out and forgotten. I remember the time when some of our well-bred countrywomen kept their *valet de chambre*, because, forsooth, a man was much more handy about them than one of their own sex. I myself have seen one of these male ABIGAILS tripping about the room with a looking-glass in his hand, and combing his lady's hair a whole morning together. Whether or no there was any truth in the story of a lady's being got with child by one of these her handmaids,

maids, I cannot tell; but I think at present the whole race of them is extinct in our own country.

About the time that several of our sex were taken into this kind of service, the ladies likewise brought up the fashion of receiving visits in their beds. It was then looked upon as a piece of ill-breeding for a woman to refuse to see a man, because she was not stirring; and a porter would have been thought unfit for his place, that could have made so aukward an excuse. As I love to see every thing that is new, I once prevailed upon my friend WILL HONEYCOMB to carry me along with him to one of these travelled ladies, desiring him at the same time to present me as a foreigner who could not speak English, that so I might not be obliged to bear a part in the discourse. The lady, though willing to appear undressed, had put on her best looks, and painted herself for our reception. Her hair appeared in a very nice disorder, as the night-gown which was thrown upon her shoulders was ruffled with great care. For my part, I am so shocked with every thing which looks immodest in the fair sex, that I could not forbear taking off my eye from her when she moved in her bed, and was in the greatest confusion imaginable every time she stirred a leg or an arm. As the coquettes who introduced this custom grew old, they left it off by degrees, well knowing, that a woman of threescore may kick and tumble her heart out, without making any impressions.

SEMPRONIA is at present the most professed admirer of the French nation, but is so modest as to admit her visitants no farther than her toilet. It is a very odd sight that beautiful creature makes, when she is talking politics with her tresses flowing about her shoulders, and examining that face in the glass, which does such execution upon all the male standers-by. How prettily does she divide her discourse between her woman and her visitants? What sprightly transitions does she make from an opera or a sermon to an ivory comb or a pincushion?

cushion? How have I been pleased to see her interrupted in an account of her travels, by a message to her footman; and holding her tongue in the midst of a moral reflection, by applying the tip of it to a patch?

There is nothing which exposes a woman to greater dangers, than that gaiety and airiness of temper, which are natural to most of the sex. It should be therefore the concern of every wise and virtuous woman, to keep this sprightliness from degenerating into levity. On the contrary, the whole discourse and behaviour of the French is to make the sex more fantastical, or (as they are pleased to term it) *more awakened*, than is consistent either with virtue or discretion. To speak loud in public assemblies, to let every one hear you talk of things that should only be mentioned in private or in whisper, are looked upon as parts of a refined education. At the same time a blush is unfashionable, and silence more ill-bred than any thing that can be spoken. In short, discretion and modesty, which in all other ages and countries have been regarded as the greatest ornaments of the fair sex, are regarded as the ingredients of narrow conversation, and family behaviour.

Some years ago I was at the tragedy of *Macbeth*, and unfortunately placed myself under a woman of quality that is since dead; who, as I found by the noise she made, was newly returned from France. A little before the rising of the curtain, she broke into a loud soliloquy, "When will the dear witches enter?" and immediately upon their first appearance, asked a lady that sat three boxes from her on her right hand, if those witches were not charming creatures. A little after, as BETTERTON was in one of the finest speeches of the play, she shook her fan at another lady who sat as far on the left hand, and told her with a whisper that might be heard all over the pit, "We must not expect to see BALLOON to-night." Not long after, calling out to a young baronet by his name, who sat three seats before me, she asked him whether MACBETH's wife was still alive; and before he

he could give an answer, fell a talking of the ghost of BANQUO. She had by this time formed a little audience to herself, and fixed the attention of all about her. But as I had a mind to hear the play, I got out of the sphere of her impertinence, and planted myself in one of the remotest corners of the pit.

This pretty childishness of behaviour is one of the most refined parts of coquetry, and is not to be attained in perfection by ladies that do not travel for improvement. A natural and unconstrained behaviour has something in it so agreeable, that it is no wonder to see people endeavouring after it. But at the same time it is so very hard to hit, when it is not born with us, that people often make themselves ridiculous in attempting it.

A very ingenious French author tells us, that the ladies of the court of France, in his time, thought it ill-breeding, and a kind of female pedantry, to pronounce an hard word right; for which reason they took frequent occasion to use hard words, that they might shew a politeness in murdering them. He further adds, that a lady of some quality at court, having accidentally made use of a hard word in a proper place, and pronounced it right, the whole assembly was out of countenance for her.

I must however be so just to own, that there are many ladies who have travelled several thousands of miles without being the worse for it, and have brought home with them all the modesty, discretion, and good-sense, that they went abroad with. As on the contrary, there are great numbers of *travelled* ladies who have lived all their days within the smoke of London. I have known a woman that never was out of the parish of St. James, betray as many foreign fopperies in her carriage, as she could have gleaned up in half the countries of Europe.

C.

# No. 46.

TUESDAY, APRIL 23, 1711.

Non bene junctarum discordia semina rerum.

OVID. MET. l. i. ver. 9.

"The jarring seeds of ill-consorted things."

THE GOSPEL GOSSIP—THE OGLER.

WHEN I want materials for this paper, it is my custom to go abroad in quest of game; and when I meet any proper subject, I take the first opportunity of setting down an hint of it upon paper. At the same time I look into the letters of my correspondents, and if I find any thing suggested in them that may afford matter of speculation, I likewise enter a minute of it in my collection of materials. By these means I frequently carry about me a whole sheetful of hints, that would look like a rhapsody of nonsense to any body but myself. There is nothing in them but obscurity and confusion, raving and inconsistency. In short, they are my speculations in the first principles, that (like the world in its chaos) are void of all light, distinction, and order.

About a week since there happened to me a very odd accident, by reason of one of these my papers of minutes which I had accidentally dropped at Lloyd's coffee-house, where the auctions are usually kept. Before I missed it, there were a cluster of people who had found it, and were diverting themselves with it at one end of the coffee-house. It had raised so much laughter among them before I had observed what they were about, that I had not the courage to own it. The boy of

of the coffee-house, when they had done with it, carried it about in his hand, asking every body if they had dropped a written paper; but nobody challenging it, he was ordered by those merry gentlemen who had before perused it, to get up into the auction pulpit, and read it to the whole room, that if any one would own it, they might. The boy accordingly mounted the pulpit, and with a very audible voice read as follows:

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*MINUTES.*

Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY's country-seat---Yes, for I hate long speeches---Query, if a good Christian may be a Conjuror---*Childermas-day*, saltseller, house-dog, screech-owl, cricket——Mr. THOMAS INCLE of London, in the good ship called the *Achilles*. YARICO——*Ægrescitque medendo*---Ghosts---The Lady's library---Lion by trade a taylor---Dromedary called *Bucephalus*---Equipage the lady's *summum bonum*---CHARLES LILLIE to be taken notice of——Short face a relief to envy---Redundancies in the three professions——King LATINUS a recruit---*Jew* devouring a ham of bacon---*Westminster-Abbey*---*Grand Cairo*---Procrastination---*April* fools---Blue boars, red lions, hogs in armour---Enter a King and two Fiddlers *solus*---Admission into the Ugly Club---Beauty how improveable---Families of true and false humour---The parrot's school-mistress——Face half *Pict* half *British*---No man to be an hero of a tragedy under six *foot*---Club of sighers---Letters from flower-pots, elbow-chairs, tapestry-figures, lion, thunder---The bell rings to the puppet-show---Old-woman with a beard married to a smock-faced boy---My next coat to be turned up with blue---Fable of tongs and gridiron---Flower dyers---The soldier's prayer---Thank you for nothing, says the gally-pot---PACTOLUS in stockings with golden clocks to them---Bamboos, cudgels, drum-sticks---Slip of my landlady's eldest daughter---The black mare with a star in her forehead

---The

--The barber's pole--WILL HONEYCOMB's coat-pocket--CÆSAR's behaviour and my own in parallel circumstances---Poem in patch-work---*Nulli gravis est percussus* ACHILLES---The female conventicler---The ogle-master.

The reading of this paper made the whole coffee-house very merry; some of them concluded it was written by a madman, and others by somebody that had been taking notes out of the SPECTATOR. One who had the appearance of a very substantial citizen, told us, with several political winks and nods, that he wished there was no more in the paper than what was expressed in it: that for his part he looked upon the dromedary, the gridiron, and the barber's pole, to signify something more than what was usually meant by those words; and that he thought the coffee-man could not do better than to carry the paper to one of the Secretaries of State. He further added, that he did not like the name of the outlandish man with the golden clock in his stockings. A young Oxford scholar, who chanced to be with his uncle at the coffee-house, discovered to us who this PACTOLUS was, and by that means turned the whole scheme of this worthy citizen into ridicule. While they were making their several conjectures upon this innocent paper, I reached out my arm to the boy, as he was coming out of the pulpit, to give it me; which he did accordingly. This drew the eyes of the whole company upon me; but after having cast a cursory glance over it, and shook my head twice or thrice at the reading of it, I twisted it into a kind of match, and lighted my pipe with it. My profound silence, together with the steadiness of my countenance, and the gravity of my behaviour during this whole transaction, raised a very loud laugh on all sides of me; but as I had escaped all suspicion of being the author, I was very well satisfied, and applying myself to my pipe and the *Postman*, took no further notice of any thing that passed about me.

My

My reader will find, that I have already made use of above half the contents of the foregoing paper; and will easily suppose, that those subjects which are yet untouched, were such provisions as I had made for his future entertainment. But as I have been unluckily prevented by this accident, I shall only give him the letters which related to the two last hints. The first of them I should not have published, were I not informed that there is many an husband who suffers very much in his private affairs by the indiscreet zeal of such a partner as is hereafter mentioned; to whom I may apply the barbarous inscription quoted by the Bishop of Salisbury in his travels; * *Dum nimia pia est, facta est impia:* "Thro' too much piety she became impious."

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SIR,

'I AM one of those unhappy men that are plagued with a gospel-gossip, so common among dissenters (especially friends.) Lectures in the morning, church-meetings at noon, and preparation sermons at night, take up so much of her time, it is very rare she knows what we have for dinner, unless when the preacher is to be at it. With him come a tribe, all brothers and sisters it seems; while others, really such, are deemed no relations. If at any time I have her company alone, she is a mere sermon pop-gun, repeating and discharging texts, proofs, and applications so perpetually, that however weary I may go to bed, the noise in my head will not let me sleep till towards morning. The misery of my case, and great numbers of such sufferers, plead your pity and speedy relief, otherwise must expect, in a little time, to be lectured, preached, and prayed into want, unless the

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* BURNETT's Letters, &c. Let. i. p. 5. Edit. Roterdam, 1687.

the happiness of being sooner talked to death prevent it.

I am, &c.

*R. G.*"

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*The second letter, relating to the* Ogling-Master, *runs thus:*

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM an Irish gentleman that have travelled many years for my improvement; during which time I have accomplished myself in the whole art of Ogling, as it is at present practised in the polite nations of Europe. Being thus qualified, I intend, by the advice of my friends, to set up for an Ogling-Master. I teach the Church Ogle in the morning, and the Play-house Ogle by candle-light. I have also brought over with me a new flying Ogle fit for the ring; which I teach in the dusk of the evening, or in any hour of the day, by darkening one of my windows. I have a manuscript by me called *The Complete Ogler*, which I shall be ready to shew you upon any occasion. In the mean time, I beg you will publish the substance of this letter in an advertisement, and you will very much oblige,

Your, &c.'

C.

# N°. 47.

TUESDAY, APRIL 24, 1711.

Ride si sapis ——————

MART.

"Laugh, if you're wise."*

## CAUSES OF LAUGHTER.

MR. HOBBS, in his Discourse of Human Nature, which, in my humble opinion, is much the best of all his works, after some very curious observations upon *Laughter*, concludes thus: "The passion of Laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from some sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly: for men laugh at the follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonour."

According to this author, therefore, when we hear a man laugh excessively, instead of saying he is very merry, we ought to tell him he is very proud. And indeed, if we look into the bottom of this matter, we shall meet with many observations to confirm us in his opinion. Every one laughs at some body that is in an inferior state of folly to himself. It was formerly the custom for every great house in England to keep a tame fool dressed in petticoats, that the heir of the family might have an opportunity of joking upon him and diverting himself with his absurdities. For the same reason idiots are still in request in most of the courts of Germany,

* See DENNIS's *Original Letters*, p. 147, 2 vols. 8vo. 1721.

Germany, where there is not a Prince of any great magnificence, who has not two or three dressed, distinguished, undisputed fools in his retinue, whom the rest of the courtiers are always breaking their jests upon.

The Dutch, who are more famous for their industry and application, than for wit and humour, hang up in several of their streets what they call the sign of the *Gaper*, that is, the head of an idiot dressed in a cap and bells, and gaping in a most immoderate manner. This is a standing jest at Amsterdam.

Thus every one diverts himself with some person or other that is below him in point of understanding, and triumphs in the superiority of his genius, whilst he has such objects of derision before his eyes. Mr. DENNIS has very well expressed this in a couple of humorous lines, which are part of a translation of a satire in Monsieur BOILEAU.

> " Thus one fool lolls his tongue out at another,
> And shakes his empty noddle at his brother."

Mr. HOBBS's reflection gives us the reason why the insignificant people above mentioned are stirrers up of laughter among men of a gross taste: but as the more understanding part of mankind do not find their risibility affected by such ordinary objects, it may be worth the while to examine into the several provocatives of laughter, in men of superior sense and knowledge.

In the first place I must observe, that there is a set of merry drolls, whom the common people of all countries admire, and seem to love so well, *that they could eat them*, according to the old proverb: I mean those circumforaneous wits whom every nation calls by the name of that dish of meat which it loves best. In Holland they are termed *Pickled Herrings*; in France, *Jean Pottages*; in Italy, *Maccaronies*; and in Great-Britain, *Jack Puddings*. These merry wags, from whatsoever food they receive their titles, that they may make their audiences laugh, always appear in a fool's coat, and com-

mit such blunders and mistakes in every step they take, and every word they utter, as those who listen to them would be ashamed of.

But this little triumph of the understanding, under the disguise of laughter, is no where more visible than in that custom which prevails every where among us on the first day of the present month, when every body takes it in his head to make as many fools as he can. In proportion as there are more follies discovered, so there is more laughter raised on this day than on any other in the whole year. A neighbour of mine, who is a haberdasher by trade, and a very shallow conceited-fellow, makes his boast that for these ten years successively he has not made less than an hundred April fools. My landlady had a failing out with him about a fortnight ago, for sending every one of her children upon some *sleeveless errand*, as she terms it. Her eldest son went to buy an half-penny worth of incle at a shoe-maker's; the eldest daughter was dispatched half a mile to see a monster: and in short, the whole family of innocent children made April fools. Nay, my landlady herself did not escape him. This empty fellow has laughed upon these conceits ever since.

This art of wit is well enough, when confined to one day in a twelvemonth; but there is an ingenious tribe of men sprung up of late years, who are for making April fools every day in the year. These gentlemen are commonly distinguished by the name of *Biters*: a race of men that are perpetually employed in laughing at those mistakes which are of their own production.

Thus we see, in proportion as one man is more refined than another, he chooses his fool out of a lower or higher class of mankind; or, to speak in a more philosophical language, that secret elation or pride of heart, which is generally called laughter, arises in him, from his comparing himself with an object below him; whether it so happens that it be a natural or an artificial fool. It is indeed very possible, that the persons we laugh at may in the main of their characters be much wiser men than ourselves

selves; but if they would have us laugh at them, they must fall short of us in those respects which stir up this passion.

I am afraid I shall appear too abstracted in my speculations, if I shew, that when a man of wit makes us laugh, it is by betraying some oddness or infirmity in his own character, or in the representation which he makes of others; and that when we laugh at a brute, or even at an inanimate thing, it is at some action or incident that bears a remote analogy to any blunder or absurdity in reasonable creatures.

But to come into common life: I shall pass by the consideration of those stage coxcombs that are able to shake a whole audience, and take notice of a particular sort of men who are such provokers of mirth in conversation, that it is impossible for a club or merry meeting to subsist without them; I mean those honest gentlemen that are always exposed to the wit and raillery of their well-wishers and companions; that are pelted by men, women, and children, friends, and foes, and in a word, stand as *butts* in conversation, for every one to shoot at that pleases. I know several of these *butts* who are men of wit and sense, though by some odd turn of humour, some unlucky cast in their person or behaviour, they have always the misfortune to make the company merry. The truth of it is, a man is not qualified for a *butt* who has not a good deal of wit and vivacity, even in the ridiculous side of his character. A stupid *butt* is only fit for the conversation of ordinary people: men of wit require one that will give them play, and bestir himself in the absurd part of his behaviour. A *butt* with these accomplishments frequently gets the laugh of his side, and turns the ridicule upon him that attacks him. Sir JOHN FALSTAFF was an hero of this species, and gives a good description of himself in his capacity of a *butt*, after the following manner: "Men of all sorts (says that merry Knight) take a pride to gird at me. The brain of any man is not able to invent any thing that tends to laughter more than I invent, or is invent-

ed on me. I am not only witty in myself, but the cause that wit is in other men." C.

## No. 48.

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 25, 1711.

———Per multas aditum sibi sæpe figuras
Repperit———

OVID. MET. xiv. 652.

"Through various shapes he often finds access."

### LETTER TO AND FROM THE SPECTATOR.

MY correspondents take it ill if I do not, from time to time, let them know I have received their letters. The most effectual way will be to publish some of them that are upon important subjects; which I shall introduce with a letter of my own that I writ a fortnight ago to a fraternity who thought fit to make me an honorary member.

*To the President and Fellows of the Ugly Club.*

May it please your Deformities,

'I HAVE received the notification of the honour you have done me, in admitting me into your society. I acknowledge my want of merit, and for that reason shall endeavour at all times to make up my own failures, by introducing and recommending to the club persons of more undoubted qualifications than I can pretend to. I shall next week come down in the stage-coach, in order to take my seat at the board; and shall bring with me a candidate of each sex. The persons I shall present to you, are an old beau and a modern Piet. If they

they are not so eminently gifted by nature as our assembly expects, give me leave to say their acquired ugliness is greater than any that has ever appeared before you. The beau has varied his dress every day of his life for these thirty years past, and still added to the deformity he was born with. The Pict has still greater merit towards us, and has, ever since she came to years of discretion, deserted the handsome party, and taken all possible pains to acquire the face in which I shall present her to your consideration and favour.

I am, Gentlemen,
Your most obliged humble servant,

*THE SPECTATOR.*"

'P. S. I desire to know whether you admit people of quality,'

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*April* 17.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'To shew you there are among us of the vain weak sex, some that have honesty and fortitude enough to dare to be ugly, and willing to be thought so; I apply myself to you, to beg your interest and recommendation to the Ugly Club. If my own word will not be taken, (though in this case a woman's may) I can bring credible witness of my qualifications for their company, whether they insist upon hair, forehead, eyes, cheeks, or chin; to which I must add, that I find it easier to lean to my left side, than my right. I hope I am in all respects agreeable, and for humour and mirth, I will keep up to the president himself. All the favour I will pretend to is, that as I am the first woman who has appeared desirous of good company and agreeable conversation, I may take and keep the upper end of the table. And indeed I think they want a carver, which I can be after as ugly a manner as they could wish. I desire your thoughts of my claim as soon as you can. Add to my features the length of my face, which is full half-yard; though I

never knew the reason of it till you gave one for the shortness of yours. If I knew a name ugly enough to belong to the above-described face, I would feign one; but, to my unspeakable misfortune, my name is the only disagreeable prettiness about me; so prythee make one for me that signifies all the deformity in the world. You understand Latin, but be sure to bring it in with my being, in the sincerity of my heart,

Your most frightful admirer and servant,

*HECATISSA.*'

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MR. SPECTATOR,

'I READ your discourse upon Affectation, and from the remarks made in it, examined my own heart so strictly, that I thought I had found out its most secret avenues, with a resolution to be aware of them for the future. But, alas! to my sorrow I now understand, that I have several follies which I do not know the root of. I am an old fellow, and extremely troubled with the gout; but having always a strong vanity towards being pleasing in the eyes of women, I never have a moment's ease but I am mounted in high-heeled shoes, with a glazed wax-leather instep. Two days after a severe fit, I was invited to a friend's house in the city, where I believed I should see ladies; and with my usual complaisance, crippled myself to wait upon them. A very sumptuous table, agreeable company, and kind reception, were but so many importunate additions to the torment I was in. A gentleman of the family observed my condition; and soon after the Queen's health, he in the presence of the whole company, with his own hands, degraded me into an old pair of his own shoes. This operation before fine ladies, to me (who am by nature a coxcomb) was suffered with the same reluctance as they admit the help of men in their greatest extremity. The return of ease made me forgive the rough obligation laid on me, which at

at that time relieved my body from a distemper, and will my mind for ever from a folly. For the charity received, I return my thanks this way.

Your most humble servant.'

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*Epping, April* 18.

SIR,

'WE have your papers here the morning they come out, and we have been very well entertained with your last, upon the false ornaments of persons who represent heroes in a tragedy. What made your speculation come very seasonably among us is, that we have now at this place a company of strollers, who are very far from offending in the impertinent splendour of the drama. They are so far from falling into these false gallantries, that the stage is here in its original situation of a cart. *Alexander the Great* was acted by a fellow in a paper cravat. The next day the *Earl of Essex* seemed to have no distress but his poverty; and my Lord FOPPINGTON the same morning wanted any better means to shew himself a fop, than by wearing stockings of different colours. In a word, though they have had a full barn for many days together, our itinerants are still so wretchedly poor, that without you can prevail to send us the furniture you forbid at the play-house, the heroes appear only like sturdy beggars, and the heroines gipsies. We have had but one part which was performed and dressed with propriety, and that was Justice CLODPATE. This was so well done, that it offended Mr. Justice OVERDO, who in the midst of our whole audience, was (like QUIXOTE in the puppet-show) so highly provoked, that he told them, if they would move compassion, it should be in their own persons, and not in the characters of distressed princes and potentates. He told them, if they were so good at finding the way to people's hearts, they should do it at the end of bridges or church-porches in their proper vocation of beggars. This the Justice says, they must expect, since they could not be contented

tented to act heathen warriors, and such fellows as ALEXANDER, but must presume to make a mockery of one of the *quorum*.

R. Your servant.'

## N°. 49.

THURSDAY, APRIL 26, 1711.

———Hominem pagina nostra sapit.

MART.

"Men and their manners I describe."

### ON THOSE WHO FIGURE AT COFFEE-HOUSES.

IT is very natural for a man who is not turned for mirthful meetings of men, or assemblies of the fair sex, to delight in that sort of conversation which we find in coffee houses. Here a man of my temper is in his element; for if he cannot talk, he can still be more agreeable to his company, as well as pleased in himself, in being only an hearer. It is a secret known but to few, yet of no small use in the conduct of life, that when you fall into a man's conversation, the first thing you should consider is, whether he has a greater inclination to hear you, or that you should hear him. The latter is the more general desire, and I know very able flatterers that never speak a word in praise of the persons from whom they obtain daily favours, but still practise a skilful attention to whatever is uttered by those with whom they converse. We are very curious to observe the behaviour of great men and their clients; but the same passions and interests move men in lower spheres; and I (that have nothing else to do but make observations) see in every parish, street, lane, and alley of this populous city, a little potentate that

that has his court and his flatterers, who lay snares for his affection and favour, by the same arts that are practised upon men in higher stations.

In the place I most usually frequent, men differ rather in the time of day in which they make a figure, than in any real greatness above one another. I, who am at the coffee-house at six in the morning, know that my friend BEAVER the haberdasher has a levee of more undissembled friends and admirers, than most of the courtiers or generals of Great Britain. Every man about him has, perhaps, a news-paper in his hand; but none can pretend to guess what step will be taken in any one court of Europe, till Mr. BEAVER has thrown down his pipe, and declares what measures the allies must enter into upon this new posture of affairs. Our coffee-house is near one of the inns of court, and BEAVER has the audience and admiration of his neighbours from six till within a quarter of eight, at which time he is interrupted by the students of the house; some of whom are ready dressed for Westminster at eight in a morning, with faces as busy as if they were retained in every cause there; and others come in their night-gowns to saunter away their time, as if they never designed to go thither. I do not know that I meet in any of my walks, objects which move both my spleen and laughter so effectually, as those young fellows at the Grecian, Squire's, Searle's, and all other coffee-houses adjacent to the law, who rise early for no other purpose but to publish their laziness. One would think these young *virtuosos* take a gay cap and slippers, with a scarf and party-coloured gown, to be ensigns of dignity; for the vain things approach each other with an air, which shews they regard one another for their vestments. I have observed that the superiority among these proceeds from an opinion of gallantry and fashion. The gentleman in the strawberry sash, who presides so much over the rest, has, it seems, subscribed to every opera this last winter, and is supposed to receive favours from one of the actresses.

When

When the day grows too busy for these gentlemen to enjoy any longer the pleasures of their *deshabille* with any manner of confidence, they give place to men who have business or good sense in their faces, and come to the coffee-house either to transact affairs, or enjoy conversation. The persons to whose behaviour and discourse I have most regard, are such as are between these two sorts of men; such as have not spirits too active to be happy and well pleased in a private condition, nor complexions too warm to make them neglect the duties and relations of life. Of these sort of men consist the worthier part of mankind; of these are all good fathers, generous brothers, sincere friends, and faithful subjects. Their entertainments are derived rather from reason than imagination; which is the cause that there is no impatience or instability in their speech or action. You see in their countenances they are at home, and in quiet possession of the present instant as it passes, without desiring to quicken it by gratifying any passion, or prosecuting any new design. These are the men formed for society, and those little communities which we express by the word *neighbourhood*.

The coffee-house is the place of rendezvous to all that live near it, who are thus turned to relish calm and ordinary life. EUBULUS presides over the middle hours of the day, when this assembly of men meet together. He enjoys a great fortune handsomely, without launching into expence; and exerts many noble and useful qualities, without appearing in any public employment. His wisdom and knowledge are serviceable to all that think fit to make use of them; and he does the office of a counsel, a judge, an executor, and a friend to all his acquaintance, not only without the profits which attend such offices, but also without the deference and homage which are usually paid to them. The giving of thanks is displeasing to him. The greatest gratitude you can shew him, is to let him see you are the better man for his services; and that you are as ready to oblige others, as he is to oblige you.

In

In the private exigences of his friends, he lends, at legal value, considerable sums, which he might highly increase by rolling in the public stocks. He does not consider in whose hands his money will improve most, but where it will do most good.

EUBULUS has so great an authority in his little diurnal audience, that when he shakes his head at any piece of public news, they all of them appear dejected; and on the contrary, go home to their dinners with a good stomach and cheerful aspect, when EUBULUS seems to intimate that things go well. Nay their veneration towards him is so great, that when they are in other company, they speak and act after him; are wise in his sentences, and are no sooner sat down at their own tables, but they hope or fear, rejoice or despond, as they saw him do at the coffee-house. In a word, every man is EUBULUS as soon as his back is turned.

Having here given an account of the several reigns that succeed each other from day-break till dinner-time, I shall mention the monarchs of the afternoon on another occasion, and shut up the whole series of them with the history of TOM the Tyrant; * who, as first minister of the coffee-house, takes the government upon him between the hours of eleven and twelve at night, and gives his orders in the most arbitrary manner to the servants below him, as to the disposition of liquors, coal, and cinders.

R.

* The waiter of that coffee-house.

## No. 50.

FRIDAY, APRIL 27, 1711.

Nunquam aliud natura, aliud sapientia dixit.
JUV. SAT. XIX. 321.
"Good taste and nature always speak the same."

### ACCOUNT OF LONDON BY FOUR INDIAN KINGS.

WHEN the four Indian Kings* were in this country about a twelvemonth ago, I often mixed with the rabble, and followed them a whole day together, being wonderfully struck with the sight of every thing that is new or uncommon. I have, since their departure, employed a friend to make many enquiries of their landlord the upholsterer, relating to their manners and conversation, as also concerning the remarks which they made in this country: for, next to the forming a right notion of such strangers, I should be desirous of learning what ideas they have conceived of us.

The upholsterer finding my friend very inquisitive about these his lodgers, brought him some time since a little bundle of papers, which he assured him were written by King SA GA YEAN QUA RASH TOW, and as he supposes, left behind by some mistake. These papers are now translated, and contain abundance of very odd observations,

*'The *Spectator* is written by STEELE, with ADDISON's help; it is often very pretty. Yesterday it was made of a noble hint I gave him long ago for his *Tatlers*, about an Indian king, supposed to write his travels into England. I repent he ever had it. I intended to have written a book on that subject. I believe he has spent it all in one paper, and all the underhints there are mine too; but I never see him, or ADDISON.' From a letter of SWIFT to Mrs. JOHNSON, dated London, April 28, 1711. See SWIFT's Works.

observations, which I find this little fraternity of kings made during their stay in the isle of Great Britain. I shall present my reader with a short specimen of them in this paper, and may perhaps communicate more to him hereafter. In the article of London are the following words, which without doubt are meant of the church of St. Paul.

"On the most rising part of the town there stands a huge house, big enough to contain the whole nation of which I am king. Our good brother E Tow O Koam, king of the Rivers, is of opinion it was made by the hands of that great God to whom it is consecrated. The kings of Granajah and of the Six Nations believe that it was created with the earth, and produced on the same day with the sun and moon. But for my own part, by the best information that I could get of this matter, I am apt to think that this prodigious pile was fashioned into the shape it now bears by several tools and instruments, of which they have a wonderful variety in this country. It was probably at first an huge mis-shapen rock that grew upon the top of the hill, which the natives of the country (after having cut it into a kind of regular figure) bored and hollowed with incredible pains and industry, till they had wrought it into all those beautiful vaults and caverns into which it is divided at this day. As soon as this rock was thus curiously scooped to their liking, a prodigious number of hands must have been employed in chipping the outside of it, which is now as smooth as the surface of a pebble; and is in several places hewn out into pillars that stand like the trunks of so many trees bound about the top with garlands of leaves. It is probable that when this great work was begun, which must have been many hundred years ago, there was some religion among this people; for they give it the name of a temple, and have a tradition that it was designed for men to pay their devotion in. And indeed there are several reasons which make us think that the natives of this country had formerly among them some sort of worship; for they set apart every seventh day as sacred:

but

but upon my going into one of these holy houses on that day, I could not observe any circumstance of devotion in their behaviour. There was indeed a man in black, who was mounted above the rest, and seemed to utter something with a great deal of vehemence; but as for those underneath him, instead of paying their worship to the deity of the place, they were most of them bowing and courtesying to one another, and a considerable number of them fast asleep.

'The Queen of the country appointed two men to attend us, that had enough of our language to make themselves understood in some few particulars. But we soon perceived these two were great enemies to one another, and did not always agree in the same story. We could make shift to gather out of one of them, that this island was very much infested with a monstrous kind of animals in the shape of men, called Whigs; and he often told us, that he hoped we should meet with none of them in our way, for that if we did, they would be apt to knock us down for being kings.

'Our other interpreter used to talk very much of a kind of animal called a Tory, that was as great a monster as the Whig, and would treat us as ill for being foreigners. These two creatures, it seems, are born with a secret antipathy to one another, and engage when they meet as naturally as the elephant and the rhinoceros. But as we saw none of either of these species, we are apt to think that our guides deceived us with misrepresentations and fictions, and amused us with an account of such monsters as are not really in their country.

'These particulars we made a shift to pick out from the discourse of our interpreters; which we put together as well as we could, being able to understand but here and there a word of what they said, and afterwards making up the meaning of it among ourselves. The men of the country are very cunning and ingenious in handicraft works, but withal so very idle, that we often saw young lusty raw-boned fellows, carried up and down the streets in

in little covered rooms, by a couple of porters, who are hired for that service. Their dress is likewise very barbarous, for they almost strangle themselves about the neck, and bind their bodies with many ligatures, that we are apt to think are the occasion of several distempers among them, which our country is entirely free from. Instead of those beautiful feathers with which we adorn our heads, they often buy up a monstrous bush of hair, which covers their heads, and falls down in a large fleece below the middle of their backs; with which they walk up and down the streets, and are as proud of it as if it was of their own growth.

'We were invited to one of their public diversions, where we hoped to have seen the great men of their country running down a stag, or pitching a bar, that we might have discovered who were the persons of the greatest abilities among them; but instead of that, they conveyed us into an huge room lighted up with abundance of candles, where this lazy people sat still above three hours to see several feats of ingenuity performed by others, who it seems were paid for it.

'As for the women of the country, not being able to talk with them, we could only make our remarks upon them at a distance. They let the hair of their heads grow to a great length; but as the men make a great show with heads of hair that are none of their own, the women, who they say have very fine heads of hair, tie it up in a knot, and cover it from being seen. The women look like angels, and would be more beautiful than the sun, were it not for little black spots that are apt to break out in their faces, and sometimes rise in very odd figures. I have observed that those little blemishes wear off very soon; but when they disappear in one part of the face, they are very apt to break out in another, insomuch that I have seen a spot upon the forehead in the afternoon, which was upon the chin in the morning.'

The author then proceeds to shew the absurdity of

breeches and petticoats, with many other curious observations, which I shall reserve for another occasion. I cannot however conclude this paper without taking notice, That amidst these wild remarks there now and then appears something very reasonable. I cannot likewise forbear observing, that we are all guilty in some measure of the same narrow way of thinking which we meet with in this abstract of the Indian journal, when we fancy the customs, dresses, and manners of other countries are ridiculous and extravagant, if they do not resemble those of our own. C.

## No. 51.

SATURDAY, APRIL 28, 1711.

Torquet ab obscenis jam nunc sermonibus aurem.
Hor. 1 Ep. ii. 127.

"He from the taste obscene reclaims our youth.
Pope.

### INDECENCY PROCEEDS FROM DULNESS.

MR. SPECTATOR,

MY fortune, quality, and person, are such as render me as conspicuous as any young woman in town. It is in my power to enjoy it in all its vanities, but I have, from a very careful education, contracted a great aversion to the forward air and fashion which is practised in all public places and assemblies. I attribute this very much to the style and manner of our plays. I was last night at the *Funeral*, where a confident lover in the play, speaking of his mistress, cries out---"Oh that Harriot! to fold these arms about the waist of that beauteous, struggling, and at last yielding fair!" Such an image as this

this ought, by no means, to be presented to a chaste and regular audience. I expect your opinion of this sentence, and recommend to your consideration, as a Spectator, the conduct of the stage at present with relation to chastity and modesty.

I am, SIR,

Your constant reader and well-wisher.'

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The complaint of this young lady is so just, that the offence is gross enough to have displeased persons who cannot pretend to that delicacy and modesty, of which she is mistress. But there is a great deal to be said in behalf of an author. If the audience would but consider the difficulty of keeping up a sprightly dialogue for five acts together, they would allow a writer, when he wants wit, and cannot please any otherwise, to help it out with a little smuttiness. I will answer for the poets, that no one ever writ bawdry for any other reason but dearth of invention. When the author cannot strike out of himself any more of that which he has superior to those who make up the bulk of his audience, his natural recourse is to that which he has in common with them; and a description which gratifies a sensual appetite will please, when the author has nothing about him to delight a refined imagination. It is to such a poverty, we must impute this and all other sentences in plays, which are of this kind, and which are commonly termed luscious expressions.*

This expedient to supply the deficiencies of wit, has



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* Be it said here, to the honour of the author of this paper, that he practised the lessons which he taught, and did not reject good advice from what quarter soever it came. He published this lady's letter, and approved of her indignation. He submitted to her censure, condemned himself publicly, and corrected the obnoxious passage of his play, in a new edition which was published in 1712.

been used more or less by most of the authors who have succeeded on the stage; though I know but one who has professedly writ a play upon the basis of the desire of multiplying our species, and that is the polite Sir George Etheridge; if I understand what the lady would be at, in the play called *She would if She could.* Other poets have, here and there, given an intimation that there is this design, under all the disguises and affectations which a lady may put on: but no author except this, has made sure work of it, and put the imaginations of the audience upon this one purpose, from the beginning to the end of the comedy. It has always fared accordingly; for whether it be that all who go to this piece would if they could, or that the innocents go to it, to guess only what *she would if she could*, the play has always been well received.

It lifts an heavy empty sentence, when there is added to it a lascivious gesture of body; and when it is too low to be raised even by that, a flat meaning is enlivened by making it a double one. Writers who want genius, never fail of keeping this secret in reserve, to create a laugh or raise a clap. I, who know nothing of women but from seeing plays, can give great guesses at the whole structure of the fair sex, by being innocently placed in the pit, and insulted by the petticoats of their dancers; the advantages of whose pretty persons are a great help to a dull play. When a poet flags in writing lusciously, a pretty girl can move lasciviously, and have the same good consequence for the author. Dull poets in this case use their audiences, as dull parasites do their patrons; when they cannot longer divert them with their wit or humour, they bait their ears with something which is agreeable to their temper, though below their understanding. Apicius cannot resist being pleased, if you give him an account of a delicious meal; or Clodius, if you describe a wanton beauty: though at the same time, if you do not awake those inclinations in them, no men

are

are better judges of what is just and delicate in conversation. But as I have before observed, it is easier to talk to the man, than to the man of sense.

It is remarkable that the writers of least learning are best skilled in the luscious way. The poetesses of the age have done wonders in this kind; and we are obliged to the lady who writ *Ibrahim*,* for introducing a preparatory scene to the very action, when the Emperor throws his handkerchief as a signal for his mistress to follow him into the most retired part of the seraglio. It must be confessed his Turkish Majesty went off with a good air, but methought, we made but a sad figure who waited without. This ingenious gentlewoman,† in this piece of bawdry, refined upon an author of the same sex, who, in the *Rover*, makes a country 'squire strip to his Holland drawers. For BLUNT is disappointed, and the Emperor is understood to go on to the utmost. The pleasantry of stripping almost naked has been since practised (where indeed it should have been begun) very successfully at Bartholomew-Fair.‡

It is not here to be omitted, that in one of the above-mentioned female compositions, the *Rover* is very frequently sent on the same errand; as I take it, above once every act. This is not wholly unnatural; for, they say, the men authors draw themselves in their chief characters, and the women writers may be allowed the same liberty. Thus, as the male-wit gives his hero a great fortune, the female gives her heroine a good gallant, at the end of the play. But indeed, there is hardly a play one can go to, but the hero or fine gentleman of it struts off upon the same account, and leaves us to consider what good office he has put us to, or to employ ourselves as we please. To be plain, a man who fre-



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* Mrs. MARY PIX. † Mrs. BEHN.

‡ The appearance of Lady MARY, a rope-dancer at Bartholomew-Fair, gave occasion to this very proper animadversion.

quents plays would have a very respectful notion of himself, were he to recollect how often he has been used as pimp to ravishing tyrants, or successful rakes. When the actors make their *exit* on this good occasion, the ladies are sure to have an examining glance from the pit, to see how they relish what passes; and a few lewd fools are very ready to employ their talents upon the composure or freedom of their looks. Such incidents as these make some ladies wholly absent themselves from the play-house; and others never miss the first day of a play,* lest it should prove too luscious to admit their going with any countenance to it on the second.

If men of wit, who think fit to write for the stage, instead of this pitiful way of giving delight, would turn their thoughts upon raising it from such good natural impulses as are in the audience, but are choaked up by vice and luxury, they would not only please, but befriend us at the same time. If a man had a mind to be new in his way of writing, might not he who is now represented as a fine gentleman, though he betrays the honour and bed of his neighbour and friend, and lies with half the women in the play, and is at last rewarded with her of the best character in it; I say, upon giving the comedy another cast, might not such a one divert the audience quite as well, if at the catastrophe he were found out for a traitor, and met with contempt accordingly? There is seldom a person devoted to above one darling vice at a time, so that there is room enough to catch at men's hearts to their good and advantage, if the poets will attempt it with the honesty which becomes their characters.

There is no man who loves his bottle or his mistress, in a manner so very abandoned, as not to be capable of relishing an agreeable character, that is no way a sla v to

* On the first night of the exhibition of a new play, virtuous women about this time came to see it in masks, then worn by women of the town, as the characteristic mark of their being prostitutes.

to either of those pursuits. A man that is temperate, generous, valiant, chaste, faithful, and honest, may, at the same time, have wit, humour, mirth, good-breeding, and gallantry. While he exerts these latter qualities, twenty occasions might be invented to shew he is master of the other noble virtues. Such characters would smite and reprove the heart of a man of sense, when he is given up to his pleasures. He would see he has been mistaken all this while, and be convinced that a sound constitution and an innocent mind, are the true ingredients for becoming, and enjoying life. All men of true taste would call a man of wit, who should turn his ambition this way, a friend and benefactor to his country; but I am at a loss what name they would give him, who makes use of his capacity for contrary purposes. R.

## N°. 52.

MONDAY, APRIL 30, 1711.

Omnes ut tecum meritis pro talibus annos
Exigat, & pulchra faciat te prole parentem.
VIRG. ÆN. i. 78.

"To crown thy worth, she shall be ever thine,
"And make thee father of a beauteous line."

### A LETTER FROM HUGH GOBLIN, PRESIDENT OF THE UGLY CLUB.

AN ingenious correspondent, like a sprightly wife, will always have the last word. I did not think my last letter to the deformed fraternity would have occasioned any answer, especially since I had promised them so sudden a visit: but as they think they cannot shew too

great a veneration for my person, they have already sent me up an answer. As to the proposal of a marriage between myself and the matchless HECATISSA, I have but one objection to it; which is, That all the society will expect to be acquainted with her; and who can be sure of keeping a woman's heart long, where she may have so much choice? I am the more alarmed at this, because the lady seems particularly smitten with men of their make.

I believe I shall set my heart upon her; and think never the worse of my mistress for an epigram a smart fellow writ, as he thought, against her; it does but the more recommend her to me. At the same time I cannot but discover that his malice is stolen from MARTIAL.

Tacta places, audita places, si non videare
Tota places, neutro si videare, places.

"Whilst in the dark on thy soft hand I hung,
"And heard the tempting syren in thy tongue,
"What flames, what darts, what anguish I endur'd!
"But when the candle enter'd I was cur'd."

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'YOUR letter to us we have received, as a signal mark of your favour and brotherly affection. We shall be heartily glad to see your short face in Oxford: and since the wisdom of our legislature has been immortalized in your speculations, and our personal deformities in some sort by you recorded to all posterity; we hold ourselves in gratitude bound to receive, with the highest respect, all such persons as for their extraordinary merit you shall think fit, from time to time, to recommend unto the board. As for the Pictish damsel, we have an easy chair prepared at the upper end of the table; which we doubt not but she will grace with a very hideous aspect, and much better become the seat in the native and unaffected uncomeliness of her person, than with

with all the superficial airs of the pencil, which (as you have very ingeniously observed) vanish with a breath, and the most innocent adorer may deface the shrine with a salutation, and in the literal sense of our poets, snatch and imprint his balmy kisses, and devour her melting lips. In short, the only faces of the Pictish kind that will endure the weather must be of Dr. CARBUNCLE's die; though his in truth has cost him a world the painting; but then he boasts with ZEUXES, *in æternitatem pingo*; and oft jocosely tells the fair ones, would they acquire colours that would stand kissing, they must no longer paint, but drink for a complexion; a maxim, that in this our age has been pursued with no ill success; and has been as admirable in its effects, as the famous cosmetic mentioned in the *Postman*, and invented by the renowned British HIPPOCRATES of the pestle and mortar; making the party, after a due course, rosy, hale, and airy; and the best and most approved receipt now extant, for the fever of the spirits. But to return to our female candidate, who, I understand, is returned to herself, and will no longer hang out false colours; as she is the first of her sex that has done us so great an honour, she will certainly, in a very short time, both in prose and verse, be a lady of the most celebrated deformity now living, and meet with many admirers here as frightful as herself. But being a long-headed gentlewoman, I am apt to imagine she has some further design than you have yet penetrated; and perhaps has more mind to the SPECTATOR, than any of his fraternity, as the person of all the world she could like for a paramour. And if so, really I cannot but applaud her choice; and should be glad, if it might lie in my power, to effect an amicable accommodation betwixt two faces of such different extremes, as the only possible expedient to mend the breed, and rectify the physiognomy of the family on both sides. And, again, as she is a lady of a very fluent elocution, you need not fear that your child will be born dumb, which otherwise you might

might have some reason to be apprehensive of. To be plain with you, I can see nothing shocking in it; for though she has not a face like a JOHN APPLE, yet as a late friend of mine, who at sixty-five ventured on a lass of fifteen, very frequently, in the remaining five years of his life, gave me to understand, that as old as he then seemed, when they were first married, he and his spouse could make but four-score; so may Madam HECATISSA very justly alledge hereafter, that as long-visaged as she may then be thought, upon their wedding-day, Mr. SPECTATOR and she had but half an ell of face betwixt them; and this my worthy predecessor, Mr. Serjeant CHIN, always maintained to be no more than the true oval proportion between man and wife. But as this may be a new thing to you, who have hitherto had no expectations from women, I shall allow you what time you think fit to consider on it; not without some hope of seeing at last your thoughts hereupon subjoined to mine, and which is an honour much desired by,

SIR,

Your assured friend,

And most humble servant,

*HUGH GOBLIN, Præn.*

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The following letter has not much in it, but as it is written in my own praise, I cannot for my heart suppress it.

SIR,

'You proposed in your Spectator of last Tuesday,* Mr. HOBBES's hypothesis for solving that very old phænomenon of laughter. You have made the hypothesis valuable by espousing it yourself; for had it continued Mr. HOBBES's, nobody would have minded it. Now here this

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* See No. 47.

this perplexed case arises. A certain company laughed very heartily upon the reading of that very paper of yours; and the truth on it is, he must be a man of more than ordinary constancy that could stand out against so much comedy, and not do as we did. Now there are few men in the world so far lost to all good sense, as to look upon you to be a man in a state of folly "inferior to himself."—Pray then how do you justify your hypothesis of laughter?

Your most humble

*Q. R.*'

Thursday, the 26th of the month of fools.

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SIR,

'In answer to your letter, I must desire you to recollect yourself; and you will find, that when you did me the honour to be so merry over my paper, you laughed at the idiot, the German courtier, the gaper, the merry-andrew, the haberdasher, the biter, the butt, and not at

Your humble servant,

*THE SPECTATOR.*'

# No. 53.

TUESDAY, MAY 1, 1711.

——Aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus.

HOR. ARS POET. VER. 359.

"Homer himself hath been observ'd to nod."

ROSCOMMON.

## LETTERS ON VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

MY correspondents grow so numerous, that I cannot avoid frequently inserting their applications to me.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM glad I can inform you, that your endeavours to adorn that sex, which is the fairest part of the visible creation, are well received, and like to prove not unsuccessful. The triumph of DAPHNE over her sister LÆTITIA has been the subject of conversation at several tea-tables where I have been present; and I have observed the fair circle not a little pleased to find you considering them as reasonable creatures, and endeavouring to banish that Mahometan custom, which had too much prevailed even in this island, of treating women as if they had no souls. I must do them the justice to say, that there seems to be nothing wanting to the finishing of these lovely pieces of human nature, besides the turning and applying their ambition properly, and the keeping them up to a sense of what is their true merit. EPICTETUS, that plain honest philosopher, as little as he had of gallantry, appears to have understood them as well as the polite St. EVREMONT, and has hit this point very luckily, "When young women," says he, "arrive

rive at a certain age, they hear themselves called *Mistresses*, and are made to believe, that their only business is to please the men; they immediately begin to dress, and place all their hopes in the adorning of their persons; it is therefore," continues he, "worth the while to endeavour by all means to make them sensible, that the honour paid to them is only upon account of their conducting themselves with virtue, modesty, and discretion."

'Now to pursue the matter yet further, and to render your cares for the improvement of the fair ones more effectual, I would propose a new method, like those applications which are said to convey their virtue by sympathy; and that is, that in order to embellish the mistress, you should give a new education to the lover, and teach the men not to be any longer dazzled by false charms and unreal beauty. I cannot but think that if our sex knew always how to place their esteem justly, the other would not be so often wanting to themselves in deserving it. For as the being enamoured with a woman of sense and virtue is an improvement to a man's understanding and morals, and the passion is ennobled by the object which inspires it; so on the other side, the appearing amiable to a man of a wise and elegant mind, carries in itself no small degree of merit and accomplishment. I conclude therefore, that one way to make the women yet more agreeable is, to make the men more virtuous.

I am, SIR,

Your most humble servant,

*R. B.*

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*April* 26.

SIR,

'YOURS of Saturday last* I read, not without some resentment; but I will suppose when you say you expect an inundation of ribbons and brocades, and to see many new

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* See No. 51.

new vanities which the women will fall into upon a peace with France, that you intend only the unthinking part of our sex; and what methods can reduce them to reason is hard to imagine.

'But, Sir, there are others yet, that your instructions might be of great use to, who, after their best endeavours, are sometimes at a loss to acquit themselves to a censorious world. I am far from thinking you can altogether disapprove of conversation between ladies and gentlemen, regulated by the rules of honour and prudence; and have thought it an observation not ill-made, that where that was wholly denied, the women lost their wit, and the men their good manners. It is sure, from those improper liberties you mentioned, that a sort of undistinguishing people shall banish from their drawing-rooms the best-bred men in the world, and condemn those that do not. Your stating this point might, I think, be of good use, as well as much oblige,

SIR,

Your admirer, and

Most humble servant,

*ANNA BELLA.*'

No answer to this, till ANNA BELLA sends a description of those she calls the best-bred men in the world.

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MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a gentleman who for many years last past have been well known to be truly splenetic, and that my spleen arises from having contracted so great a delicacy, by reading the best authors, and keeping the most refined company, that I cannot bear the least impropriety of language, or rusticity of behaviour. Now, Sir, I have ever looked upon this as a wise distemper; but by late observations find, that every heavy wretch, who has nothing to say, excuses his dulness by complaining of the spleen. Nay, I saw the other day, two fellows

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in a tavern kitchen set up for it, call for a pint and pipes, and only by guzzling liquor to each other's health, and wafting smoke in each other's face, pretend to throw off the spleen. I appeal to you whether these dishonours are to be done to the distemper of the great and the polite. I beseech you, Sir, to inform these fellows that they have not the spleen, because they cannot talk without the help of a glass at their mouths, or convey their meaning to each other without the interposition of clouds. If you will not do this with all speed, I assure you for my part, I will wholly quit the disease, and for the future be merry with the vulgar.

I am, SIR,

Your humble servant.'

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SIR,

'THIS is to let you understand that I am a reformed starer, and conceived a detestation for that practice from what you have written upon the subject. But as you have been very severe upon the behaviour of us men at divine service, I hope you will not be so apparently partial to the women, as to let them go wholly unobserved. If they do every thing that is possible to attract our eyes, are we more culpable than they for looking at them? I happened last Sunday to be shut into a pew, which was full of young ladies in the bloom of youth and beauty. When the service began, I had not room to kneel at the confession, but as I stood kept my eyes from wandering as well as I was able, till one of the young ladies who is a Peeper, resolved to bring down my looks and fix my devotion on herself. You are to know, Sir, that a Peeper works with her hands, eyes, and fan; one of which is continually in motion, while she thinks she is not actually the admiration of some ogler or starer in the congregation. As I stood utterly at a loss how to behave myself, surrounded as I was, this Peeper so placed herself as to be kneeling just before me. She displayed

displayed the most beautiful bosom imaginable, which heaved and fell with some fervour, while a delicate well-shaped arm held a fan over her face. It was not in nature to command one's eyes from this object. I could not avoid taking notice also of her fan, which had on it various figures, very improper to behold on that occasion. There lay in the body of the piece a VENUS, under a purple canopy furled with curious wreaths of drapery, half naked, attended with a train of CUPIDS, who were busied in fanning her as she slept. Behind her was drawn a satyr peeping over the silken fence, and threatening to break through it. I frequently offered to turn my sight another way, but was still detained by the fascination of the Peeper's eyes, who had long practised a skill in them, to recal the parting glances of her beholders. You see my complaint, and hope you will take these mischievous people, the Peepers, into your consideration. I doubt not but you will think a Peeper as much more pernicious than a starer, as an ambuscade is more to be feared than an open assault.

I am, SIR,

Your most obedient servant.'

This Peeper, using both fan and eyes, to be considered as a Pict, and proceed accordingly.

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*KING LATINUS TO THE SPECTATOR,*
GREETING.

'THOUGH some may think we descend from our imperial dignity, in holding correspondence with a private *litterato*; yet as we have great respect to all good intentions for our service, we do not esteem it beneath us to return you our royal thanks for what you published in our behalf, while under confinement in the inchanted castle of the Savoy, and for your mention of a subsidy for

for a prince in misfortune. This your timely zeal has inclined the hearts of divers to be aiding unto us, if we could propose the means. We have taken their good-will into consideration, and have contrived a method which will be easy to those who shall give the aid, and not unacceptable to us who receive it. A consort of music shall be prepared at Haberdasher's Hall, for Wednesday the second of May, and we will honour the said entertainment with our own presence, where each person shall be assessed but at two shillings and six-pence.—What we expect from you is, that you publish these our royal intentions, with injunction that they be read at all tea-tables within the cities of London and Westminster; and so we bid you heartily farewell.

*LATINUS,*
KING OF THE VOLSCIANS.'

'Given at our Court in Vinegar-Yard, story the third from the earth, April 28, 1711.' R.

## No. 54.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 2, 1711.

——Strenua nos exercet inertia.
HOR. 1 EP. xi. 28.
"Laborious idleness our powers employs."

### LOWNGERS.

THE following letter being the first that I have received from the learned university of Cambridge, I could not but do myself the honour of publishing it. It gives an account of a new sect of philosophers which has arisen in that famous residence of learning; and is, perhaps, the only sect this age is likely to produce.

*Cambridge, April* 26.

MR. SPECTATOR,

BELIEVING you to be an universal encourager of liberal arts and sciences, and glad of any information from the learned world, I thought an account of a sect of philosophers, very frequent among us, but not taken notice of, as far as I can remember, by any writers, either ancient or modern, would not be unacceptable to you. The philosophers of this sect are, in the language of our university, called *Lowngers*. I am of opinion, that, as in many other things, so likewise in this, the ancients have been defective; viz. in mentioning no philosophers of this sort. Some indeed will affirm that they are a kind of Peripatetics, because we see them continually walking about. But I would have these gentlemen consider, that though the ancient Peripatetics walked much, yet they wrote much also; witness, to the sorrow of this sect, ARISTOTLE and others: whereas it is notorious that most of our professors never lay out a farthing either in pen, ink, or paper. Others are for deriving them from DIOGENES, because several of the leading men of the sect have a great deal of cynical humour in them, and delight much in sun-shine. But then, again, DIOGENES was content to have his constant habitation in a narrow tub, whilst our philosophers are so far from being of his opinion, that it is death to them to be confined within the limits of a good handsome convenient chamber but for half an hour. Others there are, who from the clearness of their heads deduce the pedigree of Lowngers from that great man (I think it was either PLATO or SOCRATES) who after all his study and learning professed, That all he then knew was, that he knew nothing. You easily see this is but a shallow argument, and may be soon confuted.

'I have with great pains and industry made my observations, from time to time, upon these sages; and having now all materials ready, am compiling a treatise wherein,

wherein I shall set forth the rise and progress of this famous sect, together with their maxims, austerities, manner of living, &c. Having prevailed with a friend, who designs shortly to publish a new edition of DIOGENES LAERTIUS, to add this treatise of mine by way of supplement; I shall now, to let the world see what may be expected from me (first begging Mr. SPECTATOR's leave that the world may see it) briefly touch upon some of my chief observations, and then subscribe myself your humble servant. In the first place, I shall give you two or three of their maxims: the fundamental one, upon which their whole system is built, is this, viz. That time being an implacable enemy to, and destroyer of all things, ought to be paid in his own coin, and be destroyed and murdered without mercy, by all the ways that can be invented. Another favourite saying of theirs is, That business was designed only for knaves, and study for blockheads. A third seems to be a ludicrous one, but has a great effect upon their lives; and is this, That the devil is at home. Now for their manner of living: and here I have a large field to expatiate in; but I shall reserve particulars for my intended discourse, and now only mention one or two of their principal exercises. The elder proficients employ themselves in inspecting *mores hominum multorum*, in getting acquainted with all the signs and windows in the town. Some are arrived to so great knowledge, that they can tell every time any butcher kills a calf, every time any old woman's cat is in the straw; and a thousand other matters as important. One ancient philosopher contemplates two or three hours every day over a sun-dial; and is true to the dial,'

" ———As the dial to the sun,
Although it be not shone upon."

' Our younger students are content to carry their speculations as yet no farther than bowling-greens, billiard-tables, and such like places. This may serve for a sketch

of my design; in which I hope I shall have your encouragement.

I am SIR, yours.'

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I must be so just as to observe, I have formerly seen of this sect at our other university; though not distinguished by the appellation which the learned historian, my corrrespondent, reports they bear at Cambridge. They were ever looked upon as a people that impaired themselves more by their strict application to the rules of their order, than any other students whatever. Others seldom hurt themselves any further than to gain weak eyes, and sometimes head-aches; but these philosophers are seized all over with a general inability, indolence, and weariness, and a certain impatience of the place they are in, with an heaviness in removing to another.

The Lowngers are satisfied with being merely part of the number of mankind, without distinguishing themselves from amongst them. They may be said rather to suffer their time to pass, than to spend it, without regard to the past, or prospect of the future. All they know of life is only the present instant, and do not taste even that. When one of this order happens to be a man of fortune, the expence of his time is transferred to his coach and horses, and his life is to be measured by their motion, not his own enjoyments or sufferings. The chief entertainment one of these philosophers can possibly propose to himself, is to get a relish of dress. This, methinks, might diversify the person he is weary of (his own dear self) to himself. I have known these two amusements make one of these philosophers make a tolerable figure in the world; with variety of dresses in public assemblies in town, and quick motion of his horses out of it, now to Bath, now to Tunbridge, then to Newmarket, and then to London, he has in process of

of time brought it to pass, that his coach and his horses have been mentioned in all those places. When the Lowngers leave an academic life, and instead of this more elegant way of appearing in the polite world, retire to the seats of their ancestors, they usually join a pack of dogs, and employ their days in defending their poultry from foxes: I do not know any other method that any of this order has ever taken to make a noise in the world; but I shall enquire into such about this town as have arrived at the dignity of being Lowngers by the force of natural parts, without having ever seen an university; and send my correspondent, for the embellishment of his book, the names and history of those who pass their lives without any incidents at all; and how they shift coffee-houses and chocolate-houses from hour to hour, to get over the insupportable labour of doing nothing.

R.

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* The latter part by STEELE; the letter was written probably by Mr. EUSDEN.

# N°. 55.

THURSDAY, MAY 3, 1711.

——Intus & in jecore ægro
Nascuntur Domini——

PERS. SAT. V. 129.

"Our passions play the tyrants in our breasts."

## LUXURY AND AVARICE.

MOST of the trades, professions, and ways of living among mankind, take their original either from the love of pleasure, or the fear of want. The former, when it becomes too violent, degenerates into *Luxury*, and the latter into *Avarice*. As these two principles of action draw different ways, PERSIUS has given us a very humorous account of a young fellow who was roused out of his bed, in order to be sent upon a long voyage, by AVARICE, and afterwards over-persuaded and kept at home by LUXURY. I shall set down at length the pleadings of these two imaginary persons, as they are in the original, with Mr. DRYDEN's translation of them.

Manè, piger, stertis: surge, inquit AVARITIA; eja
Surge. Negas, Instat, surge, inquit. Non queo. Surge,
Et quid agam? Rogitas? saperdas advehe ponto,
Castoreum, stuppas, habenum, thus, lubrica Coa.
Tolle recens primus piper e sitiente camelo.
Verte aliquid; jura. Sed JUPITER audiet. Eheu!
Baro, regustatum digito terebrare salinum
Contentus perages, si vivere cum JOVE tendis.
Jam pueris pellum succinctus & cœnophorum aptas;
Ocyùs ad navem. Nil obstat quin trabe vestâ
Ægæum rapias, nisi solers LUXURIA antè

Seductum

Seductum moneat; quò deinde insàne ruis? Quò?
Quid tibi vis? Calido sed pectore mascula bilis
Intumuit, quam non extinxerit urna cicutæ?
Tun' mare transilias? Tibi torta cannabe fulto
Cœna sit in transtro? Veientanumque rebellum
Exhalèt vapidæ læsum pise sessilis obba?
Quid petis? Ut nummi, quos hic quincunce modesto
Nutrieras, pergant avidos sudare deunces?
Indulge genio: carpamus dulcia; nostrum est
Quod vivis; cinis, & manes, & fabula fies.
Vive memor lethi: fugit hora. Hoc quod loquor, inde est.
En quid agis? Duplici in diversum scinderis hamo.
Hunccine, an hunce sequeris?—

SAT. V. 131.*

" Whether alone, or in thy harlot's lap,
" When thou would'st take a lazy morning's nap;
" Up, up, says AVARICE; thou snor'st again,
" Stretchest thy limbs, and yawn'st, but all in vain.
" The rugged tyrant no denial takes;
" At his command th' unwilling sluggard wakes.
" What must I do? he cries; What? says his lord:
" Why rise, make ready, and go straight aboard:
" With fish, from Euxine seas, thy vessel freight;
" Flax, castor, Coan wines, the precious weight
" Of pepper, and Sabean incense, take
" With thy own hands, from the tir'd camel's back,
" And with post-haste thy running markets make.
" Be sure to turn the penny; lye and swear,
" 'Tis wholesome sin: but JOVE, thou say'st, will hear.
" Swear, fool, or starve; for the dilemma's even;
" A tradesman thou! and hope to go to heav'n?
" Resolv'd for sea, the slaves thy baggage pack,
" Each saddled with his burden on his back:
" Nothing retards thy voyage now, but he,
" That soft voluptuous prince, called LUXURY;
" And he may ask this civil question; Friend,
" What dost thou make a shipboard? To what end?



* BOILEAU has given a good imitation of this passage in his third Satire.

"Art thou of Bethlem's noble college free?
"Stark, staring mad, that thou would'st tempt the sea?
"Cubb'd in a cabbin, on a mattress laid,
"On a brown George, with lousy swobbers fed;
"Dead wine that stinks of the Borachio, sup
"From a foul jack, or greasy maple cup?
"Say, would'st thou bear all this, to raise thy store,
"From six i'th' hundred to six hundred more?
"Indulge, and to thy genius freely give;
"For, not to live at ease, is not to live.
"Death stalks behind thee, and each flying hour
"Does some loose remnant of thy life devour.
"Live, whilst thou liv'st; for death will make us all
"A name, a nothing but an old wife's tale.
"Speak: wilt thou AVARICE or PLEASURE chuse
"To be thy lord? Take one, and one refuse."

When a government flourishes in conquests, and is secure from foreign attacks, it naturally falls into all the pleasures of Luxury; and as these pleasures are very expensive, they put those who are addicted to them upon raising fresh supplies of money, by all the methods of rapaciousness and corruption; so that Avarice and Luxury very often become one complicated principle of action, in those whose hearts are wholly set upon ease, magnificence, and pleasure. The most elegant and correct of all the Latin historians observes, that in his time, when the most formidable states of the world were subdued by the Romans, the republic sunk into those two vices of a quite different nature, Luxury and Avarice: * and accordingly describes CATILINE as one who coveted the wealth of other men, at the same time that he squandered away his own. This observation on the commonwealth, when it was in its height of power and riches, holds good of all governments that are settled in a state of ease and prosperity. At such times men naturally endeavour

* Alieni appetens, sui profusus.

SALL.

endeavour to outshine one another in pomp and splendour, and having no fears to alarm them from abroad, indulge themselves in the enjoyment of all the pleasures they can get into their possession; which naturally produces Avarice, and an immoderate pursuit after wealth and riches.

As I was humouring myself in the speculation of these two great principles of action, I could not forbear throwing my thoughts into a little kind of allegory or fable, with which I shall here present my reader.

There were two very powerful tyrants engaged in a perpetual war against each other, the name of the first was LUXURY, and of the second AVARICE. The aim of each of them was no less than universal monarchy over the hearts of mankind. LUXURY had many generals under him, who did him great service, as PLEASURE, MIRTH, POMP, and FASHION. AVARICE was likewise very strong in his officers, being faithfully served by HUNGER, INDUSTRY, CARE, and WATCHFULNESS: he had likewise a privy-counsellor, who was always at his elbow, and whispering something or other in his ear: the name of this privy-counsellor was POVERTY. As AVARICE conducted himself by the counsels of POVERTY, his antagonist was entirely guided by the dictates and advice of PLENTY, who was his first counsellor and minister of state, that concerted all his measures for him, and never departed out of his sight. While these two great rivals were thus contending for empire, their conquests were very various. LUXURY got possession of one heart, and AVARICE of another. The father of a family would often range himself under the banners of AVARICE, and the son under those of LUXURY. The wife and husband would often declare themselves on the two different parties; nay, the same person would very often side with one in his youth, and revolt to the other in his old age. Indeed, the wise men of the world stood neuter; but alas! their numbers were not considerable. At length, when these two potentates had wearied themselves

selves with waging war upon one another, they agreed upon an interview, at which neither of their counsellors were to be present. It is said that LUXURY began the parley, and after having represented the endless state of war in which they were engaged, told his enemy, with a frankness of heart which is natural to him, that he believed they two should be very good friends, were it not for the instigations of POVERTY, that pernicious counsellor, who made an ill use of his ear, and filled him with groundless apprehensions and prejudices. To this AVARICE replied, that he looked upon PLENTY (the first minister of his antagonist) to be a much more destructive counsellor than POVERTY, for that he was perpetually suggesting pleasures, banishing all the necessary cautions against want, and consequently undermining those principles on which the government of AVARICE was founded. At last, in order to an accommodation, they agreed upon this preliminary; That each of them should immediately dismiss his privy-counsellor. When things were thus far adjusted towards a peace, all other differences were soon accommodated, insomuch that for the future they resolved to live as good friends and confederates, and to share between them whatever conquests were made on either side. For this reason, we now find LUXURY and AVARICE taking possession of the same heart, and dividing the same person between them. To which I shall only add, that since the discarding of the counsellors above-mentioned, AVARICE supplies LUXURY in the room of PLENTY, as LUXURY prompts AVARICE in the place of POVERTY.

C.

# N°. 56.

FRIDAY, MAY 4, 1711.

Felices errore suo——

"Happy in their mistake." LUCAN. i. 454.

## RELIGIOUS NOTIONS OF THE AMERICAN INDIANS.

THE Americans believe that all creatures have souls, not only men and women, but brutes, vegetables, nay even the most inanimate things, as stocks and stones. They believe the same of all the works of art, as of knives, boats, looking-glasses; and that as any of these things perish, their souls go into another world, which is inhabited hy the ghosts of men and women. For this reason they always place by the corpse of their dead friend a bow and arrows, that he may make use of the souls of them in the other world, as he did of their wooden bodies in this. How absurd soever such an opinion as this may appear, our European philosophers have maintained several notions altogether as improbable. Some of PLATO's followers in particular, when they talk of the world of ideas, entertain us with substances and beings no less extravagant and chimerical. Many ARISTOTELIANS have likewise spoken as unintelligibly of their *substantial forms*. I shall only instance ALBERTUS MAGNUS, who, in his Dissertation upon the Loadstone, observing, that fire will destroy its magnetic virtues, tells us that he took particular notice of one as it lay glowing amidst an heap of burning coals, and that he perceived a certain blue vapour to arise from it, which he believed might be the *substantial form*, that is, in our West-Indian phrase, the *soul* of the loadstone.

There

There is a tradition among the Americans, that one of their countrymen descended in a vision to the great repository of souls, or as we call it here, to the other world; and that upon his return he gave his friends a distinct account of every thing he saw among those regions of the dead. A friend of mine, whom I have formerly mentioned, prevailed upon one of the interpreters of the Indian kings, * to enquire of them, if possible, what tradition they have among them of this matter: which, as well as he could learn by those many questions which he asked them at several times, was in substance as follows:

The visionary, whose name was MARRATON, after having travelled for a long space under an hollow mountain, arrived at length on the confines of this world of spirits, but could not enter it by reason of a thick forest made up of bushes, brambles, and pointed thorns, so perplexed and interwoven with one another, that it was impossible to find a passage through it. Whilst he was looking about for some track or path-way that might be worn in any part of it, he saw a huge lion couched under the side of it, who kept his eye upon him in the same posture as when he watches for his prey. The Indian immediately started back, whilst the lion rose with a spring, and leaped towards him. Being wholly destitute of all other weapons, he stooped down to take up an huge stone in his hand; but to his infinite surprise grasped nothing, and found the supposed stone to be only the apparition of one. If he was disappointed on this side, he was as much pleased on the other, when he found the lion, which had seized on his left shoulder, had no power to hurt him, and was only the ghost of that ravenous creature which it appeared to be. He no sooner got rid of his impotent enemy, but he marched up to the wood, and after having surveyed it for some time,

* See No. 50.

time, endeavoured to press into one part of it that was a little thinner than the rest; when again, to his great surprise, he found the bushes made no resistance, but that he walked through briers and brambles with the same ease as through the open air; and in short, that the whole wood was nothing else but a wood of shades. He immediately concluded, that this huge thicket of thorns and brakes was designed as a kind of fence or quickset hedge to the ghosts it inclosed; and that probably their soft substances might be torn by these subtle points and prickles, which were too weak to make any impressions in flesh and blood. With this thought he resolved to travel through this intricate wood; when by degrees he felt a gale of perfumes breathing upon him, that grew stronger and sweeter in proportion as he advanced. He had not proceeded much further, when he observed the thorns and briers to end, and gave place to a thousand beautiful green trees covered with blossoms of the finest scents and colours, that formed a wilderness of sweets, and were a kind of lining to those rugged scenes which he had before passed through. As he was coming out of this delightful part of the wood, and entering upon the plains it inclosed, he saw several horsemen rushing by him, and a little while after heard the cry of a pack of dogs. He had not listened long before he saw the apparition of a milk-white steed, with a young man on the back of it, advancing upon full stretch after the souls of about an hundred beagles, that were hunting down the ghost of an hare which ran away before them with an unspeakable swiftness. As the man on the milk-white steed came by him, he looked upon him very attentively, and found him to be the young Prince NICHARAGUA, who died about half a year before, and by reason of his great virtues, was at that time lamented over all the western parts of America.

He had no sooner got out of the wood, but he was entertained with such a landscape of flowery plains, green meadows,

meadows, running streams, sunny hills, and shady vales, as were not to be represented by his own expressions, nor, as he said, by the conceptions of others. This happy region was peopled with innumerable swarms of spirits, who applied themselves to exercises and diversions, according as their fancies led them. Some of them were tossing the figure of a coit; others were pitching the shadow of a bar; others were breaking the apparition of a horse; and multitudes employing themselves upon ingenious handicrafts with the souls of *departed utensils*, for that is the name which in the Indian language they give their tools when they are burnt or broken. As he travelled through this delightful scene, he was very often tempted to pluck the flowers that rose every where about him in the greatest variety and profusion, having never seen several of them in his own country: but he quickly found, that though they were objects of his sight, they were not liable to his touch. He at length came to the side of a great river, and being a good fisherman himself, stood upon the banks of it some time to look upon an angler that had taken a great many shapes of fishes, which lay flouncing up and down by him.

I should have told my reader, that this Indian had been formerly married to one of the greatest beauties of his country, by whom he had several children. This couple were so famous for their love and constancy to one another, that the Indians to this day, when they give a married man joy of his wife, wish they may live together like MARRATON and YARATILDA. MARRATON had not stood long by the fisherman, when he saw the shadow of his beloved YARATILDA, who had for some time fixed her eye upon him, before he discovered her. Her arms were stretched out towards him, floods of tears ran down her eyes: her looks, her hands, her voice called him over to her; and at the same time seemed to tell him that the river was unpassable. Who can describe the passion made up of joy, sorrow, love, desire, astonish-

astonishment, that rose in the Indian upon the sight of his dear YARATILDA? He could express it by nothing but his tears, which ran like a river down his cheeks as he looked upon her. He had not stood in this posture long, before he plunged into the stream that lay before him; and finding it to be nothing but the phantom of a river, stalked on the bottom of it till he arose on the other side. At his approach YARATILDA flew into his arms, whilst MARRATON wished himself disencumbered of that body which kept her from his embraces. After many questions and endearments on both sides, she conducted him to a bower which she had dressed with all the ornaments that could be met with in those blooming regions. She had made it gay beyond imagination, and was every day adding something new to it. As MARRATON stood astonished at the unspeakable beauty of her habitation, and ravished with the fragrancy that came from every part of it, YARATILDA told him that she was preparing this bower for his reception, as well knowing that his piety to his God, and his faithful dealing towards men, would certainly bring him to that happy place, whenever his life should be at an end. She then brought two of her children to him, who died some years before, and resided with her in the same delightful bower; advising him to breed up those others which were still with him in such a manner, that they might hereafter all of them meet together in this happy place.

The tradition tells us further, that he had afterwards a sight of those dismal habitations which are the portion of ill men after death; and mentions several molten seas of gold, in which were plunged the souls of barbarous Europeans, who put to the sword so many thousands of poor Indians for the sake of that precious metal. But having already touched upon the chief points of this tradition, and exceeded the measure of my paper, I shall not give any further account of it.

C.

# No. 57.

SATURDAY, MAY 5, 1711.

Quem præstare potest mulier Galata pudorem
Quæ fugit à sexu?———

JUV. SAT. vi. 251.

"What sense of shame in woman's breast can lie
"Inur'd to arms, and her own sex to fly?"

DRYDEN.

## VIRAGOS AND FEMALE POLITICIANS.

WHEN the wife of HECTOR, in HOMER's Iliad, discourses with her husband about the battle in which he was going to engage, the hero desiring her to leave the matter to his care, bids her go to her maids, and mind her spinning: by which the poet intimates, that men and women ought to busy themselves in their proper spheres, and on such matters only as are suitable to their respective sex.

I am at this time acquainted with a young gentleman who has passed a great part of his life in the nursery, and upon occasion, can make a caudle or a sack-posset better than any man in England. He is likewise a wonderful critic in cambric and muslins, and he will talk an hour together upon a sweet-meat. He entertains his mother every night with observations that he makes both in town and court: as what lady shews the nicest fancy in her dress; what man of quality wears the fairest wig; who has the finest linen, who the prettiest snuff-box, with many other the like curious remarks, that may be made in good company.

On the other hand, I have very frequently the opportunity of seeing a rural ANDROMACHE, who came up to town last winter, and is one of the greatest fox-hunters in

in the country. She talks of hounds and horses, and makes nothing of leaping over a six bar-gate. If a man tells her a waggish story, she gives him a push with her hand in jest, and calls him an impudent dog; and if her servant neglects his business, threatens to kick him out of the house. I have heard her in her wrath, call a substantial tradesman a lousy cur; and remember one day, when she could not think of the name of a person, she described him, in a large company of men and ladies, by the fellow with the broad shoulders.

If those speeches and actions, which in their own nature are indifferent, appear ridiculous when they proceed from a wrong sex, the faults and imperfections of one sex transplanted into another, appear black and monstrous. As for the men, I shall not in this paper any further concern myself about them; but as I would fain contribute to make womankind, which is the most beautiful part of the creation, entirely amiable, and wear out all those little spots and blemishes, that are apt to rise among the charms which nature has poured out upon them, I shall dedicate this paper to their service. The spot which I would here endeavour to clear them of, is that party-rage which of late years is very much crept into their conversation. This is, in its nature, a male vice, and made up of many angry and cruel passions that are altogether repugnant to the softness, the modesty, and those other endearing qualities which are natural to the fair sex. Women were formed to temper mankind, and soothe them into tenderness and compassion; not to set an edge upon their minds, and blow up in them those passions which are too apt to rise of their own accord. When I have seen a pretty mouth uttering calumnies and invectives, what would I not have given to have stopt it? How I have been troubled to see some of the finest features in the world grow pale, and tremble with party-rage. CAMILLA is one of the greatest beauties in the British nation, and yet values herself more upon being the Virago of one party, than

upon being the toast of both. The dear creature, about a week ago, encountered the fierce and beautiful PENTHESILEA across a tea-table; but in the height of her anger, as her hand chanced to shake with the earnestness of the dispute, she scalded her fingers, and spilt a dish of tea upon her petticoat. Had not this accident broke off the debate, nobody knows where it would have ended.

There is one consideration which I would earnestly recommend to all my female readers, and which I hope will have some weight with them. In short, it is this, that there is nothing so bad for the face as party-zeal. It gives an ill-natured cast to the eye, and a disagreeable sourness to the look; besides that it makes the lines too strong, and flushes them worse than brandy. I have seen a woman's face break out in heats, as she has been talking against a great lord whom she had never seen in her life; and indeed I never knew a party-woman that kept her beauty for a twelvemonth. I would therefore advise all my female readers, as they value their complexions, to let alone all disputes of this nature; though, at the same time, I would give free liberty to all superannuated motherly partizans to be as violent as they please, since there will be no danger either of their spoiling their faces, or of their gaining converts.

For my own part, I think a man makes an odious and despicable figure, that is violent in a party; but a woman is too sincere to mitigate the fury of her principles with temper and discretion, and to act with that temper and reservedness which are requisite in our sex. When this unnatural zeal gets into them, it throws them into ten thousand heats and extravagancies; their generous souls set no bounds to their love, or to their hatred, and whether a Whig or Tory, a lap-dog or a gallant, an opera or a puppet-show, be the object of it, the passion, while it reigns, engrosses the whole woman.

I remember when Dr. TITUS OATES* was in all his glory,

* Dr. SACHEVERELL.

glory, I accompanied my friend WILL HONEYCOMB in a visit to a lady of his acquaintance. We were no sooner sat down, but upon casting my eyes about the room, I found in almost every corner of it a print that represented the doctor in all magnitudes and dimensions. A little after, as the lady was discoursing my friend, and held her snuff-box in her hand, who should I see in the lid of it but the doctor. It was not long after this when she had occasion for her handkerchief, which, upon first opening, discovered among the plaits of it the figure of the doctor. Upon this my friend WILL, who loves raillery, told her, That if he was in Mr. TRUELOVE's place, (for that was the name of her husband) he should be made as uneasy by a handkerchief as ever OTHELLO was. I am afraid, said she, "Mr. HONEYCOMB, you are a Tory: tell me truly, are you a friend to the doctor, or not?"—WILL, instead of making her a reply, smiled in her face, (for indeed she was very pretty) and told her that one of her patches was dropping off. She immediately adjusted it, and looking a little seriously, "Well," says she, "I will be hanged if you and your silent friend are not against the doctor in your hearts, I suspected as much by his saying nothing." Upon this she took her fan into her hand, and upon the opening of it, again displayed to us the figure of the doctor, who was placed with great gravity among the sticks of it. In a word, I found that the doctor had taken possession of her thoughts, her discourse, and most of her furniture; but finding myself pressed too close by her question, I winked upon my friend to take his leave, which he did accordingly.

C.

## No. 58.

MONDAY, MAY 7, 1711.

Ut pictura poesis erit——
HOR. ARS. POET. ver. 361.
"Poems like pictures are."

### ON WIT—VARIOUS SPECIES OF FALSE WIT.

NOTHING is so much admired, and so little understood, as Wit. No author that I know of has written professedly upon it; and as for those who make any mention of it, they only treat on the subject as it has accidentally fallen in their way, and that too in little short reflections, or in general exclamatory flourishes, without entering into the bottom of the matter. I hope therefore I shall perform an acceptable work to my countrymen, If I treat at large upon this subject; which I shall endeavour to do in a manner suitable to it, that I may not incur the censure which a famous critic bestows upon one who had written a treatise on *the Sublime* in a low grovelling stile. I intend to lay aside a whole week for this undertaking, that the scheme of my thoughts may not be broken and interrupted; and I dare promise myself, if my readers will give me a week's attention, that this great city will be very much changed for the better by next Saturday night. I shall endeavour to make what I say intelligible to ordinary capacities; but if my readers meet with any paper that in some parts of it may be a little out of their reach, I would not have them discouraged, for they may assure themselves the next shall be much clearer.

As the great and only end of these my speculations is to banish vice and ignorance out of the territories of Great Britain, I shall endeavour as much as possible to establish

establish among us a taste of polite writing. It is with this view that I have endeavoured to set my readers right in several points relating to operas and tragedies; and shall from time to time impart my notions of comedy, as I think they may tend to its refinement and perfection. I find, by my bookseller, that these papers of criticism, with that upon humour, have met with a more kind reception than indeed I could have hoped for from such subjects; for this reason, I shall enter upon my present undertaking with greater chearfulness.

In this, and one or two following papers, I shall trace out the history of false wit, and distinguish the several kinds of it as they have prevailed in different ages of the world. This I think the more necessary at present, because I observed there were attempts on foot last winter to revive some of those antiquated modes of wit, that have been long exploded out of the commonwealth of letters. There were several satires and panegyrics handed about in acrostic, by which means some of the most arrant undisputed blockheads about the town began to entertain ambitious thoughts, and to set up for polite authors. I shall therefore describe at length those many arts of false wit, in which a writer does not shew himself a man of a beautiful genius, but of great industry.

The first species of false wit which I have met with is very venerable for its antiquity, and has produced several pieces which have lived very near as long as the Iliad itself: I mean those short poems printed among the minor Greek poets, which resemble the figure of an egg, a pair of wings, an ax, a shepherd's pipe, and an altar.

As for the first, it is a little oval poem, and may not improperly be called a Scholar's Egg. I would endeavour to hatch it, or in more intelligible language, to translate it into English, did not I find the interpretation of it very difficult; for the author seems to have been more intent upon the figure of his poem than upon the sense of it.

The Pair of Wings consist of twelve verses, or rather feathers, every verse decreasing gradually in its measure

according to its situation in the wing. The subject of it (as in the rest of the poems which follow) bears some remote affinity with the figure, for it describes a god of love, who is always painted with wings.

The Ax methinks would have been a good figure for a lampoon, had the edge of it consisted of the most satirical parts of the work; but as it is in the original, I take it to have been nothing else but the poesy of an ax which was consecrated to MINERVA, and was thought to have been the same that EPEUS made use of in the building of the Trojan horse; which is a hint I shall leave to the consideration of the critics. I am apt to think that the poesy was written originally upon the ax, like those which our modern cutlers inscribe upon their knives; and that therefore the poesy still remains in its ancient shape, though the ax itself is lost.

The Shepherd's Pipe may be said to be full of music, for it is composed of nine different kinds of verse, which by their several lengths resemble the nine stops of the old musical instrument, that is likewise the subject of the poem.

The Altar is inscribed with the epitaph of TROILUS the son of HECUBA; which, by the way, makes me believe, that these false pieces of wit are much more ancient than the authors to whom they are generally ascribed; at least I will never be persuaded, that so fine a writer as THEOCRITUS could have been the author of any such simple works.

It was impossible for a man to succeed in these performances who was not a kind of painter, or at least a designer. He was first of all to draw the out-line of the subject which he intended to write upon, and afterwards conform the description to the figure of his subject. The poetry was to contract or dilate itself according to the mould in which it was cast. In a word, the verses were to be cramped or extended to the dimensions of the frame that was prepared for them; and to undergo the fate of those persons whom the tyrant PROCRUSTUS used to lodge in his iron bed; if they were

too

too short, he stretched them upon a rack; and if they were too long, chopped off a part of their legs, till they fitted the couch which he had prepared for them.

Mr. DRYDEN hints at this obsolete kind of wit in one of the following verses in his MAC FLECNO; which an English reader cannot understand who does not know that there are those little poems above mentioned in the shape of wings and altars.

"——Chuse for thy command
Some peaceful province in *Acrostic* land;
There may'st thou *wings* display, and *altars* raise,
And torture one poor word a thousand ways."

This fashion of false wit was revived by several poets of the last age, and in particular may be met with among Mr. HERBERT's poems; and, if I am not mistaken, in the translation of DU BARTAS. I do not remember any other kind of work among the moderns which more resembles the performances I have mentioned, than that famous picture of King CHARLES the First, which has the whole book of Psalms written in the lines of the face, and the hair of the head. When I was last at Oxford I perused one of the whiskers, and was reading the other, but could not go so far in it as I would have done, by reason of the impatience of my friends and fellow-travellers, who all of them pressed to see such a piece of curiosity. I have since heard, that there is now an eminent writing-master in town, who has transcribed all the Old Testament in a *full-bottomed periwig*; and if the fashion should introduce the thick kind of wigs, which were in vogue some few years ago, he promises to add two or three supernumerary locks that should contain all the Apocrypha. He designed this wig originally for King WILLIAM, having disposed of the two books of Kings in the two forks of the foretop; but that glorious monarch dying before the wig was finished, there is a space left in it for the face of any one that has a mind to purchase it.

But to return to our ancient poems in picture. I would humbly propose, for the benefit of our modern smatterers

terers in poetry, that they would imitate their brethren among the ancients in those ingenious devices. I have communicated this thought to a young poetical lover of my acquaintance, who intends to present his mistress with a copy of verses made in the shape of her fan, and, if he tells me true, has already finished the three first sticks of it. He has likewise promised me to get the measure of his mistress's marriage finger, with a design to make a poesy in the fashion of a ring, which shall exactly fit it. It is so very easy to enlarge upon a good hint, that I do not question but my ingenious readers will apply what I have said to many other particulars: and that we shall see the town filled in a very little time with poetical tippets, handkerchiefs, snuff-boxes, and the like female ornaments. I shall therefore conclude with a word of advice to those admirable English authors who call themselves Pindaric writers, that they would apply themselves to this kind of wit without loss of time, as being provided better than any other poets with verses of all sizes and dimensions.

C.

## No. 59.

TUESDAY, MAY 8, 1711.

Operose nihil agunt. SENECA.

"Busy about nothing."

### SPECIES OF FALSE WIT CONTINUED, REBUSSES, &c.

THERE is nothing more certain than that every man would be a wit if he could; and notwithstanding pedants of a pretended depth and solidity are apt to decry the writings of a polite author, as *flash* and *froth*, they all of them shew, upon occasion, that they would spare no pains

pains to arrive at the character of those whom they seem to despise. For this reason we often find them endeavouring at works of fancy, which cost them infinite pangs in the production. The truth of it is, a man had better be a galley-slave than a wit, were one to gain that title by those elaborate trifles which have been the inventions of such authors as were often masters of great learning, but no genius.

In my last paper I mentioned some of these *False Wits* among the ancients, and in this shall give the reader two or three other species of them, that flourished in the same early ages of the world. The first I shall produce are the *Lippogrammatists* or *Letter-droppers* of antiquity, that would take an exception, without any reason, against some particular letter in the alphabet, so as not to admit it once into a whole poem. One TRYPHIODORUS was a great master in this kind of writing. He composed an Odyssey or epic poem on the adventures of ULYSSES, consisting of four and twenty books, having entirely banished the letter *A* from his first book, which was called *Alpha*, (as *lucus à non lucendo*) because there was not an *Alpha* in it. His second book was inscribed *Beta* for the same reason. In short, the poet excluded the whole four and twenty letters in their turns, and shewed them, one after another, that he could do his business without them.

It must have been very pleasant to have seen this poet avoiding the reprobate letter, as much as another would a false quantity, and making his escape from it through the several Greek dialects, when he was pressed with it in any particular syllable. For the most apt and elegant word in the whole language was rejected, like a diamond with a flaw in it, if it appeared blemished with a wrong letter. I shall only observe upon this head, that if the work I have here mentioned had been now extant, the *Odyssey* of TRYPHIODORUS, in all probability, would have been oftener quoted by our learned pedants, than the *Odyssey* of HOMER. What a perpetual fund would it have been of obsolete words and

phrases,

phrases, unusual barbarisms and rusticities, absurd spellings and complicated dialects? I make no question but it would have been looked upon as one of the most valuable treasuries of the Greek tongue.

I find likewise among the ancients that ingenious kind of conceit, which the moderns distinguish by the name of a *rebus*, that does not sink a letter, but a whole word, by substituting a picture in its place. When CÆSAR was one of the masters of the Roman mint, he placed the figure of an elephant upon the reverse of the public money; the word CÆSAR signifying an elephant in the Punic language. This was artificially contrived by CÆSAR, because it was not lawful for a private man to stamp his own figure upon the coin of the commonwealth. CICERO, who was so called from the founder of his family, that was marked on the nose with a little wen like a vetch, (which is *Cicer* in Latin) instead of MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO, ordered the words MARCUS TULLIUS, with a figure of a vetch at the end of them, to be inscribed on a public monument. This was done probably to shew that he was neither ashamed of his name or family, notwithstanding the envy of his competitors had often reproached him with both. In the same manner we read of a famous building that was marked in several parts of it with the figures of a frog and a lizard; those words in Greek having been the names of the architects, who by the laws of their country were never permitted to inscribe their own names upon their works. For the same reason, it is thought, that the fore-lock of the horse in the antique equestrian statue of MARCUS AURELIUS, represents at a distance the shape of an owl, to intimate the country of the statuary, who, in all probability, was an Athenian. This kind of wit was very much in vogue among our own countrymen about an age or two ago, who did not practise it for any oblique reason, as the ancients above mentioned, but purely for the sake of being witty. Among innumerable instances that may be given of this nature, I shall produce the device of one Mr. NEWBERRY, as I find

find it mentioned by our learned CAMDEN in his Remains. Mr. NEWBERRY, to represent his name by a picture, hung up at his door the sign of a yew-tree, that had several berries upon it, and in the midst of them a great golden N hung upon a bough of the tree, which, by the help of a little false spelling, made up the word N-EW-BERRY.

I shall conclude this topic with a *rebus*, which has been lately hewn out in free-stone, and erected over two of the portals of Blenheim-house, being the figure of a monstrous lion tearing to pieces a little cock. For the better understanding of which device, I must acquaint my English reader, that a cock has the misfortune to be called in Latin by the same word that signifies a Frenchman, as a lion is the emblem of the English nation. Such a device in so noble a pile of building, looks like a pun in an heroic poem; and I am very sorry the truly ingenious architect would suffer the statuary to blemish his excellent plan with so poor a conceit. But I hope what I have said will gain quarter for the cock, and deliver him out of the lion's paw.

I find likewise in ancient times the conceit of making an Echo talk sensibly, and give rational answers. If this could be excusable in any writer, it would be in OVID, where he introduces the Echo as a nymph, before she was worn away into nothing but a voice. The learned ERASMUS, though a man of wit and *genius*, has composed a dialogue upon this silly kind of device, and made use of an Echo who seems to have been a very extraordinary linguist, for she answers the person she talks with in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, according as she found the syllables which she was to repeat in any of those learned languages. HUDIBRAS, in ridicule of this *false* kind of wit, has described BRUIN bewailing the loss of his bear to a solitary Echo, who is of great use to the poet in several distichs, as she does not only repeat after him, but helps out his verse, and furnishes him with rhymes.

" He

"He rag'd, and kept as heavy a coil as
Stout HERCULES for loss of HYLAS;
Forcing the valleys to repeat
The accents of his sad regret;
He beat his breast, and tore his hair,
For loss of his dear crony bear,
That Echo from the hollow ground
His doleful wailings did resound
More wistfully by many times,
Than in small poets, splay-foot ryhmes,
That make her, in their rueful stories,
To answer to int'rogatories,
And most unconscionably depose
Things of which she nothing knows;
And when she has said all she can say,
'Tis wrested to the lover's fancy.
Quoth he, O whither, wicked BRUIN,
Art thou fled to my——ECHO, *ruin?*
I thought th' hadst scorn'd to budge a step
For fear. (Quoth ECHO) *Marry guep.*
Am I not here to take thy part?
Then what has quell'd thy stubborn heart?
Have these bones rattled, and this head
So often in thy quarrel bled?
Nor did I ever winch or grudge it,
For thy dear sake. (Quoth she) *Mum budget.*
Think'st thou 'twill not be laid i' th' dish,
Thou turn'd'st thy back? (Quoth ECHO) *pish,*
To run from those th' hadst overcome
Thus cowardly? (Quoth ECHO) *mum.*
But what a-vengeance makes thee fly
From me too as thine enemy?
Or if thou hast no thought of me,
Nor what I have endur'd for thee;
Yet shame and honour might prevail
To keep thee thus from turning tail:
For who would grudge to spend his blood in
His honour's cause? (Quoth she) *a pudding.*

C.

# N°. 60.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 9, 1711.

Hoc est quod palles? Cur quis non prandeat,
Hoc est?
PERS. SAT. iii. 85.

"Is it for this you gain those meagre looks,
"And sacrifice your dinner to your books?"

## ANAGRAMS, ACROSTICS, &c.

SEVERAL kinds of *false wit* that vanished in the refined ages of the world, discovered themselves again in the times of monkish ignorance.

As the monks were the masters of all that little learning which was then extant, and had their whole lives entirely disengaged from business, it is no wonder that several of them, who wanted genius for higher performances, employed many hours in the composition of such tricks in writing, as required much time and little capacity. I have seen half the *Æneid* turned into Latin rhymes by one of the *beaux esprits* of that dark age; who says in his preface to it, that the *Æneid* wanted nothing but the sweets of ryhme to make it the most perfect work in its kind. I have likewise seen an hymn in hexameters to the Virgin MARY, which filled a whole book, though it consisted but of the eight following words.

Tot, tibi, sunt, Virgo, dotes, quot, sidera, cœlo.

'Thou hast as many virtues, O Virgin, as there are stars in heaven.'

The poet rung the changes upon these eight several words, and by that means made his verses almost as numerous as the virtues and the stars which they celebrated. It is no wonder that men who had so much time upon their hands did not only restore all the antiquated pieces

pieces of *false wit*, but enriched the world with inventions of their own. It was to this age that we owe the production of anagrams, which is nothing else but a transmutation of one word into another, or the turning of the same set of letters into different words; which may change night into day, or black into white, if CHANCE, who is the goddess that presides over these sorts of composition, shall so direct. I remember a witty author, in allusion to this kind of writing, calls his rival, who (it seems) was distorted, and had his limbs set in places that did not properly belong to them, *the anagram of a man*.

When the Anagrammatist takes a name to work upon, he considers it at first as a mine not broken up, which will not shew the treasure it contains, till he shall have spent many hours in the search of it; for it is his business to find out one word that conceals itself in another, and to examine the letters in all the variety of stations in which they can possibly be ranged. I have heard of a gentleman who, when this kind of wit was in fashion, endeavoured to gain his mistress's heart by it. She was one of the finest women of her age, and known by the name of the lady MARY BOON. The lover not being able to make any thing of MARY, by certain liberties indulged to this kind of writing, converted it into MOLL; and after having shut himself up for half a year, with indefatigable industry produced an anagram. Upon the presenting it to his mistress, who was a little vexed in her heart to see herself degraded into MOLL BOON, she told him, to his infinite surprise, that he had mistaken her sirname, for that it was not BOON, but BOHUN.

"——————Ibi omnis
Effusus labor——————"

The lover was thunder-struck with his misfortune, insomuch that in a little time after he lost his senses, which

which indeed had been very much impaired by that continual application he had given to his anagram.

The acrostic was probably invented about the same time with the anagram, though it is impossible to decide whether the inventor of the one or the other were the greater blockhead. The *simple acrostic* is nothing but the name or title of a person, or thing, made out of the initial letters of several verses, and by that means written, after the manner of the Chinese, in a perpendicular line. But besides these, there are *compound acrostics*, when the principal letters stand two or three deep. I have seen some of them where the verses have not only been edged by a name at each extremity, but have had the same running down like a seam through the middle of the poem.

There is another near relation of the anagrams and acrostics, which is commonly called a *chronogram*. This kind of wit appears very often on many modern medals, especially those of Germany, when they represent in the inscription the year in which they were coined. Thus we see on a medal of GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS the following words, CHRISTVS DUX ERGO TRIVMPHVS. If you take the pains to pick the figures out of the several words, and range them in their proper order, you will find they amount to MDCXXVII, or 1627, the year in which the medal was stamped: for as some of the letters distinguish themselves from the rest, and overtop their fellows, they are to be considered in a double capacity, both as letters and as figures. Your laborious German wits will turn over a whole dictionary for one of these ingenious devices. A man would think they were searching after an apt classical term, but instead of that they are looking out a word that has an L, an M, or a D in it. When therefore we meet with any of these inscriptions, we are not so much to look in them for the thought, as for the year of the Lord.

The *bouts rimez* were the favourites of the French nation for a whole age together, and that at a time when

it

it abounded in wit and learning. They were a list of words that rhyme to one another, drawn up by another hand, and given to a poet, who was to make a poem to the rhymes in the same order that they were placed upon the list: the more uncommon the rhymes were, the more extraordinary was the genius of the poet that could accommodate his verses to them. I do not know any greater instance of the decay of wit and learning among the French (which generally follows the declension of empire) than the endeavouring to restore this foolish kind of wit. If the reader will be at the trouble to see examples of it, let him look into the new *Mercure Gallant*; where the author every month gives a list of rhymes to be filled up by the ingenious, in order to be communicated to the public in the *Mercure* for the succeeding month. That for the month of November last, which now lies before me, is as follows:

- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Lauriers*
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Guerriers*
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Musette*
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Lisette*
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Cesars*
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Etendars*
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Houlette*
- - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - - *Folette*

One would be amazed to see so learned a man as MENAGE talking seriously on this kind of trifle in the following passage:

"Monsieur de la CHAMBRE has told me, that he never knew what he was going to write when he took his pen into his hand; but that one sentence always produced another. For my own part, I never knew what I should write next when I was making verses. In the first place, I got all my rhymes together, and was afterwards perhaps three or four months in filling them up. I one day shewed Monsieur GOMBAUD a composition

position of this nature, in which, among others, I had made use of the four following rhymes, AMARYLLIS, PHYLLIS, MARNE, ARNE, desiring him to give me his opinion of it. He told me immediately, that my verses were good for nothing. And upon my asking his reason, he said, because the rhymes are too common; and for that reason, easy to be put into verse. Marry, says I, if it be so, I am very well rewarded for all the pains I have been at. But by Monsieur GOMBAUD's leave, notwithstanding the severity of the criticism, the verses were good." *Vid.* MENAGIANA.* Thus far the learned MENAGE, whom I have translated word for word.

The first occasion of these *boutes rimez* made them in some manner excusable, as they were tasks which the French ladies used to impose on their lovers. But when a grave author, like him above mentioned, tasked himself, could there be any thing more ridiculous? Or would not one be apt to believe that the author played booty, and did not make his list of rhymes till he had finished his poem?

I shall only add, that this piece of *false wit* has been finely ridiculed by Monsieur SARASIN, in a poem intitled, *La Defaite des Bouts Rimez*—the Rout of the *Bouts Rimez*.

I must subjoin to this last kind of wit the double rhymes, which are used in doggerel poetry, and generally applauded by ignorant readers. If the thought of the couplet in such compositions is good, the rhyme adds little to it; and if bad, it will not be in the power of the rhyme to recommend it. I am afraid that great numbers of those who admire the incomparable HUDIBRAS, do it more on account of these doggerel rhymes than of the parts that really deserve admiration. I am sure I have heard the

" Pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
Was beat with fist, instead of a stick;" *and*



* Tom. i. p. 174, &c. ed. Amst. 1713.

"There was an ancient sage philosopher
Who had read ALEXANDER ROSS over,"

more frequently quoted, than the finest pieces of wit in the whole poem.

## N°. 61.

THURSDAY, MAY 10, 1711.

Non equidem studeo, bullatis ut mihi nugis
Pagina turgescat, dare pondus idonea fumo.
PERS. SAT. V. 19.

"'Tis not indeed my talent to engage
"In lofty trifles, or to swell my page
"With wind and noise."
DRYDEN.

### PUNS.

THERE is no kind of false wit which has been so recommended by the practice of all ages, as that which consists in a jingle of words, and is comprehended under the general name of *Punning*. It is indeed impossible to kill a weed, which the soil has a natural disposition to produce. The seeds of punning are in the minds of all men; and though they may be subdued by reason, reflection, and good sense, they will be very apt to shoot up in the greatest genius that is not broken and cultivated by the rules of art. Imitation is natural to us, and when it does not raise the mind to poetry, painting, music, or other more noble arts, it often breaks out in puns and quibbles.

ARISTOTLE, in the eleventh chapter of his book of rhetoric, describes two or three kinds of puns, which he calls *paragrams*, among the beauties of good writing, and produces instances of them out of some of the great-

est

est authors in the Greek tongue. CICERO has sprinkled several of his works with puns, and in his book where he lays down the rules of oratory, quotes abundance of sayings as pieces of wit, which also upon examination prove arrant puns. But the age in which the pun chiefly flourished, was in the reign of King JAMES the First.—That learned monarch was himself a tolerable punster, and made very few bishops or privy-counsellors that had not some time or other signalized themselves by a clinch or a conundrum. It was therefore in this age that the pun appeared with pomp and dignity. It had before been admitted into merry speeches and ludicrous compositions, but was now delivered with great gravity from the pulpit, or pronounced in the most solemn manner at the council-table. The greatest authors, in their most serious works, made frequent use of puns. The sermons of Bishop ANDREWS and the tragedies of SHAKESPEARE are full of them. The sinner was punned into repentance by the former, as in the latter nothing is more usual than to see an hero weeping and quibbling for a dozen lines together.

I must add to these great authorities, which seem to have given a kind of sanction to this piece of false wit, that all the writers of rhetoric have treated of punning with very great respect, and divided the several kinds of it into hard names, that are reckoned among the figures of speech, and recommended as ornaments in discourse.—I remember a country schoolmaster of my acquaintance told me once, that he had been in company with a gentleman whom he looked upon to be the greatest paragrammatist among the moderns. Upon enquiry, I found my learned friend had dined that day with Mr. SWAN, the famous punster; and desiring him to give me some account of Mr. SWAN's conversation, he told me that he generally talked in the *paranomasia*, that he sometimes gave into the *ploce*, but that in his humble opinion he shined most in the *antanaclasis*.

I must not here omit, that a famous university of this

land was formerly very much infested with puns; but whether or no this might not arise from the fens and marshes in which it was situated, and which are now drained, I must leave to the determination of more skilful naturalists.

After this short history of punning, one would wonder how it should be so entirely banished out of the learned world as it is at present, especially since it had found a place in the writings of the most ancient polite authors. To account for this we must consider, that the first race of authors, who were the great heroes in writing, were destitute of all rules and arts of criticism; and for that reason, though they excel later writers in greatness of genius, they fall short of them in accuracy and correctness. The moderns cannot reach their beauties, but can avoid their imperfections. When the world was furnished with these authors of the first eminence, there grew up another set of writers, who gained themselves a reputation by the remarks which they made on the works of those who preceded them. It was one of the employments of these secondary authors, to distinguish the several kinds of wit by terms of art, and to consider them as more or less perfect, according as they were founded in truth. It is no wonder, therefore, that even such authors as ISOCRATES, PLATO, and CICERO, should have such little blemishes as are not to be met with in authors of a much inferior character, who have written since those several blemishes were discovered. I do not find that there was a proper separation made between puns and true wit by any of the ancient authors, except QUINTILIAN and LONGINUS. But when this distinction was once settled, it was very natural for all men of sense to agree in it. As for the revival of this false wit, it happened about the time of the revival of letters; but as soon as it was once detected, it immediately vanished and disappeared. At the same time there is no question, but as it has sunk in one age and rose in another, it will again recover itself

in

in some distant period of time, as pedantry and ignorance shall prevail upon wit and sense. And, to speak the truth, I do very much apprehend, by some of the last winter's productions, which had their sets of admirers, that our posterity will in a few years degenerate into a race of punsters: at least, a man may be very excusable for any apprehensions of this kind, that has seen acrostics handed about the town with great secrecy and applause; to which I must also add a little epigram called the *Witches Prayer*, that fell into verse when it was read either backward or forward, excepting only that it cursed one way, and blessed the other. When one sees there are actually such pains-takers among our British wits, who can tell what it may end in? If we must lash one another, let it be with the manly strokes of wit and satire; for I am of the old philosopher's opinion, that if I must suffer from one or the other, I would rather it should be from the paw of a lion, than the hoof of an ass. I do not speak this out of any spirit of party. There is a most crying dulness on both sides. I have seen Tory Acrostics and Whig Anagrams, and do not quarrel with either of them, because they are Whigs or Tories, but because they are Anagrams and Acrostics.

But to return to punning. Having pursued the history of a pun, from its original to its downfal, I shall here define it to be a conceit arising from the use of two words that agree in the sound, but differ in the sense. The only way therefore to try a piece of wit, is to translate it into a different language. If it bears the test, you may pronounce it true; but if it vanishes in the experiment, you may conclude it to have been a pun. In short, one may say of a pun, as the countryman described his nightingale, that it is *vox & præterea nihil*, a sound, and nothing but a sound. On the contrary, one may represent true wit by the description which ARISTENETUS makes of a fine woman; when she is *dressed*, she is beautiful; when she is *undressed*, she is beautiful; or as MER-

CERUS has translated it more emphatically, *induitur, formosa est: exuitur, ipsa forma est.** C.

## No. 62.

FRIDAY, MAY 11, 1711.

Scribendi recte sapere est & principium, & fons.
HOR. ARS. POET. ver. 309.
"Sound judgment is the ground of writing well."
ROSCOMMON.

### DIFFERENCE BETWEEN WIT AND JUDGMENT, MIXT WIT AND TRUE WIT.

MR. LOCKE has an admirable reflection upon the difference of wit and judgment, whereby he endeavours to shew the reason why they are not always the talents of the same person. His words are as follow. "And hence, perhaps, may be given some reason of that common observation, that men who have a great deal of wit, and prompt memories, have not always the clearest judgment, or deepest reason. For wit lying most in the assemblage of ideas, and putting those together with quickness and variety, wherein can be found any resemblance or congruity, thereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy; judgment, on the contrary, lies quite on the other side, in separating carefully one from another, ideas wherein can be found the least difference, thereby to avoid being misled by similitude, and by affinity to take one thing for another. This is a way of proceeding quite contrary to metaphor and allusion; wherein, for the most part, lies that entertainment and pleasantry of wit, which strikes so lively on the fancy, and is therefore so acceptable to all people." This

* "Dressed she is beautiful, undressed she is Beauty's self."

This is, I think, the best and most philosophical account that I have ever met with of wit, which generally, though not always, consists in such a resemblance and congruity of ideas as this author mentions. I shall only add to it, by way of explanation, that every resemblance of ideas is not that which we call wit, unless it be such an one that gives delight and surprise to the reader. These two properties seem essential to wit, more particularly the last of them. In order therefore that the resemblance in the ideas be wit, it is necessary that the ideas should not lie too near one another in the nature of things; for where the likeness is obvious, it gives no surprise. To compare one man's singing to that of another, or to represent the whiteness of any object by that of milk and snow, or the variety of its colours by those of the rainbow, cannot be called wit, unless besides this obvious resemblance, there be some further congruity discovered in the two ideas, that is capable of giving the reader some surprise. Thus when a poet tells us the bosom of his mistress is as white as snow, there is no wit in the comparison; but when he adds with a sigh, it is as cold too, it then grows into wit. Every reader's memory may supply him with innumerable instances of the same nature. For this reason, the similitudes in heroic poets, who endeavour rather to fill the mind with great conceptions, than to divert it with such as are new and surprising, have seldom any thing in them that can be called wit. Mr. Locke's account of wit, with this short explanation, comprehends most of the species of wit, as metaphors, similitudes, allegories, enigmas, mottos, parables, fables, dreams, visions, dramatic writings, burlesque, and all the methods of allusion. There are many other pieces of wit (how remote soever they may appear at first sight from the foregoing description) which upon examination will be found to agree with it.

As true wit generally consists in this resemblance and congruity of ideas, false wit chiefly consists in the resemblance and congruity sometimes of single letters, as

in anagrams, chronograms, lipograms, and acrostics: sometimes of syllables, as in echoes and doggerel ryhmes: sometimes of words, as in puns and quibbles: and sometimes of whole sentences or poems, cast into the figures of eggs, axes, or altars: nay, some carry the notion of wit so far, as to ascribe it even to external mimicry; and to look upon a man as an ingenious person, that can resemble the tone, posture, or face of another.

As true wit consists in the resemblance of ideas, and false wit in the resemblance of words, according to the foregoing instances; there is another kind of wit which consists partly in the resemblance of ideas, and partly in the resemblance of words, which for distinction sake I shall call *mixt wit*. This kind of wit is that which abounds in Cowley, more than in any author that ever wrote. Mr. Waller has likewise a great deal of it. Mr. Dryden is very sparing in it. Milton had a genius much above it. Spenser is in the same class with Milton. The Italians, even in their epic poetry, are full of it. Monsieur Boileau, who formed himself upon the ancient poets, has every where rejected it with scorn. If we look after mixt wit among the Greek writers, we shall find it no where but in the epigrammatists. There are indeed some strokes of it in the little poem ascribed to Musæus, which by that, as well as many other marks, betrays itself to be a modern composition. If we look into the Latin writers, we find none of this mixt wit in Virgil, Lucretius, or Catullus; very little in Horace, but a great deal of it in Ovid, and scarce any thing else in Martial.

Out of the innumerable branches of mixt wit, I shall choose one instance which may be met with in all the writers of this class. The passion of love in its nature has been thought to resemble fire; for which reason the words fire and flame are made use of to signify *love*.

The witty poets therefore have taken an advantage from the double meaning of the word fire, to make an infinite number of witticisms. Cowley observing the

cold

cold regard of his mistress's eyes, and at the same time their power of producing love in him, considers them as burning-glasses made of ice; and finding himself able to live in the greatest extremities of love, concludes the torrid zone to be habitable. When his mistress has read his letter written in juice of lemon, by holding it to the fire, he desires her to read it over a second time by *love's flames*. When she weeps, he wishes it were inward heat that distilled those drops from the limbec. When she is absent, he is beyond eighty, that is, thirty degrees nearer the pole than when she is with him. His ambitious love is a fire that naturally mounts upwards; his happy love is the beams of heaven, and his unhappy love flames of hell. When it does not let him sleep, it is a flame that sends up no smoke; when it is opposed by counsel and advice, it is a fire that rages the more by the winds blowing upon it. Upon the dying of a tree in which he had cut his loves, he observes that his written flames had burnt up and withered the tree. When he resolves to give over his passion, he tells us that one burnt like him for ever dreads the fire. His heart is an Ætna, that instead of VULCAN's shop incloses CUPID's forge in it. His endeavouring to drown his love in wine, is throwing oil upon the fire. He would insinuate to his mistress, that the fire of love, like that of the sun (which produces so many living creatures) should not only warm, but beget. Love in another place, cooks pleasure at his fire. Sometimes the poet's heart is frozen in every breast, and sometimes scorched in every eye. Sometimes he is drowned in tears, and burnt in love, like a ship set on fire in the middle of the sea.

The reader may observe in every one of these instances, that the poet mixes the qualities of fire with those of love; and in the same sentence speaking of it both as a passion and as real fire, surprises the reader with those seeming resemblances or contradictions, that make up all the wit in this kind of writing. Mixt Wit, therefore, is a composition of Pun and True Wit, and is more or less perfect,

fect, as the resemblance lies in the ideas or in the words. Its foundations are laid partly in falsehood and partly in truth; reason puts in her claim for one half of it, and extravagance for the other. The only province therefore for this kind of wit, is epigram, or those little occasional poems, that in their own nature are nothing else but a tissue of epigrams. I cannot conclude this head of *Mixt Wit*, without owning that the admirable poet, out of whom I have taken the examples of it, had as much true wit as any author that ever writ; and indeed all other talents of an extraordinary genius.

It may be expected, since I am upon this subject, that I should take notice of Mr. DRYDEN's definition of wit; which, with all the deference that is due to the judgment of so great a man, is not so properly a definition of wit, as of good writing in general. Wit, as he defines it, is "a propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject." If this be a true definition of wit, I am apt to think that EUCLID was the greatest wit that ever set pen to paper. It is certain there never was a greater propriety of words and thoughts adapted to the subject, than what that author has made use of in his *Elements*. I shall only appeal to my reader, if this definition agrees with any notion he has of wit. If it be a true one, I am sure Mr. DRYDEN was not only a better poet, but a greater wit than Mr. COWLEY; and VIRGIL a much more facetious man than either OVID or MARTIAL.

BOUHOURS, whom I look upon to be the most penetrating of all the French critics, has taken pains to shew, that it is impossible for any thought to be beautiful which is not just, and has not its foundation in the nature of things; that the basis of all wit is truth; and that no thought can be valuable, of which good sense is not the ground-work. BOILEAU has endeavoured to inculcate the same notion in several parts of his writings, both in prose and verse. This is that natural way of writing, that beautiful simplicity, which we so much admire

admire in the compositions of the ancients; and which no body deviates from, but those who want strength of genius to make a thought shine in its own natural beauties. Poets who want this strength of genius to give that majestic simplicity to nature, which we so much admire in the works of the ancients, are forced to hunt after foreign ornaments, and not to let any piece of wit of what kind soever escape them. I look upon these writers as Goths in poetry, who like those in architecture, not being able to come up to the beautiful simplicity of the old Greeks and Romans, have endeavoured to supply its place with all the extravagancies of an irregular fancy. Mr. DRYDEN makes a very handsome observation on OVID's writing a letter from DIDO to ÆNEAS, in the following words; "OVID (says he, speaking of VIRGIL's fiction of DIDO and ÆNEAS) takes it up after him, even in the same age, and makes an ancient heroine of VIRGIL's new-created DIDO; dictates a letter for her just before her death to the ungrateful fugitive, and very unluckily for himself, is for measuring a sword with a man so much superior in force to him on the same subject. I think I may be judge of this, because I have translated both. The famous author of the *Art of Love* has nothing of his own; he borrows all from a greater master in his own profession, and which is worse, improves nothing which he finds. Nature fails him, and being forced to his old shift, he has recourse to witticism. This passes indeed with his soft admirers, and give him the preference to VIRGIL in their esteem.'

Were not I supported by so great an authority as that of Mr. DRYDEN, I should not venture to observe, that the taste of most of our English poets, as well as readers, is extremely Gothic. He quotes Monsieur SEGRAIS for a three-fold distinction of the readers of poetry: in the first of which he comprehends the rabble of readers, whom he does not treat as such with regard to their quality, but to their numbers and the coarseness of their taste. His words are as follow:

"SEGRAIS

"SEGRAIS has distinguished the readers of poetry, according to their capacity of judging, into three classes. [He might have said the same of writers too, if he had pleased.] In the lowest form he places those whom he calls *les petits esprits*, such things as are our upper-gallery audience in a play-house; who like nothing but the husk and rind of wit, and prefer a quibble, a conceit, an epigram, before solid sense and elegant expression. These are mob readers. If VIRGIL and MARTIAL stood for parliament-men, we know already who would carry it. But though they made the greatest appearance in the field, and cry the loudest, the best on it is, they are but a sort of French Huguenots, or Dutch boors, brought over in herds, but not naturalized; who have not lands of two pounds per annum in Parnassus, and therefore are not privileged to poll. Their authors are of the same level, fit to represent them on a mountebank's stage, or to be masters of ceremonies in a bear-garden: yet these are they who have the most admirers. But it often happens, to their mortification, that as their readers improve their stock of sense (as they may by reading better books, and by conversation with men of judgment) they soon forsake them.

I must not dismiss this subject without observing, that as Mr. LOCKE in the passage above-mentioned has discovered the most fruitful source of wit, so there is another of a quite contrary nature to it, which does likewise branch itself out into several kinds. For not only the *resemblance*, but the *opposition* of ideas, does very often produce wit; as I could shew in several little points, turns, and *antitheses*, that I may possibly enlarge upon in some future speculation.

C.

# No. 63.

SATURDAY, MAY 12, 1711.

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas,
Undique collatis membris, ut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne;
Spectatum admissi risum teneatis amici?
Credite, PISONIS isti tabulæ, fore librum
Persimilem, cujus, velut ægri somnia, vanæ
Finguntur species———

HOR. ARS POET. ver. 1.

"If in a picture, PISO, you should see
"A handsome woman with a fish's tail,
"Or a man's head upon a horse's neck,
"Or limbs of beast, of the most different kinds,
"Cover'd with feathers of all sorts of birds;
"Wou'd you not laugh, and think the painter mad?
"Trust me that book is as ridiculous,
"Whose incoherent stile, like sick men's dreams,
"Varies all shapes, and mixes all extremes."

ROSCOMMON.

## DREAM ABOUT TRUE AND FALSE WIT.

IT is very hard for the mind to disengage itself from a subject in which it has been long employed. The thoughts will be rising of themselves from time to time, though we give them no encouragement; as the tossings and fluctuations of the sea continue several hours after the winds are laid.

It is to this that I impute my last night's dream or vision, which formed into one continued allegory the several schemes of wit, whether false, mixed, or true, that have been the subject of my late papers.

Methought I was transported into a country that was filled with prodigies and enchantments, governed by the goddess

goddess of FALSEHOOD, and intitled the *Region of False Wit.* There was nothing in the fields, the woods, and the rivers, that appeared natural. Several of the trees blossomed in leaf-gold, some of them produced bone-lace, and some of them precious stones. The fountains bubbled in an opera tune, and were filled with stags, wild-boars, and mermaids that lived among the waters; at the same time that dolphins and several kinds of fish played upon the banks, or took their pastime in the meadows. The birds had many of them golden beaks, and human voices. The flowers perfumed the air with smells of incense, ambergrease, and pulvillios;* and were so interwoven with one another, that they grew up in pieces of embroidery. The winds were filled with sighs and messages of distant lovers. As I was walking to and fro in this enchanted wilderness, I could not forbear breaking out into soliloquies upon the several wonders which lay before me, when, to my great surprise, I found there were artificial echoes in every walk, that by repetitions of certain words which I spoke, agreed with me, or contradicted me, in every thing I said. In the midst of my conversation with these invisible companions, I discovered in the centre of a very dark grove a monstrous fabric built after the Gothic manner, and covered with innumerable devices in that barbarous kind of sculpture. I immediately went up to it, and found it to be a kind of heathen temple consecrated to the god of DULNESS. Upon my entrance I saw the deity of the place dressed in the habit of a monk, with a book in one hand, and a rattle in the other. Upon his right hand was INDUSTRY, with a lamp burning before her; and on his left CAPRICE, with a monkey sitting on her shoulder. Before his feet there stood an *altar* of a very odd make, which, as I afterwards found, was shaped in that manner to comply with the inscription that surrounded it. Upon the altar there lay several offerings of *axes*, *wings*, and *eggs*, cut

* Sweet scents.

cut in paper, and inscribed with verses. The temple was filled with votaries, who applied themselves to different diversions, as their fancies directed them. In one part of it I saw a regiment of *Anagrams*, who were continually in motion, turning to the right or to the left, facing about, doubling their ranks, shifting their stations, and throwing themselves into all the figures and counter-marches of the most changeable and perplexed exercise.

Not far from these was a body of *Acrostics*, made up of very disproportioned persons. It was disposed into three columns, the officers planting themselves in a line on the left hand of each column. The officers were all of them at least six feet high, and made three rows of very proper men; but the common soldiers, who filled up the spaces between the officers, were such dwarfs, cripples, and scarecrows, that one could hardly look upon them without laughing. There were behind the *Acrostics* two or three files of *Chronograms*, which differed only from the former, as their officers were equipped (like the figure of Time) with an hour-glass in one hand, and a scythe in the other, and took their posts promiscuously among the private men whom they commanded.

In the body of the temple, and before the very face of the deity, methought I saw the phantom of TRYPHIODORUS, the lipogrammatist, engaged in a ball with four-and-twenty persons, who pursued him by turns through all the intricacies and labyrinths of a country-dance, without being able to overtake him.

Observing several to be very busy at the western end of the temple, I enquired into what they were doing, and found there was in that quarter the great magazine of Rebusses. These were several things of the most different natures tied up in bundles, and thrown upon one another in heaps like faggots. You might behold an anchor, a night-rail, and a hobby-horse bound up together. One of the workmen seeing me very much surprised, told me, there was an infinite deal of wit

in

in several of those bundles, and that he would explain them to me if I pleased; I thanked him for his civility, but told him I was in very great haste at that time. As I was going out of the temple, I observed in one corner of it a cluster of men and women laughing very heartily, and diverting themselves at a game of Crambo. I heard several *Double Rhymes* as I passed by them, which raised a great deal of mirth.

Not far from these was another set of merry people engaged at a diversion, in which the whole jest was to mistake one person for another. To give occasion for these ludicrous mistakes, they were divided into pairs, every pair being covered from head to foot with the same kind of dress, though perhaps there was not the least resemblance in their faces. By these means an old man was sometimes mistaken for a boy, a woman for a man, and a black-a-moor for an European, which very often produced great peals of laughter. These I guessed to be a party of *Puns*. But being very desirous to get out of this world of magick, which had almost turned my brain, I left the temple, and crossed over the fields that lay about it with all the speed I could make. I was not gone far, before I heard the sound of trumpets and alarms, which seemed to proclaim the march of an enemy; and as I afterwards found, was in reality what I apprehended it. There appeared at a great distance a very shining light, and, in the midst of it, a person of a most beautiful aspect: her name was TRUTH. On her right hand there marched a male deity, who bore several quivers on his shoulders, and grasped several arrows in his hand: his name was WIT. The approach of these two enemies filled all the territories of FALSE WIT with an unspeakable consternation, insomuch that the goddess of those regions appeared in person upon her frontiers, with the several inferior deities, and the different bodies of forces which I had before seen in the temple, who were now drawn up in array, and prepared to give their foes a warm reception. As the march of the enemy was

very

very slow, it gave time to the several inhabitants who bordered upon the Regions of FALSEHOOD to draw their forces into a body, with a design to stand upon their guard as neuters, and attend the issue of the combat.

I must here inform my reader, that the frontiers of the enchanted region, which I have before described, were inhabited by the species of MIXED WIT, who made a very odd appearance when they were mustered together in an army. They were men whose bodies were stuck full of darts, and women whose eyes were burning glasses: men that had hearts of fire, and women that had breasts of snow. It would be endless to describe several monsters of the like nature, that composed this great army; which immediately fell asunder, and divided itself into two parts, the one half throwing themselves behind the banners of TRUTH, and the others behind those of FALSEHOOD.

The goddess of FALSEHOOD was of a gigantic stature, and advanced some paces before the front of her army; but as the dazzling light which flowed from TRUTH began to shine upon her, she faded insensibly; insomuch that in a little space she looked rather like an huge phantom, than a real substance. At length, as the goddess of TRUTH approached still nearer to her, she fell away entirely, and vanished amidst the brightness of her presence; so that there did not remain the least trace or impression of her figure in the place where she had been seen.

As at the rising of the sun the constellations grow thin, and the stars go out one after another, till the whole hemisphere is extinguished; such was the vanishing of the goddess: and not only of the goddess herself, but of the whole army that attended her, which sympathized with their leader, and shrunk into nothing, in proportion as the goddess disappeared. At the same time the whole temple sunk, the fish betook themselves to the streams, and the wild beasts to the woods, the fountains recovered their murmurs, the birds their voices, the trees

trees their leaves, the flowers their scents, and the whole face of nature its true and genuine appearance. Though I still continued asleep, I fancied myself as it were awakened out of a dream, when I saw this region of prodigies restored to woods and rivers, fields and meadows.

Upon the removal of that wild scene of wonders, which had very much disturbed my imagination, I took a full survey of the persons of WIT and TRUTH: for indeed it was impossible to look upon the first, without seeing the other at the same time. There was behind them a strong compact body of figures. The genius of HEROICK POETRY appeared with a sword in her hand, and a laurel on her head. TRAGEDY was crowned with cypress, and covered with robes dipped in blood. SATIRE had smiles in her look, and a dagger under her garment. RHETORICK was known by her thunderbolt; and COMEDY by her mask. After several other figures, EPIGRAM marched up in the rear, who had been posted there at the beginning of the expedition, that he might not revolt to the enemy, whom he was suspected to favour in his heart. I was very much awed and delighted with the appearance of the god of WIT; there was something so amiable, and yet so piercing in his looks, as inspired me at once with love and terror. As I was gazing on him, to my unspeakable joy he took a quiver of arrows from his shoulder, in order to make me a present of it; but as I was reaching out my hand to receive it of him, I knocked it against a chair, and by that means awaked.

C.

# No. 64.

MONDAY, MAY 14, 1711.

——Hic vivimus ambitiosa
Paupertate omnes——

JUV. SAT. iii. 183.

"The face of wealth in poverty we wear."

## ON FASHION.

THE most improper things we commit in the conduct of our lives, we are led into by the force of fashion. Instances might be given, in which a prevailing custom makes us act against the rules of nature, law, and common-sense; but at present I shall confine my consideration to the effect it has upon men's minds, by looking into our behaviour when it is the fashion to go into mourning. The custom of representing the grief we have for the loss of the dead by our habits, certainly had its rise from the real sorrow of such as were too much distressed to take the proper care they ought of their dress. By degrees it prevailed, that such as had this inward oppression upon their minds, made an apology for not joining with the rest of the world in their ordinary diversions by a dress suited to their condition. This therefore was at first assumed by such only as were under real distress; to whom it was a relief that they had nothing about them so light and gay as to be irksome to the gloom and melancholy of their inward reflections, or that might misrepresent them to others. In process of time this laudable distinction of the sorrowful was lost, and mourning is now worn by heirs and widows. You see nothing but magnificence and solemnity in the equipage of the relict, and an air of release from servitude in the pomp of a son who has lost a wealthy father. This fashion of sorrow is now become a generous part of the

ceremonial between princes and sovereigns, who in the language of all nations are stiled brothers to each other, and put on the *purple** upon the death of any potentate with whom they live in amity. Courtiers, and all who wish themselves such, are immediately seized with grief from head to foot upon this disaster to their prince; so that one may know by the very buckles of a gentleman-usher, what degree of friendship any deceased monarch maintained with the court to which he belongs. A good courtier's habit and behaviour is hieroglyphical on these occasions. He deals much in whispers, and you may see he dresses according to the best intelligence.

The general affectation among men, of appearing greater than they are, makes the whole world run into the habit of the court. You see the lady, who the day before was as various as the rainbow, upon the time appointed for beginning to mourn, as dark as a cloud. This humour does not prevail only on those whose fortunes can support any change in their equipage, nor on those only whose incomes demand the wantonness of new appearances; but on such also who have just enough to clothe them. An old acquaintance of mine, of ninety pounds a year, who has naturally the vanity of being a man of fashion deep at his heart, is very much put to it to bear the mortality of princes. He made a new black suit upon the death of the king of Spain, he turned it for the king of Portugal, and he now keeps his chamber while it is scouring for the emperor. He is a good economist in his extravagance, and makes only a fresh black button upon his iron-grey suit for any potentate of small territories; he indeed adds his crape hat-band for a prince whose exploits he has admired in the *Gazette*; but whatever compliments may be made on these occasions, the true mourners are the mercers, silkmen, lacemen, and milliners. A prince of a merciful and royal disposition would reflect with great anxiety upon the prospect of his

* Royal and princely mourners are clad in purple.

his death, if he considered what numbers would be reduced to misery by that accident only. He would think it of moment enough to direct, that in the notification of his departure, the honour done to him might be restrained to those of the household of the prince to whom it should be signified. He would think a general mourning to be in a less degree the same ceremony which is practised in barbarous nations, of killing their slaves to attend the obsequies of their kings.

I had been wonderfully at a loss for many months together, to guess at the character of a man who came now and then to our coffee-house. He ever ended a news-paper with this reflection, "Well, I see all the foreign princes are in good health." If you asked, "Pray, Sir, what says the *Postman* from Vienna?" He answered, "Make us thankful, the German princes are all well." "What does he say from Barcelona?" "He does not speak but that the country agrees very well with the new queen." After very much enquiry, I found this man of universal loyalty was a wholesale dealer in silks and ribbons. His way is, it seems, if he hires a weaver or workman, to have it inserted in his articles, "that all this shall be well and truly performed, provided no foreign potentate shall depart this life within the time above-mentioned." It happens in all public mournings, that the many trades which depend upon our habits, are during that folly either pinched with present want, or terrified with the apparent approach of it. All the atonement which men can make for wanton expences (which is a sort of insulting the scarcity under which others labour) is, that the superfluities of the wealthy give supplies to the necessities of the poor; but instead of any other good arising from the affectation of being in courtly habits of mourning, all order seems to be destroyed by it: and the true honour which one court does to another on that occasion, loses its force and efficacy. When a foreign minister beholds the court of a nation (which flourishes in riches and plenty) lay

aside, upon the loss of his master, all marks of splendour and magnificence, though the head of such a joyful people, he will conceive a greater idea of the honour done to his master, than when he sees the generality of the people in the same habit. When one is afraid to ask the wife of a tradesman whom she has lost of her family; and after some preparation endeavours to know whom she mourns for; how ridiculous is it to hear her explain herself, "That we have lost one of the house of Austria!" Princes are elevated so highly above the rest of mankind, that it is a presumptuous distinction to take a part in honours done to their memories, except we have authority for it, by being related in a particular manner to the court which pays the veneration to their friendship, and seems to express on such an occasion, the sense of the uncertainty of human life in general, by assuming the habit of sorrow, though in the full possession of triumph and loyalty. R."

## No. 65.

TUESDAY, MAY 15, 1711.

——Demetri teque Tigelli
Discipulorum inter jubeo plorare cathedras.
HOR. 1 SAT. X. 90.

"Demetrius and Tigellius, know your place;
"Go hence, and whine among the school-boy race."

### ON THE COMEDY OF THE MAN OF MODE.

After having at large explained what Wit is, and described the false appearances of it, all that labour seems but an useless enquiry, without some time be spent in considering the application of it. The seat of Wit, when one speaks as a man of the town and the world, is the play-house; I shall therefore fill this paper with

with reflections upon the use of it in that place. The application of wit in the theatre has as strong an effect upon the manners of our gentlemen, as the taste of it has upon the writings of our authors. It may, perhaps, look like a very presumptuous work, though not foreign from the duty of a SPECTATOR, to tax the writings of such as have long had the general applause of a nation; but I shall always make reason, truth, and nature the measures of praise and dispraise; if those are for me, the generality of opinion is of no consequence against me; if they are against me, the general opinion cannot long support me.

Without further preface, I am going to look into some of our most applauded plays, and see whether they deserve the figure they at present bear in the imaginations of men or not.

In reflecting upon these works, I shall chiefly dwell upon that for which each respective play is most celebrated. The present paper shall be employed upon Sir *Fopling Flutter*.* The received character of this play is, that it is the pattern of genteel comedy. DORIMANT and HARRIOT are the characters of greatest consequence, and if these are low and mean, the reputation of the play is very unjust.

I will take for granted, that a fine gentleman should be honest in his actions, and refined in his language. Instead of this, our hero in this piece is a direct knave in his designs, and a clown in his language. BELLAIR is his admirer and friend; in return for which, because he is forsooth a greater wit than his said friend, he thinks it reasonable to persuade him to marry a young lady; whose virtue, he thinks, will last no longer than till she is a wife, and then she cannot but fall to his share, as he is an irresistible fine gentleman. The falsehood to Mrs. LOVEIT, and the barbarity of triumphing over



* *The Man of the Mode.* The character of Sir FOPLING is said to represent the son of Sir THOMAS HEWIT, of Pishiobury in Hertfordshire; that of BELLAIR, the Author's own character.

her anguish for losing him, is another instance of honesty, as well as his good nature. As to his fine language; he calls the orange-woman, who it seems, is inclined to grow fat, "An overgrown jade, with a flasket of guts before her:" and salutes her with a pretty phrase of, "How now Double Tripe?" Upon the mention of a country-gentlewoman, whom he knows nothing of, (no one can imagine why) he "will lay his life she is some aukward ill-fashioned country-toad, who not having above four dozen of hairs on her head, has adorned her baldness with a large white fruz, that she may look sparkishly in the fore-front of the king's box at an old play." Unnatural mixture of senseless common-place!

As to the generosity of his temper, he tells his poor footman, "If he did not wait better,"---he would turn him away, in the insolent phrase of, "I'll uncase you."

Now for Mrs. Harriot. She laughs at obedience to an absent mother, whose tenderness Busy describes to be very exquisite, for, "that she is so pleased with finding Harriot again, that she cannot chide her for being out of the way." This witty daughter and fine lady has so little respect for this good woman, that she ridicules her air in taking leave, and cries, "In what struggle is my poor mother yonder! see, see, her head tottering, her eyes staring, and her-under lip trembling." But all this is atoned for, because "she has more wit than is usual in her sex, and as much malice, though she is as wild as you would wish her, and has a demureness in her looks that makes it so surprising." Then to recommend her as a fit spouse for his hero, the poet makes her speak her sense of marriage very ingenuously: "I think," says she, "I might be brought to endure him, and that is all a reasonable woman should expect in an husband." It is, methinks, unnatural, that we are not made to understand how, she that was bred under a silly pious old mother, that would never trust her out of her sight, came to be so polite.

It cannot be denied, but that the negligence of every thing

thing which engages the attention of the sober and valuable part of mankind, appears very well drawn in this piece. But it is denied, that it is *necessary* to the character of a fine gentleman, that he should in that manner trample upon all order and decency. As for the character of DORIMANT,* it is more of a coxcomb than that of FOPLING. He says of one of his companions, that a good correspondence between them is their mutual interest. Speaking of that friend, he declares, their being much together "makes the women think the better of his understanding, and judge more favourably of my reputation. It makes him pass upon some for a man of very good sense, and me upon others for a very civil person."

This whole celebrated piece is a perfect contradiction to good manners, good sense, and common honesty; and as there is nothing in it but what is built upon the ruin of virtue and innocence, according to the notion of merit in this comedy, I take the *Shoemaker* to be in reality the fine gentleman of the play: for it seems he is an atheist, if we may depend upon his character as given by the orange-woman, who is herself far from being the lowest in the play. She says of a fine man who is DORIMANT'S companion, there "is not such another heathen in the town, except the *Shoemaker*." His pretension to be the hero of the drama appears still more in his own description of his way of living with his lady. "There is," says he, "never a man in town lives more like a gentleman with his wife than I do; I never mind her motions; she never enquires into mine. We speak to one another civilly, hate one another heartily; and because it is vulgar to lie and soak together, we have each of us our several settle-bed." That of *soaking together* is as good as if DORIMANT had spoken it himself; and I think, since he puts human nature in as ugly a form as the circumstance will bear, and is a staunch

* WILMOT, Earl of Rochester.

staunch unbeliever, he is very much wronged in having no part of the good fortune bestowed in the last act.

To speak plainly of this whole work, I think nothing but being lost to a sense of innocence and virtue can make any one see this comedy, without observing more frequent occasion to move sorrow and indignation, than mirth and laughter. At the same time I allow it to be nature, but it is nature in its utmost corruption and degeneracy. R.

## N°. 66.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 16, 1711.

Motus doceri gaudet Ionicos
Matura virgo, et finguntur artibus
Jam nunc, et incestos amores
De tenero meditatur ungui.

HOR. 3. OD. VI. 21.

"Behold a ripe and melting maid
"Bound 'prentice to the wanton trade:
"Ionian artists at a mighty price,
"Instruct her in the mysteries of vice.
"What nets to spread, where subtle baits to lay;
"And with an early hand they form the temper'd clay."

ROSCOMMON.

### ON DANCING.

THE two following letters are upon a subject of very great importance, though expressed without any air of gravity.

*TO THE SPECTATOR.*

SIR,

'I TAKE the freedom of asking your advice in behalf of a young country kinswoman of mine who is lately come to town, and under my care for her education.—

She

She is very pretty, but you cannot imagine how unformed a creature it is. She comes to my hands just as nature left her, half finished, and without any acquired improvements. When I look on her I often think of the *Belle Sauvage* * mentioned in one of your papers.—Dear Mr. SPECTATOR, help me to make her comprehend the visible graces of speech, and the dumb eloquence of motion; for she is at present a perfect stranger to both. She knows no way to express herself but by her tongue, and that always to signify her meaning. Her eyes serve her yet only to see with, and she is utterly a foreigner to the language of looks and glances. In this I fancy you could help her better than any body. I have bestowed two months in teaching her to sigh when she is not concerned, and to smile when she is not pleased, and am ashamed to own she makes little or no improvement. Then she is no more able now to walk, than she was to go at a year old. By walking you will easily know, I mean that regular but easy motion, which gives our persons so irresistible a grace as if we moved to music, and is a kind of disengaged figure; or, if I may so speak, *recitative dancing*. But the want of this I cannot blame in her, for I find she has no ear, and means nothing by walking but to change her place. I could pardon too her blushing, if she knew how to carry herself in it, and if it did not manifestly injure her complexion.

'They tell me you are a person who have seen the world, and are a judge of *fine-breeding*; which makes me ambitious of some instructions from you for her improvement: which when you have favoured me with, I shall further advise with you about the disposal of this fair forester in marriage; for I will make it no secret to you, that her person and education are to be her fortune.

I am, SIR,

Your very humble servant,

*CELIMENE.*'

SIR,

* See No. 28.

SIR,

'Being employed by CELIMENE to make up and send to you her letter, I make bold to recommend the case therein mentioned to your consideration, because she and I happened to differ a little in our notions. I, who am a rough man, am afraid the young girl is in a fair way to be spoiled: therefore, pray, Mr. SPECTATOR, let us have your opinion of this fine thing called *fine-breeding*; for I am afraid it differs too much from that plain thing called *good-breeding*.

Your most humble servant.' *

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The general mistake among us in the educating our children is, that in our daughters we take care of their persons, and neglect their minds; in our sons we are so intent upon adorning their minds, that we wholly neglect their bodies. It is from this that you shall see a young lady celebrated and admired in all the assemblies about town, when her elder brother is afraid to come into a room. From this ill management it arises, that we frequently observe a man's life is half spent before he is taken notice of, and a woman in the prime of her years is out of fashion and neglected. The boy I shall consider upon some other occasion, and at present stick to the girl: and I am the more inclined to this because I have several letters which complain to me, that my female readers have not understood me for some days last past, and take themselves to be unconcerned in the present turn of my writing. When a girl is safely brought from her nurse, before she is capable of forming one simple notion of any thing in life, she is delivered to the hands of her dancing-master; and with a collar round her neck, the pretty wild thing is taught

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* This and the preceding letter were written by HUGHES.

taught a fantastical gravity of behaviour, and forced to a particular way of holding her head, heaving her breast, and moving with her whole body, and all this under pain of never having an husband, if she steps, looks, or moves awry. This gives the young lady wonderful workings of imagination, what is to pass between her and this husband, that she is every moment told of, and for whom she seems to be educated. Thus her fancy is engaged to turn all her endeavours to the ornament of her person, as what must determine her good and ill in this life; and she naturally thinks, if she is tall enough, she is wife enough for any thing for which her education makes her think she is designed. To make her an agreeable person is the main purpose of her parents; to that are all their costs, to that all their care directed; and from this general folly of parents we owe our present numerous race of coquettes. These reflections puzzle me, when I think of giving my advice on the subject of managing the *wild thing* mentioned in the letter of my correspondent. But sure there is a middle way to be followed; the management of a young lady's person is not to be overlooked, but the *erudition* of her mind is much more to be regarded. According as this is managed, you will see the mind follow the appetites of the body, or the body express the virtues of the mind.

CLEOMIRA dances with all the elegance of motion imaginable; but her eyes are so chastised with the simplicity and innocence of her thoughts, that she raises in her beholders admiration and good-will, but no loose hope or wild imagination. The true art in this case is, to make the mind and body improve together; and if possible, to make gesture follow thought, and not let thought be employed upon gesture.

R.

# N°. 67.

THURSDAY, MAY 17, 1711.

Saltare elegantius quàm necesse est probæ.

SALLUST.

"Too fine a dancer for a virtuous woman."

## INFLAMMATORY COUNTRY-DANCES.

LUCIAN, in one of his dialogues, introduces a philosopher chiding his friend for his being a lover of *dancing*, and a frequenter of *balls*. The other undertakes the defence of his favourite diversion, which he says, was at first invented by the goddess RHEA, and preserved the life of JUPITER himself from the cruelty of his father SATURN. He proceeds to shew, that it had been approved by the greatest men in all ages; that HOMER calls MERION a fine dancer; and says that the graceful mien and great agility which he had acquired by that exercise, distinguished him above the rest in the armies both of Greeks and Trojans.

He adds, that PYRRHUS gained more reputation by inventing the dance which is called after his name, than by all his other actions: that the Lacedemonians, who were the bravest people in Greece, gave great encouragement to this diversion, and made their *Hormus* (a dance much resembling the French *Brawl*) famous over all Asia: that there were still extant some Thessalian statutes erected to the honour of their best dancers: and that he wondered how his brother philosopher could declare himself against the opinions of those two persons, whom he professed so much to admire, HOMER and HESIOD; the latter of which compares valour and dancing together, and says, that "the gods have bestowed fortitude on some men, and on others a *disposition for* dancing."

Lastly, he puts him in mind that SOCRATES, (who, in the judgment of APOLLO, was the wisest of men) was not only a professed admirer of this exercise in others, but learned it himself when he was an old man.

The morose philosopher is so much affected by these and some other authorities, that he becomes a convert to his friend, and desires he would take him with him when he went to his next ball.

I love to shelter myself under the examples of great men; and, I think, I have sufficiently shewed that it is not below the dignity of these my speculations to take notice of the following letter, which, I suppose, is sent me by some substantial tradesman about 'Change.

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SIR,

'I am a man in years, and by an honest industry in the world have acquired enough to give my children a liberal education, though I was an utter stranger to it myself. My eldest daughter, a girl of sixteen, has for some time been under the tuition of Monsieur RIGADOON, a dancing-master in the city; and I was prevailed upon by her and her mother to go last night to one of his balls. I must own to you, Sir, that having never been to any such place before, I was very much pleased and surprised with that part of his entertainment which he called French Dancing. There were several young men and women whose limbs seemed to have no other motion but purely what the music gave them. After this part was over they began a diversion which they call Country-Dancing, and wherein there were also some things not disagreeable, and divers emblematical figures, composed, as I guess, by wise men, for the instruction of youth.

'Among the rest, I observed one, which, I think they call *Hunt the Squirrel*, in which while the woman flies the man pursues her; but as soon as she turns, he runs away, and she is obliged to follow.

'The

'The moral of this dance does, I think, very aptly recommend modesty and discretion to the female sex.

'But as the best institutions are liable to corruptions; so Sir, I must acquaint you, that very great abuses are crept into this entertainment. I was amazed to see my girl handed by, and handing young fellows with so much familiarity; and I could not have thought it had been in the child. They very often made use of a most impudent and lascivious step called *setting*, which I know not how to describe to you, but by telling you that it is the very reverse of *back to back*. At last an impudent young dog bid the fiddlers play a dance called *Moll Pately*, and after having made two or three capers, ran to his partner, locked his arms in hers, and whisked her round cleverly above ground in such a manner, that I, who sat upon one of the lowest benches, saw further above her shoe than I can think fit to acquaint you with. I could no longer endure those enormities; wherefore just as my girl was going to be made a whirligig, I ran in, seized on the child, and carried her home.

'Sir, I am not yet old enough to be a fool. I suppose this diversion might be at first invented to keep up a good understanding between young men and women, and so far I am not against it; but I shall never allow of these things. I know not what you will say to this case at present, but am sure that had you been with me, you would have seen matter of great speculation. I am,

Yours, &c.'

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I must confess I am afraid that my correspondent had too much reason to be a little out of humour at the treatment of his daughter, but I conclude that he would have been much more so, had he seen one of those *kissing dances, in which* WILL HONEYCOMB assures me they are obliged to dwell almost a minute on the fair one's lips, or they will be too quick for the music, and dance quite out of time.

I am

I am not able, however, to give my final sentence against this diversion; and am of Mr. COWLEY's opinion, that so much of dancing at least, as belongs to the behaviour and an handsome carriage of the body, is extremely useful, if not absolutely necessary.

We generally form such ideas of people at first sight, as we are hardly ever persuaded to lay aside afterwards: for this reason, a man would wish to have nothing disagreeable or uncomely in his approaches, and to be able to enter a room with a good grace.

I might add, that a moderate knowledge in the little rules of *good-breeding* gives a man some assurance, and makes him easy in all companies. For want of this, I have seen a professor of a liberal science at a loss to salute a lady; and a most excellent mathematician not able to determine whether he would stand or sit while my lord drank to him.

It is the proper business of a dancing-master to regulate these matters; though I take it to be a just observation, that unless you add something of your own to what these fine gentlemen teach you, and which they are wholly ignorant of themselves, you will much sooner get the character of an affected fop, than of a well-bred man.

As for *Country-Dancing*, it must indeed be confessed, that the great familiarities between the two sexes on this occasion may sometimes produce very dangerous consequences; and I have often thought that few ladies hearts are so obdurate as not to be melted by the charms of music, the force of motion, and an handsome young fellow, who is continually playing before their eyes, and convincing them that he has the perfect use of all his limbs.

But as this kind of dance is the particular invention of our own country, and as every one is more or less a proficient in it, I would not discountenance it; but rather suppose it may be practised innocently by others,

as well as myself, who am often partner to my landlady's eldest daughter.

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*POSTSCRIPT.*

Having heard a good character of the collection of pictures which is to be exposed to sale on Friday next; and concluding from the following letter that the person who collected them is a man of no unelegant taste, I will be so much his friend as to publish it, provided the reader will only look upon it as filling up the place of an advertisement.

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*From the Three Chairs in the Piazza, Covent Garden.*

May 16, 1711.

'As you are SPECTATOR, I think we who make it our business to exhibit any thing to public view, ought to apply ourselves to you for your approbation. I have travelled Europe to furnish out a show for you, and have brought with me what has been admired in every country through which I passed. You have declared in many papers, that your greatest delights are those of the eye, which I do not doubt but I shall gratify with as beautiful objects as yours ever beheld. If castles, forests, ruins, fine women, and graceful men, can please you, I dare promise you much satisfaction, if you will appear at my auction on Friday next. A sight is, I suppose, as grateful to a SPECTATOR, as a treat to another person, and therefore I hope you will pardon this invitation from,

SIR,

Your most obedient humble servant,

*J. GRAHAM.*'

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ADVERTISEMENT.

MR. PINKETHMAN'S Pantheon, or the Temple of Heathen Gods, the work of several years, consisting of five pictures, the contrivance and painting of which is beyond

beyond expression admirable. The figures, above one hundred, move their heads, legs, arms, and fingers so exactly in what they perform, setting one foot before another like living creatures, that it deserves to be esteemed the greatest wonder of the age. In the Little Piazza, Covent-Garden. Price 1s. 6d; 1s. and the lowest 6d. See No. 31.

## N°. 68.

FRIDAY, MAY 18, 1711.

Nos duo turba sumus——— OVID. MET. i. 355.

"We two are a multitude."

### ON FRIENDSHIP.

ONE would think that the larger the company is in which we are engaged, the greater variety of thoughts and subjects would be started in discourse; but instead of this, we find that conversation is never so much straitened and confined as in numerous assemblies.—When a multitude meet together on any subject of discourse, their debates are taken up chiefly with forms and general positions; nay, if we come into a more contracted assembly of men and women, the talk generally runs upon the weather, fashions, news, and the like public topics. In proportion as conversation gets into clubs and knots of friends, it descends into particulars, and grows more free and communicative: but the most open, instructive, and unreserved discourse, is that which passes between two persons who are familiar and intimate FRIENDS. On these occasions, a man gives a loose to every passion and every thought that is uppermost, discovers his most retired opinions of

persons and things, tries the beauty and strength of his sentiments, and exposes his whole soul to the examination of his friend.

TULLY was the first who observed, that Friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy, and dividing of our grief; a thought in which he hath been followed by all the essayers upon *Friendship*, that have written since his time. Sir FRANCIS BACON has finely described other advantages, or, as he calls them, fruits of *Friendship*; and, indeed, there is no subject of morality which has been better handled and more exhausted than this. Among the several fine things which have been spoken of it, I shall beg leave to quote some out of a very ancient author, whose book would be regarded by our modern wits as one of the most shining tracts of morality that is extant, if it appeared under the name of a CONFUCIUS, or of any celebrated Grecian philosopher: I mean the little apocryphal treatise, intitled *The wisdom of the Son of* SIRACH. How finely has he described the *art of making friends*, by an obliging and affable behaviour! And laid down that precept, which a late excellent author has delivered as his own, 'That we should have many well-wishers, but few *friends*.' "Sweet language will multiply *friends*; and a fair speaking tongue will increase kind greetings. Be in peace with many, nevertheless have but one *counsellor* of a thousand."* With what prudence does he caution us in the choice of our *friends*! And with what strokes of nature (I could almost say of humour) has he described the behaviour of a treacherous and self-interested *friend*! "If thou wouldst get a *friend*, prove him first, and be not hasty to credit him: for some man is a *friend* for his own occasion, and will not abide in the day of thy trouble. And there is a *friend*, who being turned to enmity and strife, will discover thy reproach." Again, "Some *friend* is a companion at

* ECCLUS vii. 5. 6.

at the table, and will not continue in the day of thy affliction: but in thy prosperity he will be as thyself, and will be bold over thy servants. If thou be brought low he will be against thee, and hide himself from thy face." * What can be more strong and pointed than the following verse? "Separate thyself from thine enemies, and take heed of thy *friends*." In the next words he particularises one of those fruits of *friendship* which is described at length by the two famous authors above-mentioned, and falls into a general eulogium of *friendship*, which is very just as well as very sublime. "A faithful *friend* is a strong defence; and he that hath found such an one, hath found a treasure. Nothing doth countervail a faithful *friend*, and his excellency is invaluable. A faithful *friend* is the medicine of life; and they that fear the Lord shall find him. Whoso feareth the Lord shall direct his *friendship* aright; for as he is, so shall his neighbour (that is, his *friend*) be also." † I do not remember to have met with any saying that has pleased me more than that of a *friend's* being the medicine of life, to express the efficacy of *friendship* in healing the pains and anguish which naturally cleave to our existence in this world; and am wonderfully pleased with the turn in the last sentence, that a virtuous man shall as a blessing meet with a *friend* who is as virtuous as himself. There is another saying in the same author, which would have been very much admired in an heathen writer: "Forsake not an old *friend*, for the new is not comparable to him: a new *friend* is as new wine; when it is old thou shalt drink it with pleasure." ‡ With what strength of allusion, and force of thought, has he described the breaches and violations of *friendship*?— "Whoso casteth a stone at the birds frayeth them away; and he that upbraideth his *friend*, breaketh *friendship*. Though thou drawest a sword at a *friend*, yet

 despair

* ECCLUS vi. 7. & seq. † Ibid. 15—18. ‡ Ibid. ix. 10.

despair not, for there may be a returning to favour. If thou hast opened thy mouth against thy *friend*, fear not, for there may be a reconciliation; except for upbraiding, or pride, or disclosing of secrets, or a treacherous wound; for, for these things every *friend* will depart."* We may observe in this and several other precepts in this author, those little familiar instances and illustrations which are so much admired in the moral writings of HORACE and EPICTETUS. There are very beautiful instances of this nature in the following passages, which are likewise written upon the same subject: "Whoso discovereth secrets, loseth his credit, and shall never find a *friend* to his mind. Love thy *friend*, and be faithful unto him; but if thou bewrayest his secrets, follow no more after him; for as a man hath destroyed his enemy, so hast thou lost the love of thy *friend;* as one that letteth a bird go out of his hand, so hast thou let thy *friend* go, and shalt not get him again: follow after him no more, for he is too far off; he is as a roe escaped out of the snare. As for a wound it may be bound up, and after reviling there may be a reconciliation: but he that bewrayeth secrets, is without hope." †

Among the several qualifications of a good *friend*, this wise man has very justly singled out constancy and faithfulness as the principal; to these, others have added virtue, knowledge, discretion, equality in age and fortune, and as CICERO calls it, *morum comitas*, a pleasantness of temper. If I were to give my opinion upon such an exhausted subject, I should join to these other qualifications a certain equability or evenness of behaviour. A man often contracts a *friendship* with one whom perhaps he does not find out till after a year's conversation; when on a sudden some latent ill-humour breaks out upon him, which he never discovered or suspected at his first entering into an intimacy with him. There

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* ECCLUS 20, 21, 22. † Ibid. xxvii. 16, & seq.

There are several persons who in some certain periods of their lives are inexpressibly agreeable, and in others as odious and detestable. MARTIAL has given us a very pretty picture of one of this species, in the following epigram:

Difficilis, facilis, jucundus, acerbus es idem,
Nec tecum possum vivere, nec sine te.

EPIG. xlvii. 12.

"In all thy humours, whether grave or mellow,
"Thou'rt such a touchy, testy, pleasant fellow;
"Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen about thee,
"There is no living with thee, nor without thee."

It is very unlucky for a man to be entangled in a friendship with one, who by these changes and vicissitudes of humour, is sometimes amiable, and sometimes odious; and as most men are at some times in an admirable frame and disposition of mind, it should be one of the greatest tasks of wisdom to keep ourselves well when we are so, and never to go out of that which is the agreeable part of our character.

C

# No. 69.

SATURDAY, MAY 19, 1711.

Hic segetes, illic veniunt feliciùs uvæ:
Arborei fœtus alibi, atque injussa virescunt
Gramina. Nonne vides, croceos ut TMOLUS odores,
India mittit ebur, molles sua thura Sabœi!
At Chalybes nudi ferrum, virosaque Pontus.
Castorea, Eliadùm palmas Epirus equarum?
Continuo has leges, æternaque fœdera certis
Imposuit natura locis———

VIRG. GEORG. i. 54.

"This ground with BACCHUS, that with CERES suits;
"That other loads the trees with happy fruits;
"A fourth with grass, unbidden, decks the ground:
"Thus TMOLUS is with yellow saffron crown'd;
"Indian black ebon and white iv'ry bears:
"And soft Idume weeps her od'rous tears:
"Thus Pontus sends her beaver stones from far;
"And naked Spaniards temper steel for war:
"Epirus for th' Elean chariot breeds
"(In hopes of palms) a race of running steeds.
"This is th' original contract; these the laws
"Impos'd by nature, and by nature's cause."

DRYDEN.

## ON ENGLISH COMMERCE.

THERE is no place in the town which I so much love to frequent as the Royal Exchange. It gives me a secret satisfaction, and in some measure gratifies my vanity, as I am an Englishman, to see so rich an assembly of countrymen and foreigners, consulting together upon the private business of mankind, and making this metropolis a kind of emporium for the whole earth. I must confess I look upon high-change to be a great council, in which all considerable nations have their representative.

representative. Factors in the trading world are what ambassadors are in the politic world; they negotiate affairs, conclude treaties, and maintain a good correspondence between those wealthy societies of men that are divided from one another by seas and oceans, or live on the different extremites of a continent. I have often been pleased to hear disputes adjusted between an inhabitant of Japan and an alderman of London, or to see a subject of the Great MOGUL entering into a league with one of the CZAR of Muscovy. I am infinitely delighted in mixing with these several ministers of commerce, as they are distinguished by their different walks and different languages. Sometimes I am justled among a body of Armenians; sometimes I am lost in a crowd of Jews; and sometimes make one in a group of Dutchmen. I am a Dane, Swede, or Frenchman, at different times; or rather fancy myself like the old philosopher, who upon being asked what countryman he was, replied, that he was a citizen of the world.

Though I very frequently visit this busy multitude of people, I am known to nobody but my friend Sir ANDREW, who often smiles upon me as he sees me bustling in the crowd, but at the same time connives at my presence without taking farther notice of me. There is indeed a merchant of Egypt, who just knows me by sight, having formerly remitted me some money to Grand Cairo; * but as I am not versed in the modern Coptic, our conferences go no farther than a bow and a grimace.

This grand scene of business gives me an infinite variety of solid and substantial entertainments. As I am a great lover of mankind, my heart naturally overflows with pleasure at the sight of a prosperous and happy multitude, insomuch that at many public solemnities I cannot forbear expressing my joy with tears that have stolen down my cheeks. For this reason I am wonderfully

* See No. 1. *paragr.* 4.

fully delighted to see such a body of men thriving in their own private fortunes, and at the same time promoting the public stock; or in other words, raising estates for their own families, by bringing into their country whatever is wanting, and carrying out of it whatever is superfluous.

Nature seems to have taken a particular care to disseminate her blessings among the different regions of the world, with an eye to this mutual intercourse and traffic among mankind, that the natives of the several parts of the globe might have a kind of dependence upon one another, and be united together by their common interest. Almost every *degree* produces something peculiar to it. The food often grows in one country, and the sauce in another. The fruits of Portugal are corrected by the products of Barbadoes, and the infusion of a China plant is sweetened with the pith of an Indian cane. The Philippic islands give a flavour to our European bowls. The single dress of a woman of quality is often the product of an hundred climates. The muff and the fan come together from the different ends of the earth. The scarf is sent from the torrid zone, and the tippet from beneath the pole. The brocade petticoat rises out of the mines of Peru, and the diamond necklace out of the bowels of Indostan.

If we consider our own country in its natural prospect, without any of the benefits and advantages of commerce, what a barren uncomfortable spot of earth falls to our share! Natural historians tell us, that no fruit grows originally among us, besides hips and haws, acorns and pig-nuts, with other delicacies of the like nature; that our climate of itself, and without the assistance of art, can make no farther advances towards a plumb than to a sloe, and carries an apple to no greater a perfection than a crab: that our melons, our peaches, our figs, our apricots, and cherries, are strangers among us, imported in different ages, and naturalized in our English gardens; and that they would all degenerate and

fall away into the trash of our own country, if they were wholly neglected by the planter, and left to the mercy of our sun and soil. Nor has traffic more enriched our vegetable world, than it has improved the whole face of nature among us. Our ships are laden with the harvest of every climate. Our tables are stored with spices, and oils, and wines. Our rooms are filled with pyramids of China, and adorned with the workmanship of Japan. Our morning's draught comes to us from the remotest corners of the earth. We repair our bodies by the drugs of America, and repose ourselves under Indian canopies. My friend Sir ANDREW calls the vineyards of France our gardens; the spice-islands, our hot-beds; the Persians our silk-weavers, and the Chinese our potters. Nature indeed furnishes us with the bare necessaries of life, but traffic gives us a great variety of what is useful, and at the same time supplies us with every thing that is convenient and ornamental. Nor is it the least part of this our happiness, that whilst we enjoy the remotest products of the north and south, we are free from those extremities of weather which give them birth; that our eyes are refreshed with the green fields of Britain, at the same time that our palates are feasted with fruits that rise between the tropics.

For these reasons there are not more useful members in a commonwealth than merchants. They knit mankind together in a mutual intercourse of good offices, distribute the gifts of nature, find work for the poor, add wealth to the rich, and magnificence to the great. Our English merchant converts the tin of his own country into gold, and exchanges its wool for rubies. The Mahometans are clothed in our British manufacture, and the inhabitants of the frozen zone warmed with the fleeces of our sheep.

When I have been upon the Change, I have often fancied one of our old kings standing in person, where he is represented in effigy, and looking down upon the wealthy

wealthy concourse of people with which that place is every day filled. In this case, how would he be surprised to hear all the languages of Europe spoken in this little spot of his former dominions, and to see so many private men, who in his time would have been the vassals of some powerful baron, negotiating like princes for greater sums of money than were formerly to be met with in the royal treasury! Trade, without enlarging the British territories, has given us a kind of additional empire. It has multiplied the number of the rich, made our landed estates infinitely more valuable than they were formerly, and added to them an accession of other estates as valuable as the lands themselves.

C.

## No. 70.

MONDAY, MAY 21, 1711.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt.

HOR. 1 EP. ii. 63.

"Sometimes the vulgar see and judge aright."

### CRITIQUE ON CHEVY-CHACE.

WHEN I travelled, I took a particular delight in hearing the songs and fables that are come from father to son, and are most in vogue among the common people of the countries through which I passed; for it is impossible that any thing should be universally tasted and approved by a multitude, though they are only the rabble of a nation, which hath not in it some peculiar aptness to please and gratify the mind of man. Human nature is the same in all reasonable creatures; and whatever falls in with it, will meet with admirers amongst readers of all qualities and conditions. MOLIERE, as we are

are told by Monsieur BOILEAU, used to read all his comedies to an old woman who was his house-keeper, as she sat with him at her work by the chimney-corner; and could foretel the success of his play in the theatre, from the reception it met at his fire-side: for he tells us, the audience always followed the old woman, and never failed to laugh in the same place.

I know nothing which more shews the essential and inherent perfection of simplicity of thought, above that which I call the Gothic manner in writing, than this, that the first pleases all kinds of palates, and the latter only such as have formed to themselves a wrong artificial taste upon little fanciful authors and writers of epigram. HOMER, VIRGIL, or MILTON, so far as the language of their poems is understood, will please a reader of plain common sense, who would neither relish nor comprehend an epigram of MARTIAL, or a poem of COWLEY: so, on the contrary, an ordinary song or ballad that is the delight of the common people, cannot fail to please all such readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affectation or ignorance; and the reason is plain, because the same paintings of nature, which recommend it to the most ordinary reader, will appear beautiful to the most refined.

The old song of *Chevy-Chace* is the favourite ballad of the common people of England, and BEN JONSON used to say, he had rather have been author of it than of all his works. Sir PHILIP SYDNEY, in his discourse of poetry, speaks of it in the following words: "I never heard the old song of *Percy and Douglas*, that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung by some blind crowder with no rougher voice than rude stile; which being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of PINDAR?" For my own part, I am so professed an admirer of this antiquated song, that I shall give my reader

reader a critique upon it, without any further apology for so doing.

The greatest modern critics have laid it down as a rule, that an heroic poem should be founded upon some important precept of morality, adapted to the constitution of the country in which the poet writes. HOMER and VIRGIL have formed their plans in this view. As Greece was a collection of many governments who suffered very much among themselves, and gave the Persian emperor, who was their common enemy, many advantages over them by their mutual jealousies and animosities, HOMER,* in order to establish among them an union, which was so necessary for their safety, grounds his poem upon the discords of the several Grecian princes who were engaged in a confederacy against an Asiatic prince, and the several advantages which the enemy gained by such their discords. At the time the poem we are now treating of was written, the dissentions of the Barons, who were then so many petty princes, ran very high, whether they quarrelled among themselves, or with their neighbours, and produced unspeakable calamities to the country. The poet, to deter men from such unnatural contentions, describes a bloody battle and dreadful scene of death, occasioned by the mutual feuds which reigned in the families of an English and Scotch nobleman. That he designed this for the instruction of his poem, we may learn from his four last lines, in which, after the example of the modern tragedians, he draws from it a precept for the benefit of his readers.

> " God save the King, and bless the land
> In plenty, joy, and peace;
> And grant henceforth that foul debate
> 'Twixt noblemen may cease.

The

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* This is an anachronism; for, according to the calculations of some chronologers, HOMER lived 850 years before the birth of CHRIST; and according to others, 980. The latter calculation places him near the time of SOLOMON. See No. 327.

The next point observed by the greatest heroic poets, hath been to celebrate persons and actions which do honour to their country: thus VIRGIL's hero was the founder of Rome, HOMER's a prince of Greece; and for this reason VALERIUS FLACCUS and STATIUS, who were both Romans, might be justly derided for having chosen the expedition of the Golden Fleece, and the wars of Thebes, for the subjects of their epic writings.

The poet before us has not only found out a hero in his own country, but raises the reputation of it by several beautiful incidents. The English are the first who take the field, and the last who quit it. The English bring only fifteen hundred to the battle, the Scotch two thousand. The English keep the field with fifty-three; the Scotch retire with fifty-five: all the rest on each side being slain in battle. But the most remarkable circumstance of this kind, is the different manner in which the Scotch and English Kings receive the news of this fight and of the great men's deaths who commanded in it.

"This news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's King did reign,
That brave Earl DOUGLAS suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

"O heavy news, King JAMES did say,
Scotland can witness be,
I have not any captain more
Of such account as he.

"Like tidings to King HENRY came
Within as short a space,
That PERCY of Northumberland
Was slain in Chevy-Chase.

"Now God be with him, said our King,
Sith 'twill no better be,
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred as good as he.

"Yet shall not Scot, nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all
For brave Lord PERCY's sake.

" This vow full well the King perform'd
After on Humble-down,
In one day fifty Knights were slain,
With Lords of great renown.
" And of the rest of small account
Did many thousands die," &c.

At the same time that our poet shews a laudable partiality to his countrymen, he represents the Scots after a manner not unbecoming so bold and brave a people.

" Earl DOUGLAS on a milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company
Whose armour shone like gold."

His sentiments and actions are every way suitable to an hero. One of us two, says he, must die: I am an Earl as well as yourself, so that you can have no pretence for refusing the combat: however, says he, it is a pity, and indeed would be a sin, that so many innocent men should perish for our sakes, rather let you and I end our quarrel in single fight.

" Ere this I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die;
I know thee well, an Earl thou art,
Lord PERCY, so am I.
" But trust me, PERCY, pity it were
And great offence, to kill
Any of these our harmless men,
For they have done no ill.
" Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside;
Accurst be he, Lord PERCY said,
By whom it is deny'd."

When these brave men had distinguished themselves in the battle, and in single combat with each other, in the midst of a generous parley, full of heroic sentiments, the Scotch Earl falls; and with his dying words encou-

rages

rages his men to revenge his death, representing to them, as the most bitter circumstance of it, that his rival saw him fall.

"With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl DOUGLAS to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow.
"Who never spoke more words than these,
Fight on, my merry-men all,
For why, my life is at an end,
Lord PERCY sees my fall."

*Merry-men*, in the language of those times, is no more than a chearful word for companions and fellow-soldiers. A passage in the eleventh book of VIRGIL's *Æneid* is very much to be admired, where CAMILLA, in her last agonies, instead of weeping over the wound she had received, as one might have expected from a warrior of her sex, considers only (like the hero of whom we are now speaking) how the battle should be continued after her death.

Tum sic expirans, &c. ÆN. xi. 820.

"A gathering mist o'erclouds her chearful eyes;
"And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies,
"Then turns to her, whom of her female train,
"She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain:
"ACCA, 'tis past! he swims before my sight,
"Inexorable death; and claims his right.
"Bear my last words to TURNUS! fly with speed,
"And bid him timely to my charge succeed:
"Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve:
"Farewel!"——— DRYDEN.

TURNUS did not die in so heroic a manner; though our poet seems to have had his eye upon TURNUS's speech in the last verse,

"Lord PERCY sees my fall."

——*Vicisti, et victum tendere palmas*
*Ausonii videre*——— ÆN. xii. 936.

"The Latian chiefs have seen me beg my life."
DRYDEN.

Earl PERCY's lamentation over his enemy is generous, beautiful, and passionate; I must only caution the reader not to let the simplicity of the stile, which one may well pardon in so old a poet, prejudice him against the greatness of the thought.

"Then leaving life, Earl PERCY took
The dead man by the hand,
And said, Earl DOUGLAS, for thy life
Would I had lost my land.

"O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake;
For sure a more renowned Knight
Mischance did never take."

That beautiful line, *Taking the dead man by the hand*, will put the reader in mind of ÆNEAS's behaviour towards LAUSUS, whom he himself had slain as he came to the rescue of his aged father.

At vero ut vultum vidit morientis, & ora
Ora modis Anchisiades pallentia miris;
Ingemuit, miserans graviter, dextramque tetendit.
ÆN. xii. 822.

"The pious prince beheld young LAUSUS dead;
"He griev'd, he wept, then grasp'd his hand and said," &c.
DRYDEN.

I shall take another opportunity to consider the other parts of this old song.

C.

## N°. 71.

TUESDAY, MAY 22, 1711.

——Scribere jussit amor. OVID. EPIST. iv. 19.

"Love bade me write."

### OF LOVE.

THE entire conquest of our passions is so difficult a work, that they who despair of it should think of a less difficult task, and only attempt to regulate them. But there is a third thing which may contribute not only to the ease, but also to the pleasure of our lives; and that is refining our passions to a greater elegance than we receive them from nature. When the passion is love, this work is performed in innocent, though rude and uncultivated minds, by the mere force and dignity of the object. There are forms which naturally create respect in the beholders, and at once inflame and chastise the imagination. Such an impression as this gives an immediate ambition to deserve, in order to please. This cause and effect are beautifully described by Mr. DRYDEN in the fable of *Cymon and Iphigenia*. After he has represented CYMON so stupid, that

"He whistled as he went, for want of thought;"

he makes him fall into the following scene, and shews its influence upon him so excellently, that it appears as natural as wonderful.

"It happen'd on a summer's holiday,
That to the greenwood-shade he took his way;

His quarter-staff, which he cou'd ne'er forsake,
Hung half before, and half behind his back.
He trudg'd along, unknowing what he sought,
And whistled as he went, for want of thought.
" By chance conducted, or by thirst constrain'd,
The deep recesses of the grove he gain'd;
Where in a plain, defended by the wood,
Crept thro' the matted grass a crystal flood,
By which an alabaster fountain stood:
And on the margin of the fount was laid
(Attended by her slaves) a sleeping maid.
Like DIAN and her nymphs, when tir'd with sport,
To rest by cool Eurotas they resort:
The dame herself the goddess well express'd,
Not more distinguish'd by her purple vest,
Than by the charming features of her face,
And e'en in slumber a superior grace;
Her comely limbs compos'd with decent care,
Her body shaded with a slight cymarr;
Her bosom to the view was only bare:
The fanning wind upon her bosom blows,
To meet the fanning wind the bosom rose;
The fanning wind and purling streams continue her repose.
" The fool of nature stood with stupid eyes,
And gaping mouth, that testify'd surprise;
Fix'd on her face, nor could remove his sight,
New as he was to love, and novice in delight:
Long mute he stood, and leaning on his staff,
His wonder witness'd with an ideot laugh;
Then would have spoke, but by his glimm'ring sense
First found his want of words, and fear'd offence:
Doubted for what he was he should be known,
By his clown accent, and his country-tone."

But lest this fine description should be excepted against, as the creation of that great master Mr. DRYDEN, and not on account of what has really ever happened in the world, I shall give you *verbatim*, the epistle of an enamoured footman in the country to his mistress. Their sirnames shall not be inserted, because their passions demand a greater respect than is due to their quality. JAMES is servant in a great family, and ELIZABETH waits

waits upon the daughter of one as numerous, some miles off her lover. JAMES, before he beheld BETTY, was vain of his strength, a rough wrestler, and quarrelsome cudgel-player; BETTY a public dancer at may-poles, a romp at stool-ball: he always following idle women, she playing among the peasants: he a country bully, she a country coquette. But love has made her constantly in her mistress's chamber, where the young lady gratifies a secret passion of her own, by making BETTY talk of JAMES; and JAMES is become a constant waiter near his master's apartment, in reading as well as he can romances. I cannot learn who MOLLY is, who it seems walked ten miles to carry the angry message, which gave occasion to what follows.

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*May* 14, 1711.

MY DEAR BETTY,

'REMEMBER your bleeding lover, who lies bleeding at the wounds CUPID made with the arrows he borrowed at the eyes of VENUS, which is your sweet person.

'Nay more with the token, you sent me for my love and service offered to your sweet person; which was your base respects to my ill conditions; when alas! there is no ill conditions but quite contrary; all love and purity, especially to your sweet person; but all this I take as a jest.

'But the sad and dismal news which MOLLY brought me struck me to the heart, which was it seems, and is, your ill conditions for my love and respects to you.

'For she told me, if I came forty times to you, you would not speak to me, which words I am sure is a great grief to me.

'Now my dear, if I may not be permitted to your sweet company, and to have the happiness of speaking with your sweet person, I beg the favour of you to accept of this my secret mind and thoughts, which hath so long lodged in my breast, the which if you do not accept I believe will go near to break my heart.

'For indeed, my dear, I love you above all the beauties I ever saw in all my life.

'The young gentleman, and my master's daughter, the Londoner that is come down to marry her, sat in the arbour most part of last night. Oh, dear BETTY, must the nightingales sing to those who marry for money, and not to us true lovers! Oh, my dear BETTY, that we could meet this night where we used to do in the wood!

'Now my dear, if I may not have the blessing of kissing your sweet lips, I beg I may have the happiness of kissing your fair hand, with a few lines from your dear self, presented by whom you please or think fit. I believe, if time would permit me, I could write all day; but the time being short, and paper little, no more from your never-failing lover till death,

JAMES———.*

Poor JAMES! since his time and paper were so short, I that have more than I can use well of both, will put the sentiments of this kind letter the (stile of which seems to be confused with scraps he had got in hearing and reading what he did not understand) into what he meant to express.

DEAR CREATURE,

"CAN you then neglect him who has forgot all his recreations and enjoyments, to pine away his life in thinking of you? When I do so, you appear more amiable to me than VENUS does in the most beautiful description that ever was made of her. All this kindness you return with an accusation, that I do not love you: but

* JAMES HIRST. He was a servant to the Hon. EDWARD WORTLEY, Esq. and in delivering a parcel of letters to his master, gave by mistake this letter, which he just prepared for his sweet-heart, and kept in its stead one of his master's.

but the contrary is so manifest, that I cannot think you in earnest, But the certainty given me in your message by MOLLY, that you do not love me, is what robs me of all comfort. She says you will not see me: if you can have so much cruelty, at least write to me, that I may kiss the impression made by your fair hand. I love you above all things, and in my condition, what you look upon with indifference is to me the most exquisite pleasure or pain. Our young lady, and a fine gentleman from London, who are to marry for mercenary ends, walk about our gardens, and hear the voice of evening nightingales, as if for fashion sake they courted those solitudes, because they have heard lovers do so. Oh BETTY! could I hear these rivulets murmur, and birds sing, while you stood near me, how little sensible should I be that we are both servants, that there is any thing on earth above us! Oh! I could write to you as long as I love you, till death itself.

*JAMES.*"

N. B. By the words *ill-conditions*, JAMES means, in a woman *coquetry*, in a man *inconstancy*.

# N°. 72.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 23, 1711.

——— Genus immortale manet, multosque per annos
Stat fortuna domus, & avi numerantur avorum.

VIRG. GEORG. iv. 208.

"Th' immortal line in sure succession reigns,
"The fortune of the family remains,
"And grandsires' grandsons the long list contains."

DRYDEN.

## THE EVERLASTING CLUB.

HAVING already given my reader an account of several extraordinary clubs both ancient and modern, I did not design to have troubled him with any more narratives of this nature; but I have lately received information of a club, which I can call neither ancient nor modern, that I dare say will be no less surprising to my reader than it was to myself; for which reason I shall communicate it to the public as one of the greatest curiosities in its kind.

A friend of mine complaining of a tradesman who is related to him, after having represented him as a very idle worthless fellow, who neglected his family, and spent most of his time over a bottle, told me, to conclude his character, that he was a member of the Everlasting Club. So very odd a title raised my curiosity to enquire into the nature of a club that had such a sounding name; upon which my friend gave me the following account.

'The Everlasting Club consists of a hundred members, who divide the whole twenty-four hours among them in

in such a manner, that the club sits day and night from one end of the year to another; no party presuming to rise till they are relieved by those who are in course to succeed them. By these means a member of the Everlasting Club never wants company; for though he is not upon duty himself, he is sure to find some who are; so that if he be disposed to take a whet, a nooning, an evening's draught, or a bottle after midnight, he goes to the club, and finds a knot of friends to his mind.

'It is a maxim in this club, that the steward never dies; for as they succeed one another by way of rotation, no man is to quit the great elbow-chair which stands at the upper end of the table, till his successor is in a readiness to fill it; insomuch that there has not been a *sede vacante* in the memory of man.

'This club was instituted towards the end (or as some of them say, about the middle) of the civil wars, and continued without interruption till the time of the *great fire*,"* which burnt them out, and dispersed them for several weeks. The steward at that time maintained his post till he had like to have been blown up with a neighbouring house, (which was demolished in order to stop the fire; and would not leave the chair at last, till he had emptied all the bottles upon the table, and received repeated directions from the club to withdraw himself. This steward is frequently talked of in the club, and looked upon by every member of it as a greater man than the famous captain mentioned by my Lord Clarendon, who was burnt in his ship because he would not quit it without orders. It is said that towards the close of 1700, being the great year of jubilee, the club had it under contemplation whether they should break up or continue their session; but after many speeches and debates, it was at length agreed to sit out the other century. This resolution passed in a general club *nemine contradicente*.'

Having

* Anno 1666.

Having given this short account of the institution and continuation of the Everlasting Club, I should here endeavour to say something of the manners and characters of its several members, which I shall do according to the best lights I have received in this matter.

It appears by their books in general, that, since their first institution, they have smoked fifty tons of tobacco, drank thirty thousand buts of ale, one thousand hogsheads of red port, two hundred barrels of brandy, and a kilderkin of small beer. There has been likewise a great consumption of cards. It is also said, that they observe the law in BEN JONSON's Club, which orders the fire to be always kept in *(focus perennis esto)* as well for the convenience of lighting their pipes, as to cure the dampness of the club-room. They have an old woman in the nature of a vestal, whose business it is to cherish and perpetuate the fire which burns from generation to generation, and has seen the glass-house fires in and out above an hundred times.

The *Everlasting Club* treats all other clubs with an eye of contempt, and talks even of the *Kit-Cat* and *October* as of a couple of upstarts. Their ordinary discourse (as much as I have been able to learn of it) turns altogether upon such adventures as have passed in their own assembly; of members who have taken the glass in their turns for a week together, without stirring out of the club; of others who have smoked an hundred pipes at a sitting; of others who have not missed their morning's draught for twenty years together. Sometimes they speak in raptures of a run of ale in King CHARLES's reign; and sometimes reflect with astonishment upon games at whist, which have been miraculously recovered by members of the society, when in all human probability the case was desperate.

They delight in several old catches, which they sing at all hours to encourage one another to moisten their clay, and grow immortal by drinking; with many other edifying exhortations of the like nature.

There

There are four general clubs held in a year, at which times they fill up vacancies, appoint waiters, confirm the old fire-maker, or elect a new one, settle contributions for coals, pipes, tobacco, and other necessaries.

The senior member has out-lived the whole club twice over, and has been drunk with the grandfathers of some of the present sitting members.

C.

## No. 73.

THURSDAY, MAY 24, 1711.

O Dea certe!

VIRG. ÆN. i. 133.

"O goddess! for no less you seem."

### ON THE LOVE OF FAME.

IT is very strange to consider, that a creature like man, who is sensible of so many weaknesses and imperfections, should be actuated by *a love of fame:* that vice and ignorance, imperfection and misery, should contend for praise, and endeavour as much as possible to make themselves objects of admiration.

But notwithstanding man's essential perfection is but very little, his comparative perfection may be very considerable. If he looks upon himself in an abstracted light, he has not much to boast of; but if he considers himself with regard to others, he may find occasion of glorifying, if not in his own virtues, at least in the absence of another's imperfections. This gives a different turn to the reflections of the wise man and the fool. The first endeavours to shine in himself, and the last to out-shine others. The first is humbled by the sense of his own infirmities, the last is lifted up by the discovery

very of those which he observes in other men. The wise man considers what he wants, and the fool what he abounds in. The wise man is happy when he gains his own approbation, and the fool when he recommends himself to the applause of those about him.

But however unreasonable and absurd this passion for admiration may appear in such a creature as man, it is not wholly to be discouraged; since it often produces very good effects, not only as it restrains him from doing any thing which is mean and contemptible, but as it pushes him to actions which are great and glorious. The principle may be defective or faulty, but the consequences it produces are so good, that for the benefit of mankind, it ought not to be extinguished.

It is observed by CICERO, that men of the greatest and the most shining parts are the most actuated by ambition; and if we look into the two sexes, I believe we shall find this principle of action stronger in women than in men.

The *passion for praise*, which is so very vehement in the fair sex, produces excellent effects in women of sense, who desire to be admired for that only which deserves admiration; and I think we may observe, without a compliment to them, that many of them do not only live in a more uniform course of virtue, but with an infinitely greater regard to their honour, than what we find in the generality of our own sex. How many instances have we of chastity, fidelity, devotion!--- How many ladies distinguish themselves by the education of their children, care of their families, and love of their husbands, which are the great qualities and atchievements of womankind! As the making of war, the carrying on of traffic, the administration of justice, are those by which men grow famous, and get themselves a name.

But as this passion for *admiration*, when it works according to reason, improves the beautiful part of our species in every thing that is laudable; so nothing is more destructive to them when it is governed by vanity

and folly. What I have, therefore, here to say, only regards the vain vart part of the sex, whom for certain reasons, which the reader will hereafter see at large, I shall distinguish by the name of *Idols*. An Idol is wholly taken up in the adorning of her person. You see in every posture of her body, air of her face, and motion of her head, that it is her business and employment to gain adorers. For this reason your Idols appear in all public places and assemblies, in order to seduce men to their worship. The play-house is very frequently filled with Idols; several of them are carried in procession every evening about the ring, and several of them set up their worship even in churches. They are to be accosted in the language proper to the Deity. Life and death are in their power: joys of heaven, and pains of hell, are at their disposal: paradise is in their arms, and eternity in every moment that you are present with them. Raptures, transports, and ecstacies, are the rewards which they confer: sighs and tears, prayers and broken hearts, are the offerings which are paid to them. Their smiles make men happy; their frowns drive them to despair. I shall only add under this head, that OVID's book of the *Art of Love* is a kind of heathen ritual, which contains all the forms of worship which are made use of to an Idol.

It would be as difficult a task to reckon up these different kinds of Idols, as MILTON's was to number those that were known in Canaan, and the lands adjoining. Most of them are worshipped like MOLOCH, in fires and flames. Some of them like BAAL, love to see their votaries cut and slashed, and shedding their blood for them. Some of them, like the Idol in the Apocrypha, must have treats and collations prepared for them every night. It has indeed been known, that some of them have been used by their incensed worshippers like the Chinese Idols, who are whipped and scourged when they refuse to comply with the prayers that are offered to them.

I must

I must here observe, that those idolaters who devote themselves to the Idols I am here speaking of, differ very much from all other kinds of idolaters. For as others fall out because they worship different Idols, these idolaters quarrel because they worship the same.

The intention therefore of the Idol is quite contrary to the wishes of the idolaters; as the one desires to confine the Idol to himself, the whole business and ambition of the other is to multiply adorers. This humour of an Idol is prettily described in a tale of CHAUCER. He represents one of them sitting at a table with three of her votaries about her, who are all of them courting her favour, and paying their adorations. She smiled upon one, drank to another, and trod upon the other's foot, which was under the table. "Now which of these three," says the old bard, "do you think was the favourite?" "In truth," says he, "not one of all the three."

The behaviour of this Idol in CHAUCER, puts me in mind of the beautiful CLARINDA, one of the greatest Idols among the moderns. She is worshipped once a week by candle-light, in the midst of a large congregation, generally called an assembly. Some of the gayest youths in the nation endeavour to plant themselves in her eye, while she sits in form with multitudes of tapers burning about her. To encourage the zeal of her idolaters, she bestows a mark of her favour upon every one of them, before they go out of her presence. She asks a question of one, tells a story to another, glances an ogle upon a third, takes a pinch of snuff from the fourth, lets her fan drop by accident to give the fifth an occasion of taking it up. In short, every one goes away satisfied with his success, and encouraged to renew his devotions on the same canonical hour that day seven-night.

An Idol may be unde fied by many accidental causes. Marriage in particular is a kind of counter apotheosis, or a deification inverted. When a man becomes familiar with his goddess, she quickly sinks into a woman.

Old age is likewise a great decayer of your Idol. The truth of it is, there is not a more unhappy being than a superannuated Idol, especially when she has contracted such airs and behaviour as are only graceful when her worshippers are about her.

Considering therefore that in these and many other cases the woman generally outlives the Idol, I must return to the moral of this paper, and desire my fair readers to give a proper direction to their passion for being admired; in order to which, they must endeavour to make themselves the objects of a reasonable and lasting admiration. This is not to hoped for from beauty, or dress, or fashion, but from those inward ornaments which are not to be defaced by time or sickness, and which appear most amiable to those who are most acquainted with them. C.

## No. 74.

FRIDAY, MAY 25, 1711.

——Pendent opera interrupta——

VIRG. ÆN. iv. 88.

"The works unfinish'd and neglected lie."

### CHEVY-CHACE CONCLUDED.

IN my last Monday's paper I gave some general instances of those beautiful strokes which please the reader in the old song of *Chevy-Chace*; I shall here, according to my promise, be more particular, and shew that the sentiments in that ballad are extremely natural and poetical, and full of the majestic simplicity which we admire in the greatest of the ancient poets: for which reason I shall quote several passages of it, in which the thought is altogether the same with what we meet

meet in several passages of the *Æneid*; not that I would infer from thence, that the poet (whoever he was) proposed to himself any imitation of those passages, but that he was directed to them in general by the same kind of poetical genius, and by the same copyings after nature.

Had this old song been filled with epigrammatical turns and points of wit, it might perhaps have pleased the wrong taste of some readers; but it would never have become the delight of the common people, nor have warmed the heart of Sir PHILIP SIDNEY like the sound of a trumpet; it is only nature that can have this effect, and please those tastes which are the most unprejudiced, or the most refined. I must, however, beg leave to dissent from so great an authority as that of Sir PHILIP SIDNEY, in the judgment which he has passed as to the rude stile and evil apparel of this antiquated song; for there are several parts in it where not only the thought but the language is majestic, and the numbers sonorous; at least, the *apparel* is much more *gorgeous* than many of the poets made use of in Queen ELIZABETH's time, as the reader will see in several of the following quotations.

What can be greater than either the thought or the expression in that stanza,

> " To drive the deer with hound and horn
> Earl PERCY took his way!
> The child may rue that is unborn
> The hunting of that day!"

This way of considering the misfortunes which this battle would bring upon posterity, not only on those who were born immediately after the battle, and lost their fathers in it, but on those also who perished in future battles which took their rise from this quarrel of the two Earls, is wonderfully beautiful, and conformable to the way of thinking among the ancient poets.

Audet

Audiet pugnas vitio parentum
Rara juventus.

HOR. 1OD. ii. 23.

" Posterity, thinn'd by their fathers' crimes,
" Shall read with grief, the story of their times."

What can be more sounding and poetical, or resemble more the majestic simplicity of the ancients, than the following stanzas?

" The stout Earl of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer's days to take.

" With fifteen hundred bowmen bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well, in time of need,
To aim their shafts aright.

" The hounds ran swiftly through the woods
The nimble deer to take,
And with their cries the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make."

——*Vocat ingenti clamore* CITHERON
*Taygetique canes, domitrixque* EPIDAURUS *equorum:*
*Et vox assensu nemorum ingeminata remugit.*

GEORG. iii. 43.

" CITHÆRON loudly calls me to my way;
" Thy hounds, TAYGETES, open, and pursue the prey:
" High EPIDAURUS urges on my speed,
" Fam'd for his hills, and for his horses breed:
" From hills and dales the chearful cries rebound,
" For Echo hunts along, and propagates the sound."

DRYDEN.

" Lo, yonder doth Earl DOUGLAS come,
His men in armour bright;
Full twenty hundred Scottish spears
All marching in our sight.

" All men of pleasant Tevidale,
Fast by the river Tweed," *&c.*

The country of the Scotch warriors, described in these two last verses, has a fine romantic situation, and affords

a couple of smooth words for verse. If the reader compares the foregoing six lines of the song with the following Latin verses, he will see how much they are written in the spirit of VIRGIL.

Adversi campo apparent, hastasque reductis
Protendunt longe dextris; & spicula vibrant:——
Quique altum PRÆNESTE viri, quique arva Gabinæ
Junonis, gelidumque Anienem, & roscida rivis
Hernica saxa colunt:——qui rosea rura Velini,
Qui Tetricæ horrentes rupes, montemque Severum,
Casperiamque colunt, Forulosque & flumen Himellæ:
Qui Tiberim Fabarimque bibunt.———

ÆN. xi. 605. vii. 682, 712.

"Advancing in a line, they couch their spears———
———PRÆNESTE sends a chosen band,
"With those who plow Saturnia's Gabine land:
"Besides the succours which cold Anien yields;
"The rocks of Hernicus——besides a band,
"That followed from Velinum's dewy land——
"And mountaineers that from Severus came:
"And from the craggy cliffs of Tetrica;
"And those where yellow Tiber takes his way,
"And where Himella's wanton waters play:
"Casperia sends her arms, with those that lie
"By Fabaris, and fruitful Foruli." DRYDEN.

But to proceed:

"Earl DOUGLAS on a milk-white steed,
Most like a Baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

TURNUS *ut antevolans tardum præcesserat agmen*, &c.
*Vidisti, quo* TURNUS *equo, quibus ibat in armis*
*Aureus*——

"Our English archers bent their bows,
Their hearts were good and true;
At the first flight of arrows sent,
Full three-score Scots they slew.

"They

" They clos'd full fast on ev'ry side,
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

" With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl DOUGLAS to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow."

ÆNEAS was wounded after the same manner by an unknown hand in the midst of a parley.

Has inter voces, media inter talia verba,
Ecce viro stridens alis allapsa sagitta est,
Incertum qua pulsa manu—— ÆN. xii. 918.

" Thus, while he spake, unmindful of defence,
" A winged arrow struck the pious prince;
" But whether from an human hand it came,
" Or hostile God, is left unknown by fame."

DRYDEN.

But of all the descriptive parts of this song, there are none more beautiful than the four following stanzas, which have a great force and spirit in them, and are filled with very natural circumstances. The thought in the third stanza was never touched by any other poet, and is such an one as would have shined in HOMER or in VIRGIL.

" So thus did both these nobles die,
Whose courage none could stain;
An English archer then perceiv'd
The noble Earl was slain.

" He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree,
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Unto the head drew he.

" Against Sir HUGH MONTGOMERY
So right his shaft he set,
The grey-goose wing that was thereon
In his heart-blood was wet.

"This fight did last from break of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the ev'ning bell
The battle scarce was done."

One may observe likewise, that in the catalogue of the slain, the author has followed the example of the great ancient poets, not only in giving a long list of the dead, but by diversifying it with little characters of particular persons.

"And with Earl DOUGLAS there was slain
Sir HUGH MONTGOMERY,
Sir CHARLES CARREL, that from the field
One foot would never fly:
"Sir CHARLES MURREL of Ratcliff too,
His sister's son was he;
Sir DAVID LAMB, so well esteem'd,
Yet saved could not be."

The familiar sound in these names destroys the majesty of the description; for this reason I do not mention this part of the poem but to shew the natural cast of thought which appears in it, as the two last verses look almost like a translation of VIRGIL.

——— Cadit & RIPHEUS justissimus unus
Qui fuit in Teucris & servantissimus æqui,
Diis aliter visum est———

ÆN. ii. 426.

"Then RIPHEUS fell in the unequal fight,
"Just of his word, observant of the right:
"Heav'n thought not so."

DRYDEN.

In the catalogue of the English who fell, WITHERINGTON's behaviour is in the same manner particularised very artfully, as the reader is prepared for it by that account which is given of him in the beginning of the battle; though I am satisfied your little buffoon readers (who have seen that passage ridiculed in HUDIBRAS) will

will not be able to take the beauty of it: for which reason I dare not so much as quote it.

" Then stept a gallant squire forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, I would not have it told
To Henry our King for shame,
" That e'er my captain fought on foot,
And I stood looking on."

We meet with the same heroic sentiment in Virgil.

Non pudet, O Rutuli, cunctis pro talibus unam
Objectare animam? numerone an viribus æqui
Non sumus——?

ÆN. xii. 229.

" For shame, Rutilians, can you bear the sight
" Of one expos'd for all, in single fight?
" Can we before the face of Heav'n confess
" Our courage colder, or our numbers less?"

DRYDEN.

What can be more natural, or more moving, than the circumstances in which he describes the behaviour of those women who had lost their husbands on this fatal day?

" Next day did many widows come
Their husbands to bewail;
They wash'd their wounds in brinish tears,
But all would not prevail.
" Their bodies bath'd in purple blood,
They bore with them away:
They kiss'd them dead a thousand times,
When they were clad in clay."

Thus we see how the thoughts of this poem, which naturally arise from the subject, are always simple, and sometimes exquisitely noble; that the language is often very sounding, and that the whole is written with a true poetical spirit.

If this song had been written in the Gothic manner, which is the delight of all our little wits, whether writers or readers, it would not have hit the taste of so many ages, and have pleased the readers of all ranks and conditions. I shall only beg pardon for such a profusion of Latin quotations; which I should not have made use of, but that I feared my own judgment would have looked too singular on such a subject, had not I supported it by the practice and authority of VIRGIL. C.

## N°. 75.

SATURDAY, MAY 26, 1711.

Omnis ARISTIPPUM decuit color, & status, & res.
HOR. I. EP. XVII. 23.
"All fortune fitted ARISTIPPUS well."
CREECH.

### MEANING OF THE TERM—FINE GENTLEMAN.

IT is with some mortification that I suffered the raillery of a fine lady of my acquaintance, for calling, in one of my papers, DORIMANT * a clown. She was so unmerciful as to take advantage of my invincible taciturnity, and on that occasion with great freedom to consider the air, the height, the face, the gesture of him, who could pretend to judge so arrogantly of gallantry.—She is full of motion, janty and lively in her impertinence, and one of those that commonly pass, among the ignorant, for persons who have a great deal of humour. She had the play of *Sir Fopling* in her hand, and after she had said it was happy for her there was not so charming a creature as DORIMANT now living, she began with

* See No. 65.

with a theatrical air and tone of voice to read, by way of triumph over me, some of his speeches. "'Tis she! that lovely hair, that easy shape, those wanton eyes, and all those melting charms about her mouth, which MEDLEY spoke of; I'll follow the lottery, and put in for a prize with my friend BELLAIR."

"In love the victors from the vanquis'd fly;
They fly that wound, and they pursue that die."

Then turning over the leaves, she reads alternately, and speaks,

"And you and LOVEIT to her cost shall find
I fathom all the depths of woman-kind."

Oh the fine gentleman! But here, continues she, is the passage I admire most, where he begins to tease LOVEIT, and mimic Sir FOPLING. Oh the pretty satire, in his resolving to be a coxcomb to please, since noise and nonsense have such powerful charms.

"I, that I may successful prove,
Transform myself to what you love."

Then how like a man of the town, so wild and gay is that!

"The wise will find a diff'rence in our fate,
You wed a woman, I a good estate."

It would have been a very wild endeavour for a man of my temper to offer any opposition to so nimble a speaker as my fair enemy is; but her discourse gave me very many reflections, when I had left her company. Among others, I could not but consider, with some attention, the false impressions the generality (the fair sex more especially) have of what should be intended, when they say a *fine gentleman*; and could not help revolving that subject in my thoughts, and settling, as it were, an idea of that character in my own imagination.

No man ought to have the esteem of the rest of the world, for any actions which are disagreeable to those maxims which prevail, as the standards of behaviour, in the country wherein he lives. What is opposite to the eternal rules of reason and good sense, must be excluded from any place in the carriage of a well-bred man. I did not, I confess, explain myself enough on this subject, when I called DORIMANT a clown, and made an instance of it, that he called the *orange wench* DOUBLE TRIPE: I should have shewn, that humanity obliges a gentleman to give no part of human-kind reproach, for what they, whom they reproach, may possibly have in common with the most virtuous and worthy amongst us. When a gentleman speaks coarsely, he has dressed himself clean to no purpose. The clothing of our minds certainly ought to be regarded before that of our bodies. To betray in a man's talk a corrupt imagination, is a much greater offence against the conversation of gentlemen, than any negligence of dress imaginable. But this sense of the matter is so far from being received among people even of condition, that VOCIFER even passes for a fine gentleman. He is loud, haughty, gentle, soft, lewd, and obsequious by turns, just as a little understanding and great impudence prompt him at the present moment. He passes among the silly part of our women for a man of wit, because he is generally in doubt. He contradicts with a shrug, and confutes with a certain sufficiency, in professing such and such a thing is above his capacity. What makes his character the pleasanter is, that he is a professed deluder of women; and because the empty coxcomb has no regard to any thing that is of itself sacred and inviolable, I have heard an unmarried lady of fortune say, It is pity so fine a gentleman as VOCIFER is so great an atheist. The crowds of such inconsiderable creatures, that infest all places of assembling, every reader will have in his eye from his own observation; but would it not be worth considering what sort of figure a man who formed

ed himself upon those principles among us, which are agreeable to the dictates of honour and religion, would make in the familiar and ordinary occurrences of life?

I hardly have observed any one fill his several duties of life better than IGNOTUS. All the under parts of his behaviour, and such as are exposed to common observation, have their rise in him from great and noble motives. A firm and unshaken expectation of another life makes him become this; humanity and good-nature, fortified by the sense of virtue, has the same effect upon him, as the neglect of all goodness has upon many others. Being firmly established in all matters of importance, that certain inattention which makes men's actions look easy, appears in him with greater beauty: by a thorough contempt of little excellencies, he is perfectly master of them. This temper of mind leaves him under no necessity of studying his air, and he has this peculiar distinction, that his negligence is unaffected.

He that can work himself into a pleasure in considering this being as an uncertain one, and think to reap an advantage by its discontinuance, is in a fair way of doing all things with a graceful unconcern, and a gentleman-like ease. Such a one does not behold his life as a short, transient, perplexing state, made up of trifling pleasures and great anxieties: but sees it in quite another light; his griefs are momentary, and his joys immortal. Reflection upon death is not a gloomy and sad thought of resigning every thing that he delights in, but it is a short night followed by an endless day. What I would here contend for is, that the more virtuous the man is, the nearer he will naturally be to the character of genteel and agreeable. A man whose fortune is plentiful, shews an ease in his countenance, and confidence in his behaviour, which he that is under wants and difficulties cannot assume. It is thus with the state of the mind; he that governs his thoughts with the everlasting rules of reason and sense, must have something so inexpressibly

sibly graceful in his words and actions, that every circumstance must become him. The change of persons or things around him do not at all alter his situation, but he looks disinterested in the occurrences with which others are distracted, because the greatest purpose of his life is to maintain an indifference both to it and all its enjoyments. In a word, to be a fine gentleman, is to be a generous and a brave man. What can make a man so much in constant good humour, and shine, as we call it, than to be supported by what can never fail him, and to believe that whatever happens to him was the best thing that could possibly befal him, or else HE on whom it depends, would not have permitted it to have befallen him at all! R.

## No. 76.

MONDAY, MAY 28, 1711.

Ut tu fortunam, sic nos te, Celse feremus.

HOR. 1 EP. viii. 17.

"As you your fortune bear, we will bear you."

CREECH.

### WISDOM OF PHARAMOND, KING OF THE GAULS.

THERE is nothing so common as to find a man whom in general observation of his carriage you take to be of an uniform temper, subject to such unaccountable starts of humour and passion, that he is as much unlike himself, and differs as much from the man you at first thought him, as any two distinct persons can differ from each other. This proceeds from the want of forming some law of life to ourselves, or fixing some notion of things in general, which may affect us in such a manner as to create proper habits both in our minds and bodies. The negligence

negligence of this, leaves us exposed not only to an unbecoming levity in our usual conversation, but also to the same instability in our friendships, interests, and alliances. A man who is but a mere Spectator of what passes around him, and not engaged in commerces of any consideration, is but an ill judge of the secret motions of the heart of man, and by what degrees it is actuated to make such visible alterations in the same person: but at the same time, when a man is no way concerned in the effect of such inconsistencies in the behaviour of men of the world, the speculation must be in the utmost degree both diverting and instructive; yet to enjoy such observations in the highest relish, he ought to be placed in a post of direction, and have the dealing of their fortunes to them. I have therefore been wonderfully diverted with some pieces of secret history, which an antiquary, my very good friend, lent me as a curiosity. They are memoirs of the private life of PHARAMOND of France. "PHARAMOND," says my author, "was a prince of infinite humanity and generosity, and at the same time the most pleasant and facetious companion of his time. He had a peculiar taste in him, which would have been unlucky in any prince but himself; he thought there could be no exquisite pleasure in conversation, but among equals; and would pleasantly bewail himself that he always lived in a crowd, but was the only man in France that could never get into company. This turn of mind made him delight in midnight rambles, attended only with one person of his bed-chamber. He would in these excursions get acquainted with men (whose temper he had a mind to try) and recommend them privately to the particular observation of his first minister. He generally found himself neglected by his new acquaintance as soon as they had hopes of growing great; and used on such occasions to remark, that it was a great injustice to tax princes of forgetting themselves in their high fortunes, when there were so few that could with constancy bear the favour of their very creatures." My

author in these loose hints has one passage that gives us a very lively idea of the uncommon genius of PHARAMOND. He met with one man whom he had put to all the usual proofs he had made of those he had a mind to know thoroughly, and found him for his purpose. In discourse with him one day, he gave him an opportunity of saying how much would satisfy all his wishes. The prince immediately revealed himself, doubled the sum, and spoke to him in this manner. "Sir, You have twice what you desired, by the favour of PHARAMOND; but look to it, that you are satisfied with it, for it is the last you shall ever receive. I from this moment consider you as mine; and to make you truly so, I give you my royal word you shall never be greater or less than you are at present. Answer me not, (concluded the prince smiling) but enjoy the fortune I have put you in, which is above my own condition; for you have hereafter nothing to hope or to fear."

His Majesty having thus well chosen and bought a friend and companion, he enjoyed alternately all the pleasures of an agreeable private man, and a great and powerful monarch. He gave himself, with his companion, the name of the merry tyrant; for he punished his courtiers for their insolence and folly, not by any act of public disfavour, but by humorously practising upon their imaginations. If he observed a man untractable to his inferiors, he would find an opportunity to take some favourable notice of him, and render him insupportable. He knew all his own looks, words, and actions had their interpretations; and his friend Monsieur EUCRATE (for so he was called) having a great soul without ambition, he could communicate all his thoughts to him, and fear no artful use would be made of that freedom. It was no small delight when they were in private, to reflect upon all which had passed in public.

PHARAMOND would often, to satisfy a vain fool of power in his country, talk to him in a full court, and with

with one whisper make him despise all his old friends and acquaintance. He was come to that knowledge of men by long observation, that he would profess altering the whole mass of blood in some tempers, by thrice speaking to them. As fortune was in his power, he gave himself constant entertainment in managing the mere followers of it with the treatment they deserved. He would, by a skilful cast of his eye, and half a smile, make two fellows who hated, embrace, and fall upon each other's necks with as much eagerness, as if they followed their real inclinations, and intended to stifle one another. When he was in high good humour, he would lay the scene with EUCRATE, and on a public night exercise the passions of his whole court. He was pleased to see an haughty beauty watch the looks of the man she had long despised, from observation of his being taken notice of by PHARAMOND; and the lover conceive higher hopes, than to follow the woman he was dying for the day before. In a court, where men speak affection in the strongest terms, and dislike in the faintest, it was a comical mixture of incidents to see disguises thrown aside in one case, and increased on the other, according as favour or disgrace attended the respective objects of men's approbation or disesteem. PHARAMOND, in his mirth upon the meanness of mankind, used to say, "As he could take away a man's five senses, he could give him an hundred. The man in disgrace shall immediately lose all his natural endowments, and he that finds favour have the attributes of an angel." He would carry it so far as to say, 'It should not be only so in the opinion of the lower part of his court, but the men themselves shall think thus meanly or greatly of themselves, as they are out, or in the good graces of a court.'

A monarch who had wit and humour like PHARAMOND, must have pleasures which no man else can ever have opportunity of enjoying. He gave fortune to none but those whom he knew could receive it without transport. He made a noble and generous use of his observations,

vations, and did not regard his ministers as they were agreeable to himself, but as they were useful to his kingdom. By these means, the king appeared in every officer of state; and no man had a participation of the power, who had not a similitude of the virtue of PHARAMOND. R.

## No. 77.

TUESDAY, MAY 29, 1711.

Non convivere licet, nec urbe tota
Quisquam est tam prope tam proculque nobis.

MART. EPIG. I. 87.

"What correspondence can I hold with you,
"Who are so near, and yet so distant too?"

### ABSENCE IN COMPANY.

MY friend WILL HONEYCOMB is one of those sort of men who are very often absent in conversation, and what the French call *a reveur* and *a distrait*. A little before our club-time last night, we were walking together in Somerset garden, where WILL had picked up a small pebble of so odd a make, that he said he would present it to a friend of his, an eminent *virtuoso*. After we had walked some time, I made a full stop with my face towards the west, which WILL knowing to be my usual method of asking what's o'clock, in an afternoon, immediately pulled out his watch, and told me we had seven minutes good. We took a turn or two more, when to my great surprise I saw him squir away his watch a considerable way into the Thames, and with great sedateness in his looks put up the pebble, he had before found, in his fob. As I have naturally an aversion to much speaking, and do not love to be the messenger of ill news, especially

especially when it comes too late to be useful, I left him to be convinced of his mistake in due time, and continued my walk reflecting on these little absences and distractions in mankind, and resolving to make them the subject of a future speculation.

I was the more confirmed in my design, when I considered that they were very often blemishes in the characters of men of excellent sense; and helped to keep up the reputation of that Latin proverb, which Mr. DRYDEN has translated in the following lines:

"Great wit to madness sure is near ally'd,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide." *

My reader does, I hope, perceive, that I distinguish a man who is *absent*, because he thinks of something else, from one who is *absent*, because he thinks of nothing at all. The latter is too innocent a creature to be taken notice of; but the distractions of the former may, I believe, be generally accounted for from one of these reasons.

Either their minds are wholly fixed on some particular science, which is often the case of mathematicians and other learned men; or are wholly taken up with some violent passion, such as anger, fear, or love, which ties the mind to some distant object; or, lastly, these distractions proceed from a certain vivacity and fickleness in a man's temper, which, while it raises up infinite numbers of *ideas* in the mind, is continually pushing it on, without allowing it to rest on any particular image. Nothing therefore is more unnatural than the thoughts and conceptions of such a man, which are seldom occasioned either by the company he is in, or any of those objects which are placed before him. While you fancy he is admiring a beautiful woman, it is an even wager that he is solving a position in *Euclid*; and while you may imagine he is reading the *Paris Gazette*, it is far from being

* "Nullum magnum ingenium sine mixtura dementiæ." SENECA *de Tranquil. Anim.* cap. xv.

being impossible, that he is pulling down and rebuilding the front of his country-house.

At the same time that I am endeavouring to expose this weakness in others, I shall readily confess that I once laboured under the same infirmity myself. The method I took to conquer it was a firm resolution to learn something from whatever I was obliged to see, or hear. There is a way of thinking, if a man can attain to it, by which he may strike somewhat out of any thing. I can at present observe those starts of good sense, and struggles of unimproved reason in the conversation of a clown, with as much satisfaction as the most shining periods of the most finished orator; and can make a shift to command my attention at a puppet-show or an opera, as well as at *Hamlet* or *Othello*. I always make one of the company I am in; for though I say little myself, my attention to others, and those nods of approbation which I never bestow unmerited, sufficiently shew that I am among them. Whereas WILL HONEYCOMB, though a fellow of good sense, is every day doing and saying an hundred things, which he afterwards confesses, with a well-bred frankness, were somewhat *mal a propos*, and undesigned.

I chanced the other day to go into a coffee-house, where WILL was standing in the midst of several auditors, whom he had gathered round him, and was giving them an account of the person and character of MOLL HINTON. My appearance before him just put him in mind of me, without making him reflect that I was actually present. So that keeping his eyes full upon me, to the great surprise of his audience, he broke off his first harangue, and proceeded thus:—"Why now there's my friend, (mentioning me by my name) he is a fellow that thinks a great deal, but never opens his mouth; I warrant you he is now thrusting his short face into some coffee-house about Change. I was his bail in the time of the Popish Plot, when he was taken up for a Jesuit." If

he had looked on me a little longer, he had certainly described me so particularly, without ever considering what led him into it, that the whole company must necessarily have found me out; for which reason, remembering the old proverb, "Out of sight out of mind," I left the room; and upon meeting him an hour afterwards, was asked by him, with a great deal of good humour, in what part of the world I lived, that he had not seen me these three days.

Monsieur BRUYERE has given us the character of *an absent man* with a great deal of humour, which he has pushed to an agreeable extravagance; with the heads of it I shall conclude my present paper.

'MENALCAS (says that excellent author) comes down in a morning, opens his door to go out, but shuts it again, because he perceives that he has his night-cap on; and examining himself further, finds that he is but half-shaved, that he has stuck his sword on his right side, that his stockings are about his heels, and that his shirt is over his breeches. When he is dressed he goes to court, comes into the drawing-room, and walking bolt-upright under a branch of candlesticks, his wig is caught up by one of them, and hangs dangling in the air. All the courtiers fall a laughing, but MENALCAS laughs louder than any of them, and looks about for the person that is the jest of the company. Coming down to the court gate he finds a coach, which taking for his own, he whips into it; and the coachman drives off, not doubting but he carries his master. As soon as he stops, MENALCAS throws himself out of the coach, crosses the court, ascends the staircase, and runs through all the chambers with the greatest familiarity; reposes himself on a couch, and fancies himself at home. The master of the house at last comes in; MENALCAS rises to receive him, and desires him to sit down; he talks, muses, and then talks again. The gentleman of the house is tired and amazed; MENALCAS is no less so, but is

every moment in hopes that his impertinent guest will at last end his tedious visit. Night comes on, when MENALCAS is hardly undeceived.

'When he is playing at backgammon, he calls for a full glass of wine and water; it is his turn to throw; he has the box in one hand, and his glass in the other; and being extremely dry, and unwilling to lose time, he swallows down both the dice, and at the same time throws his wine into the tables. He writes a letter, and flings the sand into the ink-bottle; he writes a second, and mistakes the superscription. A nobleman receives one of them, and upon opening it reads as follows: "I would have you, honest JACK, immediately upon the receipt of this, take in hay enough to serve me the winter." His farmer receives the other, and is amazed to see in it, "My Lord, I received your Grace's commands, with an entire submission to"——If he is at an entertainment, you may see the pieces of bread continually multiplying round his plate. It is true the rest of the company want it, as well as their knives and forks, which MENALCAS does not let them keep long. Sometimes in a morning he puts his whole family in an hurry, and at last goes out without being able to stay for his coach or dinner, and for that day, you may see him in every part of the town, except the very place where he had appointed to be upon a business of importance. You would often take him for every thing that he is not; for a fellow quite stupid, for he hears nothing; for a fool, for he talks to himself, and has an hundred grimaces and motions in his head, which are altogether involuntary; for a proud man, for he looks full upon you, and takes no notice of your saluting him. The truth of it is, his eyes are open, but he makes no use of them, and neither sees you, nor any man, nor any thing else. He came once from his country-house, and his own footmen undertook to rob him, and succeeded. They held a flambeau to his throat, and bid him deliver his

his purse; he did so, and coming home told his friends he had been robbed; they desired to know the particular,' "Ask my servants, (says MENALCAS) for they were with me." X.

## No. 78.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 30, 1711.

Cum talis sis, utinam noster esses!
"Cou'd we but call so great a genius ours!"

### UGLY CLUB. PETITION OF WHO AND WHICH.

THE following letters are so pleasant, that I doubt not but the reader will be as much diverted with them as I was. I have nothing to do in this day's entertainment, but taking the sentence from the end of the Cambridge letter, and placing it at the front of my paper, to shew the author I wish him my companion with as much earnestness as he invites me to be his.

SIR,

'I SEND you the inclosed, to be inserted (if you think them worthy of it) in your SPECTATORS; in which so surprising a genius appears, that it is no wonder if all mankind endeavours to get somewhat into a paper which will always live.

'As to the Cambridge affair, the humour was really carried on in the way I describe it. However, you have a full commission to put out or in, and to do whatever you think fit with it. I have already had the satisfaction of seeing you take that liberty with some things I have

before sent you. Go on, Sir, and prosper! You have the best wishes of,

SIR,

Your very affectionate,

And obliged humble servant.'

---

*Cambridge.*

MR. SPECTATOR,

You well know it is of great consequence to clear titles, and it is of importance that it may be done in the proper season; on which account, this is to assure you, that the *Club of Ugly Faces* was instituted originally at Cambridge, in the merry reign of King CHARLES II. As in great bodies of men it is not difficult to find members enough for such a club, so (I remember) it was then feared, upon their intention of dining together, that the hall belonging to Clare-hall, (the ugliest *then* in the town, though *now* the neatest) would not be large enough *handsomely* to hold the company. Invitations were made to great numbers, but very few accepted them without much difficulty. *One* pleaded, that being at London, in a bookseller's shop, a lady going by with a great belly longed to kiss him. *He* had certainly been excused, but that evidence appeared, that indeed one in London did pretend she longed to kiss him, but that it was only a *pickpocket*, who during his kissing her, stole away all his money. *Another* would have got off by a dimple in his chin; but it was proved upon *him*, that he had, by coming into a room, made a woman miscarry, and frightened two children into fits. A *third* alledged, that he was taken by a lady for another gentleman, who was one of the handsomest in the University: but upon enquiry, it was found that the lady had actually lost one eye, and the other was very much upon the decline. A *fourth* produced letters out of the country in his vindication, in which a gentleman offered him his daughter, who had lately

fallen

fallen in love with him, with a good fortune: but it was made appear, that the young lady was amorous, and had like to have run away with her father's coachman, so that it was supposed, that her pretence of falling in love with him, was only in order to be well married. It was pleasant to hear the several excuses which were made, insomuch that some made as much interest to be excused, as they would from serving sheriff; however, at last the society was formed, and proper officers were appointed; and the day was fixed for the entertainment, which was in *venison season*. A pleasant Fellow of King's College (commonly called CRAB, from his sour look, and the only man who did not pretend to get off) was nominated for Chaplain; and nothing was wanting but some one to sit in the elbow-chair, by way of President, at the upper end of the table; and there the business stuck, for there was no contention for superiority there. This affair made so great a noise, that the King, who was then at Newmarket, heard of it, and was pleased merrily and graciously to say, "*He could not be there himself, but he would send them a brace of bucks.*"

'I would desire you, Sir, to set this affair in a true light, that posterity may not be misled in so important a point: for when *the wise man who shall write your true history* shall acquaint the world, that you had a *diploma* sent from the *Ugly Club* at *Oxford*, and that by virtue of it you were admitted into it, what a learned war will there be among *future critics* about the original of that club, which both Universities will contend so warmly for? And perhaps some hardy *Cantabrigian* author may then boldly affirm, that the word *Oxford* was an interpolation of some Oxonian instead of *Cambridge*. This affair will be best adjusted in your lifetime; but I hope your affection to your mother will not make you partial to your aunt.

'To tell you, Sir, my own opinion: Though I cannot find any ancient records of any acts of the *Society of the Ugly Faces*, considered in a *public* capacity; yet,

in a *private* one, they have certainly antiquity on their side. I am persuaded they will hardly give place to the *Lowngers*, and the *Lowngers* are of the same standing with the University itself.

'Though we well know, Sir, you want no motives to do justice, yet I am commissioned to tell you, that you are invited to be admitted *ad eundem* at Cambridge; and I believe I may venture safely to deliver this as the wish of our whole University.'

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TO MR. SPECTATOR.

*The Humble* PETITION *of* WHO *and* WHICH,

SHEWETH,

'That your petitioners being in a forlorn and destitute condition, know not to whom we should apply ourselves for relief, because there is hardly any man alive who hath not injured us. Nay, we speak it with sorrow, even YOU yourself, whom we should suspect of such a practice the last of all mankind, can hardly acquit yourself of having given us some cause of complaint. We are descended of ancient families, and kept up our dignity and honour many years, till the jack-sprat THAT supplanted us. How often have we found ourselves slighted by the clergy in their pulpits, and the lawyers at the bar? Nay, how often have we heard, in one of the most polite and august assemblies in the universe, to our great mortification, these words, *That* THAT *that noble Lord urged*; which if one of us had had justice done, would have sounded nobler thus, *That* WHICH *that noble Lord urged*. Senates themselves, the guardians of British liberty, have degraded us, and preferred THAT to us; and yet no decree was ever given against us. In the very acts of parliament, in which the utmost right should be done to every *body*, WORD and *thing*, we find ourselves often either not used, or used one instead of another. In the first and best prayer children are taught,

they

they learn to misuse us: *Our Father* WHICH *art in heaven*, should be, *Our Father* WHO *art in heaven*; and even a CONVOCATION, after long debates, refused to consent to an alteration of it. In our *general confession* we say, *Spare thou them, O God,* WHICH *confess their faults*, which ought to be WHO *confess their faults*. What hopes then have we of having justice done us, when the makers of our very prayers and laws, and the most learned in all faculties, seem to be in a confederacy against us, and our enemies themselves must be our judges?

'The Spanish proverb says, *Il sabio muda conscio, il necio no*; i. e. *A wise man changes his mind, a fool never will.* So that we think you, Sir, a very proper person to address to, since we know you to be capable of being convinced, and changing your judgment. You are well able to settle this affair, and to you we submit our cause. We desire you to assign the butts and bounds of each of us; and that for the future we may both enjoy our own. We would desire to be heard by our counsel, but that we fear in their very pleadings they would betray our cause: besides, we have been oppressed so many years, that we can appear no other way but *in forma pauperis*. All which considered, we hope you will be pleased to do that which to right and justice shall appertain.

And your petitioners, &c.'

R.

# No. 79.

THURSDAY, MAY 31, 1711.

Oderunt peccare boni virtutis amore.

HOR. 1. EP. XVI. 52.

"The good, for virtue's sake, abhor to sin."

CREECH.

## ON THE FAIR SEX.

I HAVE received very many letters of late from my female correspondents, most of whom are very angry with me for abridging their pleasures, and looking severely upon things, in themselves indifferent. But I think they are extremely unjust to me in this imputation. All I contend for is, that those excellencies, which are to be regarded but in the second place, should not precede more weighty considerations. The heart of man deceives him, in spite of the lectures of half a life spent in discourses on the subjection of passion; and I do not know why one may not think the heart of woman as unfaithful to itself. If we grant an equality in the faculties of both sexes, the minds of women are less cultivated with precepts, and consequently may, without disrespect to them, be accounted more liable to illusion, in cases wherein natural inclination is out of the interest of virtue. I shall take up my present time in commenting upon a billet or two which came from ladies, and from thence leave the reader to judge whether I am in the right or not, in thinking it is possible fine women may be mistaken. The following address seems to have no other design in it, but to tell me the writer will do what she pleases for all me.

Mr.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I AM young, and very much inclined to follow the paths of innocence; but at the same time, as I have a plentiful fortune, and am of quality, I am unwilling to resign the pleasures of distinction, some little satisfaction in being admired in general, and much greater in being beloved by a gentleman, whom I design to make my husband. But I have a mind to put off entering into matrimony till another winter is over my head, which (whatever, musty Sir, you may think of the matter) I design to pass away in hearing music, going to plays, visiting, and all other satisfactions which fortune and youth, protected by innocence and virtue, can procure for,

Your most humble servant,

M. T.'

'My lover does not know I like him, therefore having no engagements upon me, I think to stay and know whether I may like any one else better.'

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I have heard WILL HONEYCOMB say, "A woman seldom writes her mind but in her postscript." I think this gentlewoman has sufficiently discovered here in this, I will lay what wager she pleases against her present favourite, and can tell her that she will like ten more before she is fixed, and then will take the worst man she ever liked in her life. There is no end of affection taken in at the eyes only; and you may as well satisfy those eyes with seeing, as controul any passion received by them only. It is from loving by sight, that coxcombs so frequently succeed with women, and very often a young lady is bestowed by her parents to a man who weds her as innocence itself, though she has, in her own heart, given her approbation of a different man in every assembly she was in the whole year before. What is wanting among women as well as among men, is the

love of laudable things, and not to rest only in the forbearance of such as are reproachful.

How far removed from a woman of this light imagination is EUDOSIA! EUDOSIA has all the arts of life and good-breeding with so much ease, that the virtue of her conduct looks more like an instinct than choice. It is as little difficult to her to think justly of persons and things, as it is to a woman of different accomplishments to move ill, or look aukward. That which was, at first the effect of instruction, is grown into a habit; and it would be as hard for EUDOSIA to indulge a wrong suggestion of thought, as it would be to FLAVIA, the fine dancer, to come into a room with an unbecoming air.

But the misapprehensions people themselves have of their own state of mind, is laid down with much discernment in the following letter, which is but an extract of a kind epistle from my charming mistress HECATISSA, who is above the vanity of external beauty, and is the better judge of the perfections of the mind.

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MR. SPECTATOR,

'I WRITE this to acquaint you, that very many ladies, as myself, spend many hours more than we used at the glass, for want of the female library, of which you promised us a catalogue. I hope, Sir, in the choice of authors for us, you will have a part cular regard to books of devotion. What they are, and how many, must be your chief care; for upon the propriety of such writings depends a great deal. I have known those among us who think, if they every morning and evening spend an hour in their closet, and read over so many prayers in six or seven books of devotion, all equally nonsensical, with a sort of warmth, (that might as well be raised by a glass of wine, or a dram of citron) they may all the rest of their time go on in whatever their particular passion leads them to. The beauteous PHILAUTIA, who is (in your language) an *Idol*, is one of these votaries; she has a very pretty furnished closet, to which she retires

tires at her appointed hours.—This is her dressing-room, as well as chapel; she has constantly before her a large looking-glass; and upon the table, according to a very witty author,

"Together lie her prayer-book and paint,
At once t'improve the sinner and the saint."

'It must be a good scene, if one could be present at it, to see this *Idol* by turns lift up her eyes to heaven, and steal glances at her own dear person. It cannot but be a pleasing conflict between vanity and humiliation. When you are upon this subject, choose books which elevate the mind above the world, and give a pleasing indifference to little things in it. For want of such instructions, I am apt to believe so many people take it in their heads to be sullen, cross, and angry, under pretence of being abstracted from the affairs of this life, when at the same time they betray their fondness for them by doing their duty as a task, and pouting and reading good books for a week together. Much of this I take to proceed from the indiscretion of the books themselves, whose very titles of weekly preparations, and such limited godliness, lead people of ordinary capacities into great errors, and raise in them a mechanical religion entirely distinct from morality. I know a lady so given up to this sort of devotion, that though she employs six or eight hours of the twenty-four at cards, she never misses one constant hour of prayer, for which time another holds her cards, to which she returns with no little anxiousness till two or three in the morning. All these acts are but empty shews, and, as it were, compliments made to virtue; the mind is all the while untouched with any true pleasure in the pursuit of it. From hence I presume it arises, that so many people call themselves virtuous, from no other pretence to it but an absence of ill. There is DULCIAMARA is the most insolent of all creatures to her friends and domestics, upon no other pretence in nature, but that (as her silly phrase is) "no

one can say black is her eye." She has no secrets, forsooth, which should make her afraid to speak her mind, and therefore she is impertinently blunt to all her acquaintance, and unseasonably imperious to all her family. Dear Sir, be pleased to put such books in our hands, as may make our virtue more inward, and convince some of us, that in a mind truly virtuous, the scorn of vice is always accompanied with the pity of it. This and other things are impatiently expected from you by our whole sex; among the rest by,

SIR,

R. Your most humble servant,

R. D.

## N°. 80.

FRIDAY, JUNE 1, 1711.

Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt.

HOR. 1 EP. xi. 27.

"Those that beyond-sea go, will sadly find,
"They change their climate only, not their mind."

CREECH.

### RIVALRY IN BEAUTY, DESTROYER OF FEMALE FRIENDSHIP—BRUNETTA AND PHILLIS.

IN the year 1688, and on the same day of that year, were born in Cheapside, London, two females of exquisite feature and shape; the one we shall call BRUNETTA, the other PHILLIS. A close intimacy between their parents made each of them the first acquaintance the other knew in the world. They played, dressed babies, acted visitings, learned to dance and make curtesies together. They were inseparable companions in all the little entertainments their tender years were capable of: which

which innocent happiness continued until the beginning of their fifteenth year, when it happened that PHILLIS had an head-dress on, which became her so very well, that instead of being beheld any more with pleasure for their amity to each other, the eyes of the neighbourhood were turned to remark them with comparison of their beauty. They now no longer enjoyed the ease of mind and pleasing indolence in which they were formerly happy, but all their words and actions were misinterpreted by each other, and every excellence in their speech and behaviour was looked upon as an act of emulation to surpass the other. These beginnings of disinclination soon improved into a formality of behaviour, a general coldness, and by natural steps, into an irreconcileable hatred.

These two rivals for the reputation of beauty, were in their stature, countenance, and mien so very much alike, that if you were speaking of them in their absence, the words in which you described the one must give you an idea of the other. They were hardly distinguishable, you would think, when they were apart, though extremely different when together. What made their enmity the more entertaining to all the rest of the sex was, that in detraction from each other, neither could fall upon terms which did not hit herself as much as her adversary. Their nights grew restless with meditation of new dresses to outvie each other, and inventing new devices to recall admirers, who observed the charms of the one rather than those of the other, on the last meeting. Their colours failed at each other's appearance, flushed with pleasure at the report of a disadvantage, and their countenances withered upon instances of applause. The decencies to which women are obliged, made these virgins stifle their resentment so far as not to break into open violences, while they equally suffered the torments of a regulated anger. Their mothers, as it is usual, engaged in the quarrel, and supported the several pretensions of the daughters with

with all that ill-chosen sort of expence which is common with people of plentiful fortunes and mean taste. The girls preceded their parents like queens of May, in all the gaudy colours imaginable, on every Sunday to church, and were exposed to the examination of the audience for superiority of beauty.

During this constant struggle it happened, that PHILLIS one day at public prayers smote the heart of a gay West Indian, who appeared in all the colours which can affect an eye that could not distinguish between being fine and tawdry. This American, in a summer-island suit, was too shining and too gay to be resisted by PHILLIS, and too intent upon her charms to be diverted by any of the laboured attractions of BRUNETTA. Soon after, BRUNETTA had the mortification to see her rival disposed of in a wealthy marriage, while she was only addressed to, in a manner that shewed she was the admiration of all men, but the choice of none. PHILLIS was carried to the habitation of her spouse in Barbadoes. BRUNETTA had the ill-nature to enquire for her by every opportunity, and had the misfortune to hear of her being attended by numerous slaves, fanned into slumbers by successive bands of them, and carried from place to place in all the pomp of barbarous magnificence. BRUNETTA could not endure these repeated advices, but employed all her arts and charms in laying baits for any of condition of the same island, out of a mere ambition to confront her once more before she died. She at last succeeded in her design, and was taken to wife by a gentleman whose estate was contiguous to that of her enemy's husband. It would be endless to enumerate the many occasions on which these irreconcileable beauties laboured to excel each other; but in process of time it happened, that a ship put into the island, consigned to a friend of PHILLIS, who had directions to give her the refusal of all goods for apparel, before BRUNETTA could be alarmed of their arrival. He did so, and PHILLIS was dressed in a few days in a brocade more gorgeous

and

and costly than had ever before appeared in that latitude. BRUNETTA languished at the sight, and could by no means come up to the bravery of her antagonist. She communicated her anguish of mind to a faithful friend, who by an interest in the wife of PHILLIS's merchant, procured a remnant of the same silk for BRUNETTA. PHILLIS took pains to appear in all public places where she was sure to meet BRUNETTA; BRUNETTA was now prepared for the insult, and came to a public ball in a plain black silk mantua, attended by a beautiful negro girl in a petticoat of the same brocade with which PHILLIS was attired. This drew the attention of the whole company, upon which the unhappy PHILLIS swooned away, and was immediately conveyed to her house. As soon as she came to herself, she fled from her husband's house, went on board a ship in the road, and is now landed in inconsolable despair at Plymouth.

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*POSTSCRIPT.*

After the above melancholy narration, it may perhaps be a relief to the reader to peruse the following expostulation.

TO MR. SPECTATOR.

*The just REMONSTRANCE of affronted THAT.*

'THOUGH I deny not the petition of Mr. WHO and WHICH, yet you should not suffer them to be rude, and to call honest people names: for that bears very hard on some of those rules of decency, which you are justly famous for establishing. They may find fault, and correct speeches in the senate, and at the bar, but let them try to get *themselves* so *often* and with so much *eloquence* repeated in a sentence, as a great orator doth frequently introduce me.

My

'My Lords! (says he) with humble submission, *That That* I say is this; That, *That That* gentleman has advanced, is not *That*, *That* he should have proved to your lordships. Let those two questionary petitioners try to do thus with their *Who's* and their *Whiches*.

'What great advantage was I of to Mr. DRYDEN in his Indian Emperor,

You force me still to answer you in *That*,

to furnish out a rhyme to MORAT? And what a poor figure would Mr. BAYES have made without his *Egad and all That!* How can a judicious man distinguish one thing from another, without saying *This here*, or *That there?* And how can a sober man, without using the *expletives* of oaths, (in which indeed the rakes and bullies have a great advantage over others) make a discourse of any tolerable length, without *That is*; and, if he be a very grave man indeed, without *That is to say?* And how instructive as well as entertaining are those usual expressions in the mouths of great men, *Such things as That*, and *The like of That*.

'I am not against reforming the corruptions of speech you mention, and own there are proper seasons for the introduction of other words besides *That*; but I scorn as much to supply the place of a *Who* or a *Which* at every turn, as they are *unequal* always to fill mine; and I expect good language and civil treatment, and hope to receive it for the future: *That*, *That* I shall only add is, *That* I am,

Yours,

R THAT.'

# No. 81.

SATURDAY, JUNE 2, 1711.

Qualis ubi audito venantûm murmure tigris
Horruit in maculas———

STAT. THEB. ii. 28.

"As when the tigress hears the hunter's din,
Dark angry spots distain her glossy skin."

## ON PARTY-SPIRIT AMONG WOMEN.

ABOUT the middle of last winter I went to see an opera at the theatre in the Haymarket, where I could not but take notice of two parties of very fine women that had placed themselves in the opposite side-boxes, and seemed drawn up in a kind of battle-array one against another. After a short survey of them, I found they were patched differently; the faces on one hand being spotted on the right side of the forehead, and those upon the other on the left. I quickly perceived that they cast hostile glances upon one another; and that their patches were placed in those different situations, as party-signals to distinguish friends from foes. In the middle-boxes, between these two opposite bodies, were several ladies who patched indifferently on both sides of their faces, and seemed to sit there with no other intention but to see the opera. Upon enquiry, I found that the body of Amazons on my right hand, were Whigs, * and those on my left, Tories; and that those who had placed themselves in the middle-boxes were a



* Those who have been present at a contested election, may have observed, that the zeal of the ladies is now no less ardent than that of our great grandmothers in the time of the SPECTATOR.

neutral party, whose faces had not yet declared themselves. These last, however, as I afterwards found, diminished daily, and took their party with one side or the other; insomuch that I observed, in several of them, the patches which were before dispersed equally, are now all gone over to the whig or tory side of the face. The censorious say, that the men, whose hearts are aimed at, are very often the occasions that one part of the face is thus dishonoured, and lies under a kind of disgrace, while the other is so much set off and adorned by the owner; and that the patches turn to the right or to the left, according to the principles of the man who is most in favour. But whatever may be the motives of a few fantastical coquettes, who do not patch for the public good so much as for their own private advantage, it is certain, that there are several women of honour who patch out of principle, and with an eye to the interest of their country. Nay, I am informed that some of them adhere so stedfastly to their party, and are so far from sacrificing their zeal for the public to their passion for any particular person, that in a late draught of marriage-articles a lady has stipulated with her husband, that whatever his opinions are, she shall be at liberty to patch on which side she pleases.

I must here take notice, that ROSALINDA, a famous whig partizan, has most unfortunately a very beautiful mole on the tory part of her forehead; which being very conspicuous, has occasioned many mistakes, and given a handle to her enemies to misrepresent her face, as though it had revolted from the whig interest. But, whatever this natural patch may seem to intimate, it is well known that her notions of government are still the same. This unlucky mole, however, has misled several coxcombs; and like the hanging out of false colours, made some of them converse with ROSALINDA in what they thought the spirit of her party, when on a sudden she has given them an unexpected fire, that has sunk them all at once. If ROSALINDA is unfortunate in her

mole, NIGRANILLA is as unhappy in a pimple, which forces her, against her inclinations, to patch on the whig side.

I am told that many virtuous matrons, who formerly have been taught to believe that this artificial spotting of the face was unlawful, are now reconciled by a zeal for their cause, to what they could not be prompted by a concern for their beauty. This way of declaring war upon one another, puts me in mind of what is reported of the tigress, that several spots rise in her skin when she is angry, or as Mr. COWLEY has imitated the verses that stand as the motto of this paper,

——— "She swells with angry pride,
And calls forth all her spots on every side."

When I was in the theatre the time above-mentioned, I had the curiosity to count the patches on both sides, and found the tory patches to be about twenty stronger than the whig; but to make amends for this small inequality, I the next morning found the whole puppet-shew filled with faces spotted after the whiggish manner. Whether or no the ladies had retreated hither in order to rally their forces, I cannot tell; but the next night they came in so great a body to the opera, that they out-numbered the enemy.

This account of party-patches will, I am afraid, appear improbable to those who live at a distance from the fashionable world: but as it is a distinction of a very singular nature, and what perhaps may never meet with a parallel, I think I should not have discharged the office of a faithful SPECTATOR, had not I recorded it.

I have, in former papers, endeavoured to expose this party-rage in women, as it only serves to aggravate the hatreds and animosities that reign among men, and in a great measure deprives the fair sex of those peculiar charms with which nature has endowed them.

When the Romans and Sabines were at war, and just upon the point of giving battle, the women, who were

allied to both of them, interposed with so many tears and intreaties, that they prevented the mutual slaughter which threatened both parties, and united them together in a firm and lasting peace.

I would recommend this noble example to our British ladies, at a time when their country is torn with so many unnatural divisions, that if they continue, it will be a misfortune to be born in it. The Greeks thought it so improper for women to interest themselves in competitions and contentions, that for this reason, among others, they forbad them, under pain of death, to be present at the Olympic games, notwithstanding these were the public diversions of all Greece.

As our English women excel those of all nations in beauty, they should endeavour to outshine them in all other accomplishments proper to the sex, and to distinguish themselves as tender mothers, and faithful wives, rather than as furious partizans. Female virtues are of a domestic turn. The family is the proper province for private women to shine in. If they must be shewing their zeal for the public, let it not be against those who are perhaps of the same family, or at least of the same religion or nation, but against those who are the open, professed, undoubted enemies of their faith, liberty and country. When the Romans were pressed with a foreign enemy, the ladies voluntarily contributed all their rings and jewels to assist the government under a public exigence, which appeared so laudable an action in the eyes of their countrymen, that from thenceforth it was permitted by a law to pronounce public orations at the funeral of a woman in praise of the deceased person, which till that time was peculiar to the men. Would our English ladies, instead of sticking on a patch against those of their own country, shew themselves so truly public-spirited as to sacrifice every one her necklace against the common enemy, what decrees ought not to be made in favour of them?

Since I am recollecting upon this subject such passages

sages as occur to my memory out of ancient authors, I cannot omit a sentence in the celebrated *Funeral Oration of* PERICLES,* which he made in honour of those brave Athenians that were slain in a fight with the Lacedemonians. After having addressed himself to the several ranks and orders of his countrymen, and shewn them how they should behave themselves in the public cause, he turns to the female part of his audience; "And as for you, (says he) I shall advise you in very few words. Aspire only to those virtues that are peculiar to your sex; follow your natural modesty, and think it your greatest commendation not to be talked of one way or other."† C.

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* THUCYDIDES, Book II.

† The reader will recollect, that in Greece women were of much less consequence in society than in Britain. PERICLES's advice had therefore a propriety relatively to the state of women in Athens, which it may not relatively to their state in other countries. The virtues recommended, though highly important in a civilized country, in modern times, by no means constitute female perfection, without the addition of other qualifications.

# No. 82.

MONDAY, JUNE 4, 1711.

———Caput dominâ venale sub hastâ.

JUV. SAT. iii. 33.

"His fortunes ruin'd, and himself a slave."

## ON THE MISERY OF BEING IN DEBT.

PASSING under Ludgate* the other day, I heard a voice bawling for charity, which I thought I had somewhere heard before. Coming near to the grate, the prisoner called me by my name, and desired I would throw something into the box: I was out of countenance for him, and did as he bid me, by putting in half a crown. I went away, reflecting upon the strange constitution of some men, and how meanly they behave themselves in all sorts of conditions. The person who begged of me is now, as I take it, fifty: I was well acquainted with him till about the age of twenty-five; at which time a good estate fell to him by the death of a relation. Upon coming to this unexpected good fortune, he ran into all the extravagancies imaginable, was frequently in drunken disputes, broke drawers' heads, talked and swore loud, was unmannerly to those above him, and insolent to those below him. I could not but remark, that it was the same baseness of spirit which worked in his behaviour in both fortunes: the same little mind was insolent in riches, and shameless in poverty. This accident made me muse upon the circumstance of being in debt in general, and solve in my mind what tempers were most apt

* Formerly a prison for debtors who were freemen of London.

apt to fall into this error of life, as well as the misfortune it must needs be to languish under such pressures. As for myself, my natural aversion to that sort of conversation which makes a figure with the generality of mankind, exempts me from any temptations to expence; and all my business lies within a very narrow compass, which is only to give an honest man who takes care of my estate, proper vouchers for his quarterly payments to me, and observe what linen my laundress brings and takes away with her once a week. My steward brings his receipt ready for my signing; and I have a pretty implement with the respective names of shirts, cravats, handkerchiefs and stockings, with proper numbers to know how to reckon with my laundress. This being almost all the business I have in the world for the care of my own affairs, I am at full leisure to observe upon what others do, with relation to their equipage and economy.

When I walk the street, and observe the hurry about me in this town,

> "Where, with like haste, thro' several ways they run,
> Some to undo, and some to be undone;"

I say, when I behold this vast variety of persons and humours, with the pains they both take for the accomplishment of the ends mentioned in the above verses of DENHAM,* I cannot much wonder at the endeavour after gain, but am extremely astonished that men can be so insensible of the danger of running into debt. One would think it impossible a man who is given to contract debts should *not* know, that his creditor has, from that moment in which he transgresses payment, so much as that demand comes to, in his debtor's honour, liberty, and fortune. One would think he did not know that his creditor can say the worst thing imaginable of him, to wit, *that he is unjust*, without defamation; and can



* From his poem entitled *Cooper's Hill*.

seize his person, without being guilty of an assault. Yet such is the loose and abandoned turn of some men's minds, that they can live under these constant apprehensions, and still go on to increase the cause of them. Can there be a more low and servile condition, than to be ashamed, or afraid, to see any one man breathing? Yet he that is much in debt, is in that condition with relation to twenty different people. There are indeed circumstances wherein men of honest natures may become liable to debts, by some unadvised behaviour in any great point of their life, or mortgaging a man's honesty as a security for that of another, and the like: but these instances are so particular and circumstantiated, that they cannot come within general considerations. For one such case as one of these, there are ten, where a man, to keep up a farce of retinue and grandeur within his own house, shall shrink at the expectation of surly demands at his doors. The debtor is the creditor's criminal, and all the officers of power and state, whom we behold make so great a figure, are no other than so many persons in authority to make good his charge against him. Human society depends upon his having the vengeance law allots him; and the debtor owes his liberty to his neighbour, as much as the murderer does his life to his prince.

Our gentry are, generally speaking, in debt: and many families have put it into a kind of method of being so from generation to generation. The father mortgages when his son is very young: and the boy is to marry, as soon as he is at age, to redeem it and find portions for his sisters. This forsooth, is no great inconvenience to him; for he may wench, keep a public table, or feed dogs, like a worthy English gentleman, till he has out-run half his estate, and leave the same incumbrance upon his first-born, and so on; till one man of more vigour than ordinary goes quite through the estate, or some man of sense comes into it, and scorns to have an estate in partnership, that is to say,

liable

liable to the demand or insult of any man living. There is my friend Sir ANDREW, though for many years a great and general trader, was never the defendant in a law-suit, in all the perplexity of business, and the iniquity of mankind at present; no one had any colour for the least complaint against his dealings with him. This is certainly as uncommon, and in its proportion as laudable in a citizen, as it is in a general never to have suffered a disadvantage in fight. How different from this gentleman is JACK TRUEPENNY, who has been an old acquaintance of Sir ANDREW and myself from boys, but could never learn our caution. JACK has a whorish unresisting good nature, which makes him incapable of having a property in any thing. His fortune, his reputation, his time, and his capacity, are at any man's service that comes first. When he was at school, he was whipped thrice a week for faults he took upon him to excuse others; since he came into the business of the world, he has been arrested twice or thrice a year for debts he had nothing to do with, but as surety for others; and I remember when a friend of his had suffered in the vice of the town, all the physic his friend took was conveyed to him by JACK, and inscribed "a bolus or an electuary for Mr. TRUEPENNY." JACK had a good estate left him, which came to nothing; because he believed all who pretended to demands upon it. This easiness and credulity destroy all the other merit he has; and he has all his life been a sacrifice to others, without ever receiving thanks, or doing one good action.

I will end this discourse with a speech which I heard JACK make to one of his creditors (of whom he deserved gentler usage) after lying a whole night in custody at his suit.

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SIR,

'YOUR ingratitude for the many kindnesses I have done you, shall not make me unthankful for the good you have done me, in letting me see there is such a

man

man as you in the world. I am obliged to you for the diffidence I shall have all the rest of my life; I shall hereafter trust no man so far *as to be in his debt.*' *

R.

## No. 83.

TUESDAY, JUNE 5, 1711.

——Animum picturâ pascit inani.

VIRG. ÆN. i. 468.

"And with the shadowy picture feeds his mind."

### AN ALLEGORY, EXHIBITING THE EFFECTS OF CERTAIN PASSIONS AND QUALITIES OF THE MIND.

WHEN the weather hinders me from taking my diversion without doors, I frequently make a little party with two or three select friends, to visit any thing curious that may be seen under covert. My principal entertainments of this nature are pictures, insomuch that when I have found the weather set in to be very bad, I have taken a whole day's journey to see a gallery that is furnished by the hands of great masters. By these means, when the heavens are filled with clouds, when the earth swims in rain, and all nature wears a louring countenance, I withdraw myself from these uncomfortable scenes into the visionary worlds of Art; where I meet with shining landscapes, gilded triumphs, beautiful faces, and all those other objects that fill the mind with

* This very sensible paper by STEELE is a striking instance of the observation of one of TERENCE's personages, *video meliora probaque deteriora sequor.* STEELE was, from his irregularity and extravagance, in that unhappy situation which he here so eloquently describes; and though he had many opportunities of extricating himself, never availed himself of them.

with gay ideas, and disperse that gloominess which is apt to hang upon it in those dark disconsolate seasons.

I was some weeks ago in a course of these diversions; which had taken such an intire possession of my imagination, that they formed in it a short morning's dream, which I shall communicate to my reader, rather as the first sketch and outlines of a vision, than as a finished piece.

I dreamed that I was admitted into a long, spacious gallery, which had one side covered with pieces of all the famous painters who are now living, and the other with the works of the greatest masters that are dead.

On the side of the *living*, I saw several persons busy in drawing, colouring, and designing. On the side of the *dead* painters, I could not discover more than one person at work, who was exceeding slow in his motions, and wonderfully nice in his touches.

I was resolved to examine the several artists that stood before me, and accordingly applied myself to the side of the living. The first I observed at work in this part of the gallery was VANITY, with his hair tied behind him in a ribbon, and dressed like a Frenchman. All the faces he drew were very remarkable for their smiles, and a certain smirking air which he bestowed indifferently on every age and degree of either sex. The *toujours gai* appeared even in his judges, bishops, and privy-counsellors. In a word, all his men were *petits maitres*, and all his women *coquettes*. The drapery of his figures was extremely well suited to his faces, and was made up of all the glaring colours that could be mixed together; every part of the dress was in a flutter, and endeavoured to distinguish itself above the rest.

On the left hand of VANITY stood a laborious workman, who I found was his humble admirer, and copied after him. He was dressed like a German, and had a very hard name that sounded something like STUPIDITY.

The

The third artist that I looked over was FANTASQUE, dressed like a Venetian scaramouch. He had an excellent hand at chimera, and dealt very much in distortions and grimaces. He would sometimes affright himself with the phantoms that flowed from his pencil. In short, the most elaborate of his pieces was at best but a terrifying dream; and one could say nothing more of his finest figures, than that they were agreeable monsters.

The fourth person I examined was very remarkable for his hasty hand, which left his pictures so unfinished, that the beauty in the picture (which was designed to continue as a monument of it to posterity) faded sooner than in the person after whom it was drawn. He made so much haste to dispatch his business, that he neither gave himself time to clean his pencils, nor mix his colours. The name of this expeditious workman was AVARICE.

Not far from this artist I saw another of a quite different nature, who was dressed in the habit of a Dutchman, and known by the name of INDUSTRY. His figures were wonderfully laboured. If he drew the portraiture of a man, he did not omit a single hair in his face; if the figure of a ship, there was not a rope among the tackle that escaped him. He had likewise hung a great part of the wall with night-pieces, that seemed to shew themselves by the candles which were lighted up in several parts of them; and were so inflamed by the sunshine which accidentally fell upon them, that at first sight I could scarce forbear crying out *fire*.

The five foregoing artists were the most considerable on this side of the gallery; there were indeed several others whom I had not time to look into. One of them, however, I could not forbear observing, who was very busy in retouching the finest pieces, though he produced no originals of his own. His pencil aggravated every feature that was before overcharged, loaded every defect, and poisoned every colour it touched. Though this workman

workman did so much mischief on the side of the living, he never turned his eye towards that of the dead. His name was ENVY.

Having taken a cursory view of one side of the gallery, I turned myself to that which was filled by the works of those great masters that were dead; when immediately I fancied myself standing before a multitude of Spectators, and thousands of eyes looking upon me at once; for all before me appeared so like men and women, that I almost forgot they were pictures. RAPHAEL's figures stood in one row, TITIAN's in another, GUIDO RHENI's in a third. One part of the wall was peopled by HANNIBAL CARRACHE, another by CORREGGIO, and another by RUBENS. To be short, there was not a great master among the dead who had not contributed to the embellishment of this side of the gallery. The persons that owed their being to these several masters, appeared all of them to be real and alive, and differed among one another only in the variety of their shapes, complexions, and clothes; so that they looked like different nations of the same species.

Observing an old man (who was the same person I before mentioned, as the only artist that was at work on this side of the gallery) creeping up and down from one picture to another, and retouching all the fine pieces that stood before me, I could not but be very attentive to all his motions. I found his pencil was so very light, that it worked imperceptibly, and after a thousand touches, scarce produced any visible effect on the picture in which he was employed. However, as he busied himself incessantly, and repeated touch after touch without rest or intermission, he wore off insensibly every little disagreeable gloss that hung upon a figure. He also added such a beautiful brown to the shades, and mellowness to the colours, that he made every picture appear more perfect than when it came fresh from the master's pencil. I could not forbear looking upon the face of this ancient workman, and immediately, by the

long

long lock of hair upon his forehead, discovered him to be TIME.

Whether it were because the thread of my dream was at an end I cannot tell, but upon my taking a survey of this imaginary old man, my sleep left me.

C.

## No. 84.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 6, 1711.

——— Quis talia fando
Myrmidonum Dolopumve aut duri miles ULYSSEI
Temperet à lachrymis?

VIRG. ÆN. ii. 6.

"Who can such woes relate without a tear,
"As stern ULYSSES must have wept to hear."

### ON DUELLING.

LOOKING over the old manuscript wherein the private actions of PHARAMOND are set down by way of table-book, I found many things which gave me great delight; and as human life turns upon the same principles and passions in all ages, I thought it very proper to take minutes of what passed in that age, for the instruction of this. The antiquary who lent me these papers, gave me a character of EUCRATE the favourite of PHARAMOND, extracted from an author who lived in that court. The account he gives both of the prince and this his faithful friend, will not be improper to insert here, because I may have occasion to mention many of their conversations, into which these memorials of them may give light.

'PHARAMOND, when he had a mind to retire for an hour or two from the hurry of business and fatigue of ceremony,

ceremony, made a signal to EUCRATE, by putting his hand to his face, placing his arm negligently on a window, or some such action as appeared indifferent to all the rest of the company. Upon such notice, unobserved by others (for their entire intimacy was always a secret) EUCRATE repaired to his own apartment to receive the king. There was a secret access to this part of the court, at which EUCRATE used to admit many whose mean appearance in the eyes of the ordinary waiters and door-keepers, made them be repulsed from other parts of the palace. Such as these were let in here by order of EUCRATE, and had audiences of PHARAMOND. This entrance PHARAMOND called *the gate of the unhappy*, and the tears of the afflicted who came before him, he would say, were bribes received by EUCRATE; for EUCRATE had the most compassionate spirit of all men living, except his generous master, who was always kindled at the least affliction which was communicated to him. In the regard for the miserable, EUCRATE took particular care, that the common forms of distress, and the idle pretenders to sorrow, about courts, who wanted only supplies to luxury, should never obtain favour by his means: but the distresses which arise from the many inexplicable occurrences that happen among men, the unaccountable alienation of parents from their children, cruelty of husbands to wives, poverty occasioned from shipwreck or fire, the falling out of friends, or such other terrible disasters, to which the life of man is exposed; in cases of this nature, EUCRATE was the patron; and enjoyed this part of the royal favour so much without being envied, that it was never inquired into, by whose means what no one else cared for doing, was brought about.

'One evening when PHARAMOND came into the apartment of EUCRATE, he found him extremely dejected; upon which he asked (with a smile which was natural to him) "what, is there any one too miserable to be relieved by PHARAMOND, that EUCRATE is melancholy?"

I fear

"I fear there is," answered the favourite: "a person without, of a good air, well dressed, and though a man in the strength of his life, seems to faint under some inconsolable calamity. All his features seem suffused with agony of mind; but I can observe in him, that it is more inclined to break away in tears than rage. I asked him what he would have. He said he would speak to PHARAMOND. I desired his business. He could hardly say to me, EUCRATE, carry me to the king, my story is not to be told twice; I fear I shall not be able to speak it at all." PHARAMOND commanded EUCRATE to let him enter; he did so, and the gentleman approached the king with an air which spoke him under the greatest concern in what manner to demean himself. The king, who had a quick discernment, relieved him from the oppression he was under: and with the most beautiful complacency said to him, "Sir, do not add to that load of sorrow I see in your countenance the awe of my presence. Think you are speaking to your friend. If the circumstances of your distress will admit of it you shall find me so." To whom the stranger: "Oh excellent PHARAMOND, name not a friend to the unfortunate SPINAMONT. I had one, but he is dead by my own hand; but, oh PHARAMOND, though it was by the hand of SPINAMONT, it was by the guilt of PHARAMOND. I come not, oh excellent prince, to implore your pardon; I come to relate my sorrow, a sorrow too great for human life to support: from henceforth shall all occurrences appear dreams, or short intervals of amusement, from this one affliction which has seized my very being. Pardon me, oh PHARAMOND, if my griefs give me leave, that I lay before you, in the anguish of a wounded mind, that you, good as you are, are guilty of the generous blood spilt this day by this unhappy hand. Oh that it had perished before that instant!" Here the stranger paused, and recollecting his mind, after some little meditation, he went on in a calmer tone and gesture as follows.

'There is an authority due to distress, and as none of human race is above the reach of sorrow, none should be above the hearing the voice of it; I am sure PHARAMOND is not. Know then, that I have this morning unfortunately killed in a duel the man whom, of all men living, I most loved. I command myself too much in your royal presence, to say, PHARAMOND, give me my friend! PHARAMOND has taken him from me! I will not say, shall the merciful PHARAMOND destroy his own subjects? Will the father of his country murder his people? But the merciful PHARAMOND does destroy his subjects, the father of his country does murder his people. Fortune is so much the pursuit of mankind, that all glory and honour is in the power of a prince, because he has the distribution of their fortunes. It is therefore the inadvertency, negligence, or guilt of princes to let any thing grow into custom which is against their laws. A court can make fashion and duty walk together; it can never, without the guilt of a court, happen, that it shall not be unfashionable to do what is unlawful. But alas! in the dominions of PHARAMOND, by the force of a tyrant custom, which is misnamed a point of honour, the duellist kills his friend whom he loves; and the judge condemns the duellist, while he approves his behaviour. Shame is the greatest of all evils; what avail laws, when death only attends the breach of them, and shame obedience to them? As for me, oh PHARAMOND, were it possible to describe the nameless kinds of compunctions and tendernesses I feel, when I reflect upon the little accidents in our former familiarity, my mind swells into sorrow which cannot be resisted enough to be silent in the presence of PHARAMOND. (With that he fell into a flood of tears, and wept aloud.) Why should not PHARAMOND hear the anguish he only can relieve others from in time to come? Let him hear from me, what they feel who have given death by the false mercy of his administration,

and form to himself the vengeance called for by those who have perished by his negligence."

R.*

## No. 85.

THURSDAY, JUNE 7, 1711.

Interdum speciosa locis, morataque rectè
Fabula, nullius Veneris, sine pondere et arte,
Valdiùs oblectat populum, meliùsque moratur,
Quàm versus inopes rerum, nugæque canoræ.

HOR. ARS. POET. V. 319.

——— "When the sentiments and manners please,
"And all the characters are wrought with ease,
"Your Tale, though void of beauty, force, and art,
"More strongly shall delight, and warm the heart;
"Than where a lifeless pomp of verse appears,
"And with sonorous trifles charms our ears."

FRANCIS.

### ON ENGLISH BALLADS, PARTICULARLY THE BABES IN THE WOOD.

IT is the custom of the Mahometans, if they see any printed or written paper upon the ground, to take it up and lay it aside carefully, as not knowing but it may contain some piece of their Alcoran. I must confess I have so much of the Mussulman in me, that I cannot forbear looking into every printed paper which comes in my way, under whatsoever despicable circumstances it may appear; for as no mortal author, in the ordinary fate

* Steele wrote with great ardour, and strong reasoning, against duelling on many occasions. The reader will find an account of a duel of his own, and of the anxiety which resulted to him from success, in his Life prefixed to this edition.

fate and vicissitude of things, knows to what use his works may some time or other be applied, a man may often meet with very celebrated names in a paper of tobacco. I have lighted my pipe more than once with the writings of a prelate; and know a friend of mine, who, for these several years, has converted the essays of a man of quality into a kind of fringe for his candlesticks. I remember in particular, after having read over a poem of an eminent author on a victory, I met with several fragments of it upon the next rejoicing day, which had been employed in squibs and crackers, and by that means celebrated its subject in a double capacity. I once met with a page of Mr. BAXTER under a Christmas pye. Whether or no the pastry-cook had made use of it through chance or waggery, for the defence of that superstitious *viande*, I know not; but upon the perusal of it, I conceived so good an idea of the author's piety that I bought the whole book. I have often profited by these accidental readings, and have sometimes found very curious pieces, that are either out of print, or not to be met with in the shops of our London booksellers. For this reason, when my friends take a survey of my library, they are very much surprised to find, upon the shelf of folios, two long band-boxes standing upright among my books; till I let them see that they are both of them lined with deep erudition and abstruse literature. I might likewise mention a paper-kite, from which I have received great improvement; and a hat-case which I would not exchange for all the beavers in Great-Britain. This my inquisitive temper, or rather impertinent humour of prying into all sorts of writing, with my natural aversion to loquacity, give me a good deal of employment when I enter any house in the country; for I cannot for my heart leave a room, before I have thoroughly studied the walls of it, and examined the several printed papers which are usually pasted upon them. The last piece that I met with upon this occasion gave me a most exquisite pleasure. My reader will

think I am not serious, when I acquaint him that the piece I am going to speak of, was the old ballad of the *Two Children in the Wood*, which is one of the darling songs of the common people, and has been the delight of most Englishmen in some part of their age.

This song is a plain simple copy of nature, destitute of the helps and ornaments of art. The tale of it is a pretty tragical story, and pleases for no other reason but because it is a copy of nature. There is even a despicable simplicity in the verse; and yet because the sentiments appear genuine and unaffected, they are able to move the mind of the most polite reader with inward meltings of humanity and compassion. The incidents grow out of the subject, and are such as are the most proper to excite pity; for which reason the whole narration has something in it very moving, notwithstanding the author of it (whoever he was) has delivered it in such an abject phrase and poorness of expression, that the quoting any part of it would look like a design of turning it into ridicule. But though the language is mean, the thoughts, as I have before said, from one end to the other, are natural, and therefore cannot fail to please those who are not judges of language, or those who, notwithstanding they are judges of language, have a true and unprejudiced taste of nature. The condition, speech, and behaviour of the dying parents, with the age, innocence, and distress of the children, are set forth in such tender circumstances, that it is impossible for a reader of common humanity not to be affected with them. As for the circumstance of the *Robin-red-breast* it is indeed a little poetical ornament; and to shew the genius of the author amidst all his simplicity, it is just the same kind of fiction which one of the greatest of the Latin poets has made use of upon a parallel occasion; I mean that passage in HORACE, where he describes himself when he was a child, fallen asleep in a desart wood,

wood, and covered with leaves by the turtles that took pity on him.

Me fabulosæ vulture in Apulo,
Altricis extra limen Apuliæ,
Ludo fatigatumque somno
Fronde novâ puerum palumbes
Texere———————
4 OD. iii.

"Me when a child, as tir'd with play,
"Upon the Apulian hills I lay
"In careless slumbers bound,
"The gentle doves protecting found,
"And cover'd me with myrtle leaves."

I have heard that the late Lord DORSET, who had the greatest wit tempered with the greatest candour, and was one of the finest critics as well as the best poets of his age, had a numerous collection of old English ballads, and took a particular pleasure in the reading of them. I can affirm the same of Mr. DRYDEN, and know several of the most refined writers of our present age who are of the same humour.

I might likewise refer my reader to MOLIERE's thoughts on this subject, as he has expressed them in the character of the *Misanthrope*; but those only who are endowed with a true greatness of soul and genius, can divest themselves of the little images of ridicule, and admire nature in her simplicity and nakedness. As for the little conceited wits of the age, who can only shew their judgment by finding fault, they cannot be supposed to admire these productions which have nothing to recommend them but the beauties of nature, when they do not know how to relish even those compositions that, with all the beauties of nature, have also the additional advantages of art. L.

# N°. 86.

FRIDAY, JUNE 8, 1711.

Heu quam difficile est crimen non prodere vultu!

OVID. MET. ii. 447.

"How in the looks does conscious guilt appear!"

ADDISON.

## ON PHYSIOGNOMY.

THERE are several arts which all men are in some measure masters of, without having been at the pains of learning them. Every one that speaks or reasons is a grammarian and a logician, tho' he may be wholly unacquainted with the rules of grammar or logic, as they are delivered in books and systems. In the same manner, every one is in some degree a master of that art which is generally distinguished by the name of Physiognomy:* and naturally forms to himself the character or fortune of a stranger, from the features and lineaments of his face. We are no sooner presented to any one we never saw before, but we are immediately struck with the idea of a proud, a reserved, an affable or a good-natured man; and upon our first going into a company of strangers, our benevolence or aversion, awe or contempt, rises naturally towards several particular persons, before we have heard them speak a single word, or so much as know who they are.

Every passion gives a particular cast to the countenance, and is apt to discover itself in some feature or other. I have seen an eye curse for half an hour together, and an eye-brow call a man a scoundrel. Nothing is more common

* The English reader will find this subject very ingeniously discussed in Dr. HUNTER's translation of LAVATER.

common than for lovers to complain, resent, languish, despair, and die in dumb show For my own part, I am so apt to frame a notion of every man's humour or circumstances by his looks, that I have sometimes employed myself from Charing-Cross to the Royal-Exchange in drawing the characters of those who have passed by me. When I see a man with a sour rivell'd face, I cannot forbear pitying his wife: and when I meet with an open ingenuous countenance, I think on the happiness of his friends, his family, and relations.

I cannot recollect the author * of a famous saying to a stranger who stood silent in his company, "Speak, that I may see thee." But, with submission, I think we may be better known by our looks than by our words, and that a man's speech is much more easily disguised than his countenance. In this case, however, I think the air of the whole face is much more expressive than the lines of it. The truth of it is, the air is generally nothing else but the inward disposition of the mind made visible.

Those who have established Physiognomy into an art, and laid down rules of judging men's tempers by their faces, have regarded the features much more than the air. MARTIAL has a pretty epigram on this subject:

Crine ruber, niger ore, brevis pede, lumine læsus:
Rem magnam præstas, ZOILE, si bonus es.

EPIG. liv. 12

"Thy beard and head are of a different dye;
"Short of one foot, distorted in an eye:
"With all these tokens of a knave complete,
"Should'st thou be honest, thou'rt a devilish cheat."



* SOCRATES.—*Loquere ut te videam.*
APUL. FLOR. 1. pr.

I have seen a very ingenious author on this subject, who founds his speculations on the supposition, that as a man hath in the mould of his face a remote likeness to that of an ox, a sheep, a lion, a hog, or any other creature; he hath the same resemblance in the frame of his mind, and is subject to those passions which are predominant in the creature that appears in his countenance. Accordingly he gives the prints of several faces that are of a different mould, and by a little overcharging the likeness, discovers the figures of these several kinds of brutal faces in human features. I remember, in the Life of the famous Prince of CONDE, the writer observes, the face of that prince was like the face of an eagle, and that the prince was very well pleased to be told so. In this case therefore we may be sure, that he had in his mind some general implicit notion of this Art of Physiognomy which I have just now mentioned; and that when his courtiers told him his face was made like an eagle's, he understood them in the same manner as if they had told him, there was something in his looks, which shewed him to be strong, active, piercing, and of a royal descent. Whether or no the different motions of the animal spirits, in different passions, may have any effect on the mould of the face when the lineaments are pliable and tender, or whether the same kind of souls require the same kind of habitations, I shall leave to the consideration of the curious. In the mean time, I think nothing can be more glorious than for a man to give the lie to his face, and to be an honest, just, good-natured man, in spite of all those marks and signatures which nature seems to have set upon him for the contrary. This very often happens among those, who, instead of being exasperated by their own looks, or envying the looks of others, apply themselves entirely to the cultivating of their minds, and getting those beauties which are more lasting, and more ornamental. I have seen many an amiable piece of deformity; and have observed a certain chearfulness in as bad a system of features as

ever

ever was clapped together, which hath appeared more lovely than all the blooming charms of an insolent beauty. There is a double praise due to virtue, when it is lodged in a body that seems to have been prepared for the reception of vice; in many such cases the soul and the body do not seem to be fellows.

SOCRATES was an extraordinary instance of this nature. There chanced to be a great Physiognomist in his time at Athens, who had made strange discoveries of men's tempers and inclinations by their outward appearances. SOCRATES's disciples, that they might put this artist to the trial, carried him to their master, whom he had never seen before, and did not know he was then in company with him. After a short examination of his face, the Physiognomist pronounced him the most lewd, libidinous, drunken old fellow that he had ever met with in his whole life. Upon which the disciples all burst out a laughing, as thinking they had detected the falsehoood and vanity of his art. But SOCRATES told them, that the principles of his art might be very true, notwithstanding his present mistake; for that he himself was naturally inclined to those particular vices which the Physiognomist had discovered in his countenance, but that he had conquered the strong dispositions he was born with by the dictates of Philosophy.

We are indeed told by an ancient author, that SOCRATES very much resembled SILENUS in his face; which we find to have been very rightly observed from the statues and busts of both, that are still extant; as well as on several antique seals and precious stones, which are frequently enough to be met with in the cabinets of the curious. But however observations of this nature may sometimes hold, a wise man should be particularly cautious how he gives credit to a man's outward appearance. It is an irreparable injustice we are guilty of towards one another, when we are prejudiced by the looks and features of those whom we do not know. How often do we conceive hatred against

a person of worth, or fancy a man to be proud or ill-natured by his aspect, whom we think we cannot esteem too much when we are acquainted with his real character? Dr. Moore, in his admirable *System of Ethics*, reckons this particular inclination to take a prejudice against a man for his looks, among the smaller vices in morality, and, if I remember, gives it the name of a *Prosopolepsia*. L.

## No. 87.

SATURDAY, JUNE 9, 1711.

——Nimiùm ne credere colori. VIRG. ECL. ii. 17.

"Trust not too much to an inchanting face." DRYDEN.

### THE EFFECTS OF BEAUTY AND DEFORMITY.

IT has been the purpose of several of my speculations to bring people to an unconcerned behaviour, with relation to their persons, whether beautiful or defective. As the secrets of the *Ugly Club** were exposed to the public, that men might see there were some noble spirits in the age, who are not at all displeased with themselves upon considerations which they had no choice in; so the discourse concerning *Idols*† tended to lessen the value people put upon themselves from personal advantages and gifts of nature. As to the latter species of mankind, the beauties, whether male or female; they are generally the most untractable people of all others.

You

* See No. 17, &c. † See No. 73.

You are so excessively perplexed with the particularities in their behaviour, that to be at ease, one would be apt to wish there was no such creatures. They expect so great allowances, and give so little to others, that they who have to do with them find in the main, a man with a better person than ordinary, and a beautiful woman might be very happily changed for such to whom nature has been less liberal. The Handsome Fellow is usually so much a gentleman, and the Fine Woman has something so becoming, that there is no enduring either of them. It has therefore been generally my choice to mix with cheerful *ugly* creatures, rather than gentlemen who are graceful enough to omit or do what they please; or beauties who have charms enough to do and say what would be disobliging in any but themselves.

Diffidence and presumption, upon account of our persons, are equally faults; and both arise from the want of knowing, or rather endeavouring to know ourselves, and for what we ought to be valued or neglected. But indeed I did not imagine these little considerations and coquetries could have the ill consequence as I find they have by the following letters of my correspondents, where it seems beauty is thrown into the account, in matters of sale, to those who receive no favour from the charmers.

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*June* 4.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'AFTER I have assured you, I am in every respect one of the handsomest young girls about town, I need be particular in nothing but the make of my face, which has the misfortune to be exactly oval. This I take to proceed from a temper that naturally inclines me both to speak and hear.

'With this account, you may wonder how I can have the

the vanity to offer myself as a candidate, which I now do, to a society, where the SPECTATOR and HECATISSA* have been admitted with so much applause. I don't want to be put in mind how very defective I am in every thing that is ugly: I am too sensible of my own unworthiness in this particular, and therefore I only propose myself as a foil to the club.

'You see how honest I have been to confess all my imperfections, which is a great deal to come from a woman, and what I hope you will encourage with the favour of your interest.

'There can be no objection made on the side of the matchless HECATISSA, since it is certain I shall be in no danger of giving her the least occasion of jealousy: and then a joint-stool in the very lowest place at the table, is all the honour that is coveted by

Your most humble
and obedient servant,
*ROSALINDA.*'

'P. S. I have sacrificed my necklace to put into the public lottery against the common enemy. And last Saturday, about three o'clock in the afternoon, I began to patch indifferently on both sides of my face.'

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*London, June 7, 1711.*

MR. SPECTATOR,

'UPON reading your late dissertation concerning *Idols*, I cannot but complain to you that there are, in six or seven places of this city, coffee-houses kept by persons of that sisterhood. These Idols sit and receive all day long the adoration of the youth within such and such districts. I know in particular, goods are not entered as they ought to be at the Custom-house, nor law-reports perused

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* See No. 48.

perused at the Temple; by reason of one beauty who detains the young merchants too long near 'Change, and another fair one who keeps the students at her house when they should be at study. It would be worth your while to see how the Idolaters alternately offer incense to their Idols, and what heart-burnings arise in those who wait for their turn to receive kind aspects from those little thrones, which all the company, but these lovers, call the Bars. I saw a gentleman turn as pale as ashes, because an Idol turned the sugar in a tea-dish for his rival, and carelessly called the boy to serve him, with a sirrah! why don't you give the gentleman the box to please himself? Certain it is, that a very hopeful young man was taken with leads in his pockets below bridge, where he intended to drown himself, because his Idol would wash the dish in which she had but just drank tea, before she would let him use it.

'I am Sir, a person past being amorous, and do not give this information out of envy or jealousy, but I am a real sufferer by it. These lovers take any thing for tea and coffee; I saw one yesterday surfeit to make his court; and all his rivals, at the same time, loud in the commendation of liquors that went against every body in the room that was not in love. While these young fellows resign their stomachs with their hearts, and drink at the Idol in this manner, we who come to do business, or talk politics, are utterly poisoned. They have also drams for those who are more enamoured than ordinary; and it is very common for such as are too low in constitution to ogle the Idol upon the strength of tea, to fluster themselves with warmer liquors: thus all pretenders advance, as fast as they can, to a fever, or a diabetes. I must repeat to you, that I do not look with an evil eye upon the profit of the Idols, or the diversions of the lovers; what I hope from this remonstrance, is only, that we plain people may not be served as if we were Idolaters; but that from the time of publishing this in your

your paper, the Idols would mix ratsbane only for their admirers, and take more care of us who don't love them.

I am, Sir, yours,

*T. T.*

R.

## N°. 88.

MONDAY, JUNE 11, 1711.

Quid domini facient, audent cum talia fures?

VIRG. ECL. iii. 16.

"What will not masters do, when servants thus presume?"

### ON THE BEHAVIOUR OF SERVANTS.

*May* 30, 1711.

MR. SPECTATOR,

I HAVE no small value for your endeavours to lay before the world what may escape their observation, and yet highly conduces to their service. You have, I think, succeeded very well on many subjects; and seem to have been conversant in very different scenes of life. But in the considerations of mankind, as a SPECTATOR, you should not omit circumstances which relate to the inferior part of the world, any more than those which concern the greater. There is one thing in particular which I wonder you have not touched upon, and that is the general corruption of manners in the *Servants* of Great-Britain. I am a man that have travelled and seen many nations, but have for seven years last past resided constantly in London, or within twenty miles of it. In this time I have contracted a numerous acquaintance among the best sort of people, and have hardly found one of them happy in their servants. This is matter of

great astonishment to foreigners, and all such as have visited foreign countries; especially since we cannot but observe, that there is no part of the world where servants have those privileges and advantages as in England. They have no where else such plentiful diet, large wages, or indulgent liberty. There is no place wherein they labour less, and yet where they are so little respectful, more wasteful, more negligent, or where they so frequently change their masters. To this I attribute, in a great measure, the frequent robberies and losses which we suffer on the high road and in our own houses. That indeed which gives me the present thought of this kind is, that a careless groom of mine has spoiled me the prettiest pad in the world with only riding him ten miles; and I assure you, if I were to make a register of all the horses I have known thus abused by negligence of servants, the number would mount a regiment. I wish you would give us your observations, that we may know how to treat these rogues, or that we masters may enter into measures to reform them. Pray give us a speculation in general about servants, and you make me

'Yours,

*PHILO BRITANNICUS.*"

'P. S. Pray do not omit the mention of Grooms in particular.'

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This honest gentleman who is so desirous that I should write a satire upon Grooms, has a great deal of reason for his resentment; and I know no evil which touches all mankind so much as this of the misbehaviour of Servants.

The complaint of this letter runs wholly upon *Men* Servants; and I can attribute the licentiousness which has at present prevailed among them, to nothing but what an hundred before me have ascribed it to, the custom

tom of giving board-wages. This one instance of false economy is sufficient to debauch the whole nation of servants, and makes them as it were but for some part of their time in that quality. They are either attending in places where they meet and run into clubs, or else if they wait at taverns, they eat after their masters, and reserve their wages for other occasions. From hence it arises, that they are but in a lower degree what their masters themselves are; and usually affect an imitation of their manners: and you have in liveries, beaux, fops, and coxcombs, in as high perfection as among people that keep equipages. It is a common humour among the retinue of people of quality, when they are in their revels, that is, when they are out of their masters' sight, to assume in a humorous way the names and titles of those whose liveries they wear. By which means characters and distinctions become so familiar to them, that it is to this among other causes, one may impute a certain insolence among our servants, that they take no notice of any gentleman, though they know him ever so well, except he is an acquaintance of their masters.

My obscurity and taciturnity leave me at liberty, without scandal, to dine if I think fit, at a common ordinary, in the meanest as well as the most sumptuous house of entertainment.---Falling in the other day at a victualling-house near the House of Peers, I heard the maid come down and tell the landlady at the bar, that my lord bishop swore he would throw her out at the window, if she did not bring up more mild beer, and that my lord duke would have a double mug of purl. My surprise was increased, in hearing loud and rustic voices speak and answer to each other upon the public affairs, by the names of the most illustrious of our nobility; till of a sudden one came running in, and cried the house was rising. Down came all the company together, and away! The alehouse was immediately filled with clamour, and scoring one mug to the marquis of such a place, oil and vinegar to such an earl, three quarts

to

to my new lord for wetting his title, and so forth. It is a thing too notorious to mention the crowds of servants, and their insolence, near the courts of justice, and the stairs towards the supreme Assembly, where there is an universal mockery of all order, such riotous clamour and licentious confusion, that one would think the whole nation lived in jest, and there were no such thing as rule and distinction among us.

The next place of resort, wherein the Servile World are let loose, is at the entrance of Hyde-Park, while the gentry are at the Ring. Hither people bring their lacqueys out of state, and here it is that all they say at their tables, and act in their houses, is communicated to the whole town. There are men of wit in all conditions of life; and mixing with these pople at their diversions, I have heard coquettes and prudes as well rallied, and insolence and pride exposed, (allowing for their want of education) with as much humour and good sense, as in the politest companies. It is a general observation, that all dependents run in some measure into the manners and behaviour of those whom they serve. You shall frequently meet with lovers and men of intrigue among the lacqueys as well as at White's or in the side-boxes. I remember some years ago an instance of this kind. A footman to a Captain of the Guards used frequently, when his master was out of the way, to carry on amours and make assignations in his master's clothes. The fellow had a very good person, and there are very many women that think no further than the outside of a gentleman: besides which, he was almost as learned a man as the Colonel himself: I say, thus qualified, the fellow could scrawl *billet-doux* so well, and furnish a conversation on the common topics, that he had, as they call it, a great deal of good business on his hands. It happened one day, that coming down a tavern stairs in his master's fine guard-coat, with a well-dressed woman masked, he met the Colonel coming up with other company; but with a ready assurance he quitted his lady,

came up to him, and said, "Sir, I know you have too much respect for yourself to cane me in this honourable habit. But you see there is a lady in the case, and I hope on that score also, you will put off your anger till I have told you all another time." After a little pause, the Colonel cleared up his countenance, and with an air of familiarity whispered his man apart, "Sirrah, bring the lady with you to ask pardon for you;" then aloud, "Look to it WILL, I'll never forgive you else." The fellow went back to his mistress, and telling her, with a loud voice and an oath, that was the honestest fellow in the world, conveyed her to an hackney-coach.

But the many irregularities committed by servants in the places above-mentioned, as well as in the theatres, of which masters are generally the occasions, are too various not to need being resumed on another occasion.

R

# N°. 89.

TUESDAY, JUNE 12, 1711.

———Petite hinc, juvenesque senesque,
Finem animo certum, miserisque viatica canis.
Cras hoc fiet. Idem cras fiet. Quid? quasi magnum,
Nempe diem donas? sed cùm lux altera venit,
Jam cras hesternum consumpsimus; ecce aliud cras
Egerit hos annos, et semper paulum erit ultra.
Nam quamvis prope tè, quamvis temone sub uno,
Vertentem sese frustrà sectabere canthum.

PERS. SAT. V. 64.

PERS. "From thee both old and young, with profit learn
"The bounds of good and evil to discern.
CORN. "Unhappy he, who does this work adjourn,
"And to to-morrow would the search delay.
"His lazy morrow will be like to-day.
PERS. "But is one day of ease too much to borrow?
CORN. "Yes, sure; for yesterday was once to-morrow.
"That yesterday is gone, and nothing gain'd;
"And all thy fruitless days will thus be drain'd:
"For thou hast more to-morrows yet to ask,
"And wilt be ever to begin thy task;
"Who, like the hindmost chariot-wheels, art curst,
"Still to be near, but ne'er to reach the first."

DRYDEN.

## ON TEDIOUS COURTSHIP.

AS my correspondents upon the subject of Love are very numerous, it is my design, if possible, to range them under several heads, and address myself to them at different times. The first branch of them, to whose service I shall dedicate this paper, are those that have to do with women of dilatory tempers, who are for spinning out the time of courtship to an immoderate length,

without being able either to close with their lovers, or to dismiss them. I have many letters by me filled with complaints against this sort of women. In one of them no less a man than a brother of the coif tells me, that he began his suit *vicesimo nono* CAROLI *Secundi*, before he had been a twelvemonth at the Temple; that he prosecuted it for many years after he was called to the bar; that at present he is a Serjeant at Law; and notwithstanding he hoped that matters would have been long since brought to an issue, the fair one still *demurs*. ---I am so well pleased with this gentleman's phrase, that I shall distinguish this sect of women by the title of *demurrers*. I find by another letter from one that calls himself THYRSIS, that his mistress has been *demurring* above these seven years. But among all my plaintiffs of this nature, I most pity the unfortunate PHILANDER, a man of a constant passion and plentiful fortune, who sets forth that the timorous and irresolute SYLVIA has *demurred* till she is past child-bearing. STREPHON appears by his letter to be a very choleric lover, and irrevocably smitten with one that *demurs* out of self-interest. He tells me with great passion that she has bubbled him out of his youth; that she drilled him on to five and fifty, and that he verily believes she will drop him in his old age, if she can find her account in another. I shall conclude this narrative with a letter from honest SAM HOPEWELL, a very pleasant fellow, who it seems has at last married a *demurrer*. I must only premise, that SAM, who is a very good bottle-companion, has been the diversion of his friends, upon account of his passion, ever since the year one thousand six hundred and eighty-one.

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DEAR SIR,

'You know very well my passion for Mrs. MARTHA, and what a dance she has led me. She took me

out at the age of two and twenty, and dodged with me above thirty years. I have loved her till she is grown as grey as a cat, and am with much ado become the master of her person, such as it is at present. She is however in my eye a very charming old woman. We often lament that we did not marry sooner, but she has nobody to blame for it but herself. You know very well that she would never think of me whilst she had a tooth in her head. I have put the date of my passion *(anno Amoris trigesimo primo)* instead of a posy on my wedding ring. I expect you should send me a congratulatory letter, or, if you please, an Epithalamium, upon this occasion.

Mrs. MARTHA's and your's eternally,

*SAM. HOPEWELL.*

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In order to banish an evil out of the world, that does not only produce great uneasiness to private persons, but has also a very bad influence on the public, I shall endeavour to show the folly of *demurrage*, from two or three reflections, which I earnestly recommend to the thoughts of my fair readers.

First of all, I would have them seriously think on the shortness of their time. Life is not long enough for a coquette to play all her tricks in. A timorous woman drops into her grave before she has done deliberating. Were the age of man the same that it was before the flood, a lady might sacrifice half a century to a scruple, and be two or three ages in *demurring*. Had she nine hundred years good, she might hold out to the conversion of the Jews before she thought fit to be prevailed upon. But, alas! she ought to play her part in haste, when she considers that she is suddenly to quit the stage, and make room for others.

In the second place, I would desire my female readers to consider, that as the term of life is short, that of

beauty is much shorter. The finest skin wrinkles in a few years, and loses the strength of its colourings so soon, that we have scarce time to admire it. I might embellish this subject with roses and rainbows, and several other ingenious conceits, which I may possibly reserve for another opportunity.

There is a third consideration which I would likewise recommend to a demurrer, and that is, the great danger of her falling in love when she is about threescore, if she cannot satisfy her doubts and scruples before that time. There is a kind of *latter spring*, that sometimes gets into the blood of an old woman, and turns her into a very odd sort of an animal. I would therefore have the demurrer consider what a strange figure she will make, if she chances to get over all difficulties, and comes to a final resolution, in that unseasonable part of her life.

I would not however be understood, by any thing I have here said, to discourage that natural modesty in the sex, which renders a retreat from the first approaches of a lover both fashionable and graceful. All that I intend is, to advise them, when they are prompted by reason and inclination, to *demur* only out of form, and so far as decency requires. A virtuous woman should reject the first offer of marriage, as a good man does that of a bishoprick: but I would advise neither the one nor the other to persist in refusing what they secretly approve. I would in this particlar propose the example of EVE to all her daughters, as MILTON has represented her in the following passage, which I cannot forbear transcribing entire, though only the twelve last lines are to my present purpose.

'The rib he form'd and fashion'd with his hands;
Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Man-like, but different sex; so lovely fair,
That what seem'd fair in all the world, seem'd now
Mean, or in her summ'd up, in her contain'd,

And

And in her looks; which from that time infus'd
Sweetness into my heart, unfelt before:
And into all things from her air inspir'd
The spirit of LOVE and amorous delight.
' She disappear'd, and left me dark; I wak'd
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure:
When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
Such as I saw her in my dream, adorn'd
With what all earth or heav'n could bestow
To make her amiable. On she came,
Led by her heavenly Maker, tho' unseen,
And guided by his voice, nor uninform'd
Of nuptial sanctity and marriage rites:
Grace was in all her steps, Heaven in her eye,
In every gesture Dignity and Love.
I, overjoy'd, could not forbear aloud;
" This turn hath made amends: thou hast fulfill'd
Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign!
Giver of all things fair; but fairest this
Of all thy gifts, nor enviest. I now see
Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself.". . . .
' She heard me thus, and tho' divinely brought,
Yet innocence and virgin modesty,
Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
That would be woo'd, and not unsought be won,
Not obvious, not obtrusive, but retir'd
The more desirable, or to say all,
Nature herself, tho' pure of sinful thought,
Wrought in her so, that seeing me she turn'd.
I follow'd her: she what was honour knew,
And with obsequious majesty approv'd
My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower
I led her blushing like the morn.'———

PARADISE LOST, viii. 469—511.

L.

## No. 90.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 13, 1711.

———Magnus sine viribus ignis
Incassum furit———

VIRG. GEORG. iii. 99.

"In all the rage of impotent desire,
"They feel a quenchless flame, a fruitless fire."

### A TANTALIZING SITUATION OF A GENTLEMAN.

THERE is not, in my opinion, a consideration more effectual to extinguish *inordinate desires* in the soul of man, than the notions of PLATO and his followers upon that subject. They tell us, that every passion which has been contracted by the soul during her residence in the body, remains with her in a separate state; and that the soul in the body, or out of the body, differs no more than the man does from himself when he is in his house, or in open air. When, therefore, the obscene passions in particular have once taken root, and spread themselves in the soul, they cleave to her inseparably, and remain in her for ever, after the body is cast off and thrown aside. As an argument to confirm this their doctrine, they observe, that a lewd youth who goes on in a continued course of voluptuousness, advances by degrees into a libidinous old man; and that the passion survives in the mind when it is altogether dead in the body; nay, that the desire grows more violent, and (like all other habits) gathers strength by age, at the same time that it has no power of executing its own purposes. If, say they, the soul is the most subject to these passions at a time when it has the least instigations from the body, we may well suppose she will still retain

retain them when she is entirely divested of it. The very substance of the soul is festered with them, the gangrene is gone too far to be ever cured; the inflammation will rage to all eternity.

In this therefore (say the Platonists) consists the punishment of a voluptuous man after death. He is tormented with desires which it is impossible for him to gratify; solicited by a passion that has neither objects nor organs adapted to it. He lives in a state of invincible desire and impotence, and always burns in the pursuit of what he always despairs to possess. It is for this reason (says PLATO) that the souls of the dead appear frequently in cœmeteries, and hover about the places where their bodies are buried, as still hankering after their old brutal pleasures, and desiring again to enter the body that gave them an opportunity of fulfilling them.

Some of our most eminent divines have made use of this Platonic notion, so far as it regards the subsistence of our passions after death, with great beauty and strength of reason. PLATO indeed carries the thought very far, when he grafts upon it his opinion of ghosts appearing in places of burial. Though, I must confess, if one did believe that the departed souls of men and women wandered up and down these lower regions, and entertained themselves with the sight of their species, one could not devise a more proper hell for an impure spirit than that which PLATO has touched upon.

The ancients seem to have drawn such a state of torments in the description of TANTALUS, who was punished with the rage of an eternal thirst, and set up to the chin in water that fled from his lips whenever he attempted to drink it.

VIRGIL, who has cast the whole system of Platonic philosophy, so far as it relates to the soul of man, into beautiful allegories, in the sixth book of his *Æneid* gives us the punishment of a voluptuary after death, not unlike that which we are here speaking of.

———Lucent

———Lucent genialibus altis
Aurea fulcra toris, epulæque ante ora paratæ
Regifico luxu: Furiarum maxima juxta
Accubat, et manibus prohibet contingere mensas;
Exurgitque facem attollens, atque intonat ore.

"They lie below on golden beds display'd,
"And genial feasts with regal pomp are made:
"The queen of furies by their side is set,
"And snatches from their mouths the untasted meat;
"Which if they touch, her hissing snakes she rears,
"Tossing her torch, and thundering in their ears."

DRYDEN.

That I may a little alleviate the severity of this my speculation (which otherwise may lose me several of my polite readers), I shall translate a story that has been quoted upon another occasion by one of the most learned men of the present age, as I find it in the original. The reader will see it is not foreign to my present subject, and I dare say will think it a lively representation of a person lying under the torments of such a kind of Tantalism or Platonic hell, as that which we have now under consideration. Monsieur PONTIGNAN, speaking of a love-adventure that happened to him in the country, gives the following account of it.

'When I was in the country last summer, I was often in company with a couple of charming women, who had all the wit and beauty one could desire in female companions, with a dash of coquetry, that from time to time gave me a great many agreeable torments. I was, after my way, in love with both of them, and had such frequent opportunities of pleading my passion to them when they were asunder, that I had reason to hope for particular favours from each of them. As I was walking one evening in my chamber with nothing about me but my night-gown, they both came into my room and told me, they had a very pleasant trick to put upon a gentleman that was in the same house, provided I would bear a part in it. Upon this they told me such a plausible

plausible story, that I laughed at their contrivance, and agreed to do whatever they should require of me. They immediately began to swaddle me up in my night-gown with long pieces of linen, which they folded about me till they had wrapt me in above an hundred yards of swathe. My arms were pressed to my sides, and my legs closed together by so many wrappers one over another, that I looked like an Ægyptian mummy. As I stood bolt upright upon one end in this antique figure, one of the ladies burst out a laughing. "And now PONTIGNAN, (says she) we intend to perform the promise that we find you have extorted from each of us. You have often asked the favour of us, and I dare say you are a better bred cavalier than to refuse to go to bed to two ladies that desire it of you." After having stood a fit of laughter, I begged them to uncase me, and do with me what they pleased. "No, no, said they, we like you very well as you are;" and upon that ordered me to be carried to one of their houses, and put to bed in all my swaddles. The room was lighted up on all sides: and I was laid very decently between a pair of sheets, with my head (which was indeed the only part I could move) upon a very high pillow: this was no sooner done, but my two female friends came into bed to me in their finest night-clothes. You may easily guess at the condition of a man that saw a couple of the most beautiful women in the world undrest and a-bed with him, without being able to stir hand or foot. I begged them to release me, and struggled all I could to get loose, which I did with so much violence, that about midnight they both leaped out of the bed, crying out they were undone. But seeing me safe, they took their posts again, and renewed their raillery. Finding all my prayers and endeavours were lost, I composed myself as well as I could, and told them, that if they would not unbind me, I would fall asleep between them, and by that means disgrace them for ever. But alas! this was impossible; could I have been disposed

to

to it, they would have prevented me by several little ill-natured caresses and endearments which they bestowed upon me. As much devoted as I am to womankind, I would not pass such another night to be master of the whole sex. My reader will doubtless be curious to know what became of me the next morning. Why truly my bed-fellows left me about an hour before day, and told me, if I would be good and lie still, they would send somebody to take me up as soon as it was time for me to rise. Accordingly about nine o'clock in the morning an old woman came to unswathe me, I bore all this very patiently, being resolved to take my revenge of my tormentors, and to keep no measures with them as soon as I was at liberty; but upon asking my old woman what was become of the two ladies, she told me she believed they were by that time within sight of Paris, for that they went away in a coach and six before five o'clock in the morning.' L.

## No. 91.

THURSDAY, JUNE 14, 1711.

In furias ignemque ruunt: Amor omnibus idem.
VIRG. GEORG. iii. 244.

"They rush into the flame;
"For Love is lord of all, and is in all the same."
DRYDEN.

### STORY OF A MOTHER, A DAUGHTER, AND THEIR LOVERS.

THOUGH the subject I am now going upon would be much more properly the foundation of a comedy, I cannot forbear inserting the circumstances which pleased me in the account a young lady gave me of the loves of a family

family in town, which shall be nameless; or rather, for the better sound and elevation of the history, instead of Mr. and Mrs. such-a-one, I shall call them by feigned names. Without further preface, you are to know, that within the liberties of the city of Westminster lives the lady HONORIA, a widow about the age of forty, of a healthy constitution, gay temper, and elegant person. She dresses a little too much like a girl, affects a childish fondness in the tone of her voice, sometimes a pretty sullenness in the leaning of her head, and now and then a down-cast of her eyes on her fan. Neither her imagination nor her health would ever give her to know that she is turned of twenty; but that in the midst of these pretty softnesses, and airs of delicacy and attraction, she has a tall daughter within a fortnight of fifteen, who impertinently comes into the room, and towers so much towards woman, that her mother is always checked by her presence, and every charm of HONORIA droops at the entrance of FLAVIA. The agreeable FLAVIA would be what she is not, as well as her mother HONORIA; but all their beholders are more partial to an affectation of what a person is growing up to, than of what has been already enjoyed, and is gone for ever. It is therefore allowed to FLAVIA to look forward, but not to HONORIA to look back. FLAVIA is no way dependent on her mother with relation to her fortune, for which reason they live almost upon an equality in conversation; and as HONORIA has given FLAVIA to understand, that it is ill-bred to be always calling mother, FLAVIA is as well pleased never to be called child. It happens by these means, that these ladies are generally rivals in all places where they appear; and the words mother and daughter never pass between them but out of spite. FLAVIA one night at a play observing HONORIA draw the eyes of several in the pit, called to a lady who sat by her, and bid her ask her mother to lend her her snuff-box for one moment. Another time, when a lover of HONORIA was on his knees

knees beseeching the favour to kiss her hand, FLAVIA rushing into the room, kneeled down by him and asked a blessing. Several of these contradictory acts of duty have raised between them such a coldness, that they generally converse when they are in mixed company by way of talking *at* one another, and not *to* one another. HONORIA is ever complaining of a certain sufficiency in the young women of this age, who assume to themselves an authority of carrying all things before them, as if they were possessors of the esteem of mankind, and all who were but a year before them in the world, were neglected or deceased. FLAVIA, upon such a provocation, is sure to observe, that there are people who can resign nothing, and know not how to give up what they know they cannot hold; that there are those who will not allow youth their follies, not because they are themselves past them, but because they love to continue in them. These beauties rival each other on all occasions, not that they have always had the same lovers, but each has kept up a vanity to show the other the charms of her lover. DICK CRASTIN and TOM TULIP, among many others, have of late been pretenders in this family: DICK to HONORIA, TOM to FLAVIA. DICK is the only surviving beau of the last age, and TOM almost the only one that keeps up that order of men in this.

I wish I could repeat the little circumstances of a conversation of the four lovers with the spirit in which the young lady I had my account from, represented it at a visit where I had the honour to be present; but it seems DICK CRASTIN, the admirer of HONORIA, and TOM TULIP, the pretender to FLAVIA, were purposely admitted together by the ladies, that each might shew the other that her lover had the superiority in the accomplishments of that sort of creature whom the sillier part of women call a *fine gentleman*. As this age has a much more gross taste in courtship, as well as in every thing else, than the last had, these gentlemen are instances of

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it in their different manner of application. TULIP is ever making allusions to the vigour of his person, the sinewy force of his make; while CRASTIN professes a wary observation of the turns of his mistress's mind. TULIP gives himself the air of a resistless ravisher, CRASTIN practises that of a skilful lover. Poetry is the inseparable property of every man in love; and as men of wit write verses on those occasions, the rest of the world repeat the verses of others. These servants of the ladies were used to imitate their manner of conversation, and allude to one another, rather than interchange discourse in what they said when they met. TULIP the other day seized his mistress's hand, and repeated out of OVID's *Art of Love*,

> "'Tis I can in soft battles pass the night,
> Yet rise next morning vigorous for the fight,
> Fresh as the day, and active as the light."

Upon hearing this, CRASTIN, with an air of deference, played HONORIA's fan, and repeated,

> "SEDLEY has that prevailing gentle art,
> That can with a resistless charm impart
> The loosest wishes to the chastest heart:
> Raise such a conflict, kindle such a fire,
> Between declining virtue and desire,
> 'Till the poor vanquish'd maid dissolves away,
> In dreams all night, in sighs and tears all day."

When CRASTIN had uttered these verses with a tenderness which at once spoke passion and respect, HONORIA cast a triumphant glance at FLAVIA, as exulting in the elegance of CRASTIN's courtship, and upbraiding her with the homeliness of TULIP's. TULIP understood the reproach, and in return began to applaud the wisdom of old amorous gentlemen, who turned their mistress's imagination as far as possible from what they had long themselves forgot, and ended his discourse with a sly commendation of the doctrine of Platonic Love; at the same

same time he ran over, with a laughing eye, CRASTIN's thin legs, meagre looks, and spare body. The old gentleman immediately left the room with some disorder, and the conversation fell upon untimely passion, after-love, and unseasonable youth. TULIP sung, danced, moved before the glass, led his mistress half a minuet, hummed

"Celia the fair, in the bloom of fifteen!"

when there came a servant with a letter to him, which was as follows.

SIR,

'I UNDERSTAND very well what you meant by your mention of Platonic Love. I shall be glad to meet you immediately in Hyde-Park, or behind Montague-House, or attend you to Barn-Elms,* or any other fashionable place that's fit for a gentleman to die in, that you shall appoint for

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

*RICHARD CRASTIN.*

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TULIP's colour changed at the reading of this epistle; for which reason his mistress snatched it to read the contents. While she was doing so, TULIP went away; and the ladies now agreeing in a common calamity, bewailed together the danger of their lovers. They immediately undressed to go out, and took hackneys to prevent mischief: but after alarming all parts of the town, CRASTIN was found by his widow in his pumps at Hyde-Park, which appointment TULIP never kept, but made his escape into the country. FLAVIA tears her hair for his

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* This field was the scene of the famous duel between the Duke of BUCKS and the Earl of SHREWSBURY, with two seconds on each side. All the six fought, and the Earl of SHREWSBURY and one of the seconds lost their lives.

his inglorious safety, curses and despises her charmer, and is fallen in love with CRASTIN: which is the first part of the history of the RIVAL MOTHER.

R.

## N°. 92.

FRIDAY, JUNE 15, 1711.

——Convivæ propè dissentire videntur,
Poscentes vario multùm diversa palato;
Quid dem? Quid non dem?

HOR. 2 EP. ii. 61.

IMITATED.

——— "What would you have me do,
"When out of twenty I can please not two?—
"One likes the pheasant's wing, and one the leg;
"The vulgar boil, the learned roast an egg:
"Hard task, to hit the palate of such guests."

POPE.

### LADY'S LIBRARY.

LOOKING over the late packets of letters which have been sent to me, I found the following one.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'YOUR Paper is a part of my tea equipage; and my servant knows my humour so well, that calling for my breakfast this morning (it being past my usual hour) she answered, the SPECTATOR was not yet come in; but that the tea-kettle boiled, and she expected it every moment. Having thus in part signified to you the esteem and veneration which I have for you, I must put you in mind of the catalogue of books which you have

promised to recommend to our sex; for I have deferred furnishing my closet with authors, till I receive your advice in this particular, being your daily disciple and humble servant,

*LEONORA.*

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In answer to my fair disciple, whom I am very proud of, I must acquaint her and the rest of my readers, that since I have called out for help in my catalogue of a Lady's Library,* I have received many letters upon that head, some of which I shall give an account of.

In the first class, I shall take notice of those which come to me from eminent booksellers, who every one of them mention with respect the authors they have printed, and consequently have an eye to their own advantage more than to that of the ladies. One tells me, that he thinks it absolutely necessary for women to have true notions of right and equity, and that therefore they cannot peruse a better book than *Dalton's Country Justice.* Another thinks they cannot be without the *Complete Jockey.* A third, observing the curiosity and desire of prying into secrets, which he tells me is natural to the fair sex, is of opinion this female inclination, if well directed, might turn very much to their advantage, and therefore recommends to me *Mr. Mede upon the Revelations.* A fourth lays it down as an unquestioned truth, that a lady cannot be thoroughly accomplished who has not read the *Secret Treaties and Negociations of Marshal d'Estrades.* Mr. JACOB TONSON, junior, is of opinion, that *Bayle's Dictionary* might be of very great use to the ladies, in order to make them general scholars. Another, whose name I have forgotten, thinks it highly proper that every woman with child should read *Mr. Wall's History of Infant Baptism*;

as

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* See No. 37, 163.

as another is very importunate with me to recommend to all my female readers the *Finishing Stroke; being a Vindication of the Patriarchal Scheme, &c.*

In the the second class I shall mention books which are recommended by husbands, if I may believe the writers of them. Whether or no they are real husbands or personated ones, I cannot tell; but the books they recommend are as follow. *A Paraphrase on the History of Susanna---Rules to keep Lent---The Christian's Overthrow prevented---A Dissuasive from the Play-house---The Virtues of Camphire, with Directions to make Camphire Tea---The Pleasure of a Country Life---The Government of the Tongue.* A letter dated from Cheapside desires me that I would advise all young wives to make themselves mistresses of *Wingate's Arithmetic*, and concludes with a postcript, that he hopes I will not forget the *Countess of Kent's Receipts.*

I may reckon the ladies themselves as a third class among these my correspondents and privy-counsellors. In a letter from one of them, I am advised to place *Pharamond* * at the head of my catalogue, and if I think proper to give the second place to *Cassandra.** COQUETILLA begs me not to think of nailing women upon their knees with manuals of devotion, nor of scorching their faces with books of housewifery. FLORELLA desires to know if there are any books written against prudes, and intreats me, if there are, to give them a place in my library. Plays of all sorts have their several advocates: *All for Love* is mentioned in above fifteen letters---*Sophonisba, or Hannibal's Overthrow*, in a dozen---*The Innocent Adultery* is likewise highly approved of---*Mithridates King of Pontus* has many friends ---*Alexander the Great*, and *Aurengzebe*, have the same



* Two celebrated French romances, written by M. L. CALPRENEDE.

number of voices; but *Theodosius, or the Force of Love,* carries it from all the rest.

I should in the last place mention such books as have been proposed by men of learning, and those who appear competent judges of this matter, and must here take occasion to thank A. B. whoever it is that conceals himself under these two letters, for his advice upon this subject. But as I find the work I have undertaken to be very difficult, I shall defer the executing of it till I am further acquainted with the thoughts of my judicious contemporaries, and have time to examine the several books they offer to me; being resolved, in an affair of this moment, to proceed with the greatest caution.

In the mean while, as I have taken the ladies under my particular care, I shall make it my business to find out in the best authors, ancient and modern, such passages as may be for their use, and endeavour to accommodate them as well as I can to their taste; not questioning but the valuable part of the sex will easily pardon me, if from time to time I laugh at those little vanities and follies which appear in the behaviour of some of them, and which are more proper for ridicule than a serious censure. Most books being calculated for male readers, and generally written with an eye to men of learning, makes a work of this nature the more necessary; besides, I am the more encouraged, because I flatter myself that I see the sex daily improving by these my speculations. My fair readers are already deeper scholars than the beaus. I could name some of them who talk much better than several gentlemen that make a figure at WILL'S; and as I frequently receive letters from the *fine ladies* and *pretty fellows,* I cannot but observe that the former are superior to the others not only in the sense, but in the spelling. This cannot but have a good effect upon the female world, and keep them from being charmed by those empty coxcombs that have hitherto been admired among the women, though laughed at among the men.

I am

I am credibly informed that TOM TATTLE passes for an impertinent fellow, that WILL TRIPPET begins to be smoked, and that FRANK SMOOTHLY himself is within a month of a coxcomb, in case I think fit to continue this Paper. For my part, as it is my business in some measure to detect such as would lead astray weak minds by their false pretences to wit and judgment, humour and gallantry, I shall not fail to lend the best lights I am able to the *Fair Sex* for the continuation of these their discoveries. L.

## N°. 93.

SATURDAY, JUNE 16, 1711.

——————————Spatio brevi
Spem longam reseces: dum loquimur, fugerit invida
Ætas: Carpe diem, quàm minimum credula postero.
HOR. l. OD. xi. 6.

"Thy lengthen'd hopes with prudence bound
"Proportion'd to the flying hour:
"While thus we talk in careless ease,
"The envious moments wing their flight;
"Instant the fleeting pleasure seize,
"Nor trust to-morrow's doubtful light."
FRANCIS.

### ON THE PROPER USE OF TIME.

WE all of us complain of the shortness of time, saith SENECA, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, says he, are spent, either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do. We are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them. That noble philosopher has

described our inconsistency with ourselves in this particular, by all those various turns of expression and thought which are peculiar to his writings.

I often consider mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself in a point that bears some affinity to the former. Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus, although the whole life is allowed by every one to be short, the several divisions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our span in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is composed. The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the present moment and next quarter-day. The politician would be contented to lose three years in his life, could he place things in the posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to strike out of his existence all the moments that are to pass away before the happy meeting. Thus, as fast as our time runs, we should be very glad in most parts of our lives that it ran much faster than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands, nay we wish away whole years; and travel through time as through a country filled with many wild and empty wastes, which we would fain hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little settlements or imaginary points of rest which are dispersed up and down in it.

If we divide the life of most men into twenty parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are mere gaps and chasms, which are neither filled with pleasure nor business. I do not however include in this calculation the life of those men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in scenes of action; and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable piece of service to these persons if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty

spaces

spaces of life. The methods I shall propose to them are as follow.

The first is the exercise of virtue, in the most general acceptation of the word. That particular scheme which comprehends the social virtues, may give employment to the most industrious temper, and find a man in business more than the most active station of life. To advise the ignorant, relieve the needy, comfort the afflicted, are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceness of a party; of doing justice to the character of a deserving man; of softening the envious, quieting the angry, and rectifying the prejudiced; which are all of them employments suited to a reasonable nature, and bring great satisfaction to the person who can busy himself in them with discretion.

There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for those retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourselves, and destitute of company and conversation; I mean that intercourse and communication which every reasonable creature ought to maintain with the great author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual sense of the divine presence keeps up a perpetual cheerfulness of temper, and enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and best of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him: it is impossible for him to be alone. His thoughts and passions are the most busied at such hours when those of other men are the most unactive. He no sooner steps out of the world but his heart burns with devotion, swells with hope, and triumphs in the consciousness of that presence which every where surrounds him; or on the contrary, pours out its fears, its sorrows, its apprehensions, to the great supporter of its existence.

I have here only considered the necessity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have something to do;

but if we consider further, that the exercise of virtue is not only an amusement for the time it lasts, but that its influence extends to those parts of our existence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole eternity is to take its colour from those hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us for putting in practice this method of passing away our time.

When a man has but a little stock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what shall we think of him if he suffers nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or disadvantage? But because the mind cannot be always in its fervours, nor strained up to a pitch of virtue, it is necessary to find out proper employments for it in its relaxations.

The next method therefore that I would propose to fill up our time, should be useful and innocent diversions. I must confess, I think it is below reasonable creatures to be altogether conversant in such diversions as are merely innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them, but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to say for itself, I shall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few game phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this species complaining that life is short?

The stage might be made a perpetual source of the most noble and useful entertainments, were it under proper regulations.

But the mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the conversation of a well chosen friend. There is indeed no blessing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It

eases

eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolutions, sooths and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

Next to such an intimacy with a particular person, one would endeavour after a more general conversation with such as are able to entertain and improve those with whom they converse, which are qualifications that seldom go asunder.

There are many other useful amusements of life which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might on all occasions have recourse to something, rather than suffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any passion that chances to rise in it.

A man that has a taste of music, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another sense, when compared with such as have no relish of those arts. The florist, the planter, the gardener, the husbandman, when they are only as accomplishments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country life, and many ways useful to those who are possessed of them.

But of all the diversions of life, there is none so proper to fill up its empty spaces as the reading of useful and entertaining authors. But this I shall only touch upon, because it in some measure interferes with the third method, which I shall propose in another paper, for the employment of our dead unactive hours, and which I shall only mention in general to be the pursuit of knowledge. L.

# No. 94.

MONDAY, JUNE 18, 1711.

Hoc est
Vivere bis, vitâ posse priore frui.

MART. EPIG. xxiii. 10.

"The present joys of life we doubly taste,
"By looking back with pleasure to the past."

## ON THE PROPER USE OF TIME---CONTINUED.

THE last method which I proposed in my Saturday's paper, for filling up those empty spaces of life which are so tedious and burdensome to idle people, is the employing ourselves in the pursuit of knowledge. I remember Mr. BOYLE, speaking of a certain mineral, tells us, that a man may consume his whole life in the study of it, without arriving at the knowledge of all its qualities. The truth of it is, there is not a single science, or any branch of it, that might not furnish a man with business for life, though it were much longer than it is.

I shall not here engage on those beaten subjects of the usefulness of knowledge, nor of the pleasure and perfection it gives the mind; nor on the methods of attaining it, nor recommend any particular branch of it: all which have been the topics of many other writers: but shall indulge myself in a speculation that is more uncommon, and may therefore perhaps be more entertaining.

I have before shewn how the unemployed parts of life appear long and tedious, and shall here endeavour to shew those parts of life which are exercised in study, reading, and the pursuits of knowledge, are long but not tedious, and by that means discover a method of length-

lengthening our lives, and at the same time of turning all the parts of them to our advantage.

Mr. LOCKE observes, "That we get the idea of time or duration, by reflecting on that train of ideas* which succeed one another in our minds; that for this reason, when we sleep soundly without dreaming, we have no perception of time, or the length of it, whilst we sleep; and that the moment wherein we leave off to think, till the moment we begin to think again, seem to have no distance." To which the author adds, "and so I doubt not but it would be to a waking man, if it were possible for him to keep only one *idea* in his mind, without variation, and the succession of others; and we see, that one who fixes his thoughts very intently on one thing, so as to take but little notice of the succession of ideas that pass in his mind whilst he is taken up with that earnest contemplation, lets slip out of his account a good part of that duration, and thinks that time shorter than it is."

We might carry this thought further, and consider a man as on one side, shortening his time by thinking on nothing, or but a few things; so on the other, as lengthening it, by employing his thoughts on many subjects, or by entertaining a quick and constant succession of ideas. Accordingly, Monsieur MALLEBRANCHE, in his *Inquiry after Truth*, (which was published several years before Mr. LOCKE's *Essay on Human Understanding*) tells us, that it is possible some creatures may think half an hour as long as we do a thousand years; or look upon that space of duration which we call a minute, as an hour, a week, a month, or a whole age.

This notion of Monsieur MALLEBRANCHE is capable of some little explanation from what I have quoted out of Mr. LOCKE; for if our notion of time is produced by our reflecting on the succession of ideas in our mind, and this succession may be infinitely accelerated or retarded, it will follow, that different beings may have different

* The learned Dr. REID controverts this doctrine.

ferent notions of the same parts of duration, according as their ideas, which we suppose are equally distinct in each of them, follow one another in a greater or less degree of rapidity.

There is a famous passage in the *Alcoran*, which looks as if MAHOMET had been possessed of the notion we are now speaking of. It is there said, that the Angel GABRIEL took MAHOMET out of his bed one morning to give him a sight of all things in the seven heavens, in paradise, and in hell, which the prophet took a distinct view of; and after having held ninety thousand conferences with God, was brought back again to his bed. All this, says the *Alcoran*, was transacted in so small a space of time, that MAHOMET at his return found his bed still warm, and took up an earthen pitcher, (which was thrown down at the very instant that the Angel GABRIEL carried him away) before the water was all spilt.

There is a very pretty story in the Turkish tales, which relates to this passage of that famous impostor, and bears some affinity to the subject we are now upon. A Sultan of Egypt who was an infidel, used to laugh at this circumstance in MAHOMET's life, as what was altogether impossible and absurd: but conversing one day with a great doctor in the law, who had the gift of working miracles, the doctor told him he would quickly convince him of the truth of this passage in the history of MAHOMET, if he would consent to do what he would desire of him. Upon this the Sultan was directed to place himself by a huge tub of water, which he did accordingly; and as he stood by the tub amidst a circle of his great men, the holy man bid him plunge his head into the water, and draw it up again. The King accordingly thrust his head into the water, and at the same time found himself at the foot of a mountain on a sea-shore. The King immediately began to rage against his doctor for this piece of treachery and witchcraft; but at length, knowing it was in vain to be angry,

angry, he set himself to think on proper methods for getting a livelihood in this strange country. Accordingly he applied himself to some people whom he saw at work in a neighbouring wood: these people conducted him to a town that stood at a little distance from the wood, where, after some adventures, he married a woman of great beauty and fortune. He lived with this woman so long, that he had by her seven sons and seven daughters. He was afterwards reduced to great want, and forced to think of plying in the streets as a porter for his livelihood. One day, as he was walking alone by the sea-side, being seized with many melancholy reflections upon his former and his present state of life, which had raised a fit of devotion in him, he threw off his clothes with a design to wash himself, according to the custom of the Mahometans, before he said his prayers.

After his first plunge into the sea, he no sooner raised his head above the water but he found himself standing by the side of the tub, with the great men of his court about him, and the holy man at his side. He immediately upbraided his teacher for having sent him on such a course of adventures, and betrayed him into so long a state of misery and servitude; but was wonderfully surprised when he heard that the state he talked of was only a dream and delusion; that he had not stirred from the place where he then stood; and that he had only dipped his head into the water, and immediately taken it out again.

The Mahometan doctor took this occasion of instructing the Sultan, that nothing was impossible with God; and that He, with whom a thousand years are but as one day, can, if he pleases, make a single day, nay, a single moment, appear to any of his creatures as a thousand years.

I shall leave my reader to compare these Eastern fables with the notions of those two great philosophers whom I have quoted in this paper; and shall only, by way

way of application, desire him to consider how we may extend life beyond its natural dimensions, by applying ourselves diligently to the pursuits of knowledge.

The hours of a wise man are lengthened by his ideas, as those of a fool are by his passions. The time of the one is long, because he does not know what to do with it; so is that of the other, because he distinguishes every moment of it with useful or amusing thoughts; or, in other words, because the one is always wishing it away, and the other always enjoying it.

How different is the view of past life, in the man who is grown old in knowledge and wisdom, from that of him who is grown old in ignorance and folly! The latter is like the owner of a barren country, that fills his eye with the prospect of naked hills and plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and spacious landscape, divided into delightful gardens, green meadows, fruitful fields, and can scarce cast his eye on a single spot of his possessions, that is not covered with some beautiful plant or flower. L.

## N°. 95.

TUESDAY, JUNE 19, 1711.

Curæ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent.

SENEC. TRAG.

"Light sorrows loose the tongue, but great enchain." P.

### ON INWARD MOURNING AND FEMALE CONDUCT.

HAVING read the two following letters with much pleasure, I cannot but think the good sense of them will be as agreeable to the town as any thing I could say either

either on the topics they treat of, or any other; they both allude to former papers of mine, and I do not question but the first, which is upon inward mourning, will be thought the production of a man who is well acquainted with the generous yearnings of distress in a manly temper, which is above the relief of tears. A speculation of my own on that subject I shall defer till another occasion.

The second letter is from a lady of a mind as great as her understanding. There is perhaps something in the beginning of it which I ought in modesty to conceal; but I have so much esteem for this correspondent, that I will not alter a tittle of what she writes, though I am thus scrupulous at the price of being ridiculous.

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MR. SPECTATOR,

'I WAS very well pleased with your discourse upon general mourning, and should be obliged to you if you would enter into the matter more deeply, and give us your thoughts upon the common sense the ordinary people have of the demonstrations of grief, who prescribe rules and fashions to the most solemn affliction; such as the loss of the nearest relations and dearest friends. You cannot go to visit a sick friend, but some impertinent waiter about him observes the muscles of your face, as strictly, as if they were prognostics of his death or recovery. If he happens to be taken from you, you are immediately surrounded with numbers of these spectators, who expect a melancholy shrug of your shoulders, a pathetical shake of your head, and an expressive distortion of your face, to measure your affection and value for the deceased. But there is nothing, on these occasions, so much in their favour as immoderate weeping. As all their passions are superficial, they imagine the seat of love and friendship to be placed visibly

visibly in the eyes. They judge what stock of kindness you had for the living, by the quantity of tears you pour out for the dead; so that if one body wants that quantity of salt-water another abounds with, he is in great danger of being thought insensible or ill-natured. They are strangers to friendship, whose grief happens not to be moist enough to wet such a parcel of handkerchiefs. But experience has told us, nothing is so fallacious as this outward sign of sorrow; and the natural history of our bodies will teach us that this flux of the eyes, this faculty of weeping, is peculiar only to some constitutions. We observe in the tender bodies of children, when crossed in their little wills and expectations, how dissolvable they are into tears. If this were what grief is in men, nature would not be able to support them in the excess of it for one moment. Add to this observation, how quick is their transition from this passion to that of their joy! I will not say we see often, in the next tender things to children, tears shed without much grieving. Thus it is common to shed tears without much sorrow, and as common to suffer much sorrow without shedding tears. Grief and weeping are indeed frequent companions: but, I believe, never in their highest excesses. As laughter does not proceed from profound joy, so neither does weeping from profound sorrow. The sorrow which appears so easily at the eyes, cannot have pierced deeply into the heart. The heart distended with grief, stops all the passages for tears or lamentations.

'Now Sir, what I would incline you to in all this is, that you would inform the shallow critics and observers upon sorrow, that true affliction labours to be invisible, that it is a stranger to ceremony, and that it bears in its own nature a dignity much above the little circumstances which are affected under the notion of decency. You must know, Sir, I have lately lost a dear friend, for whom I have not yet shed a tear, and for

for that reason your animadversions on that subject would be the more acceptable to,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

*B. D.*

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*June the 13th.*

MR. SPECTATOR,

'As I hope there are but few who have so little gratitude as not to acknowledge the usefulness of your pen, and to esteem it a public benefit; so I am sensible, be that as it will, you must nevertheless find the secret and incomparable pleasure of doing good, and be a great sharer in the entertainment you give. I acknowledge our sex to be much obliged, and I hope improved, by your labours, and even your intentions more particularly for our service. If it be true, as it is sometimes said, that our sex have an influence on the other, your Paper may be a yet more general good. Your directing us to reading, is certainly the best means to our instruction; but I think with you caution in that particular very useful, since the improvement of our understandings may, or may not be of service to us, according as it is managed. It has been thought we are not generally so ignorant as ill-taught, or that our sex does so often want wit, judgment, or knowledge, as the right application of them. You are so well-bred, as to say your fair readers are already deeper scholars than the beaus, and that you could name some of them that talk much better than several gentlemen that make a figure at WILL'S. This may possibly be, and no great compliment, in my opinion, even supposing your comparison to reach TOM'S and the GRECIAN. Surely you are too wise to think *that* the real commendation of a woman. Were it not rather to be wished we improved in our own sphere, and approved ourselves better daughters, wives, mothers, and friends?

I cannot but agree with the judicious trader in Cheapside (though I am not at all prejudiced in his favour) in recommending the study of Arithmetic; and must dissent even from the authority which you mention, when it advises the making our sex scholars. Indeed a little more philosophy, in order to the subduing our passions to our reason, might be sometimes serviceable, and a treatise of that nature I should approve of, even in exchange for *Theodosius or the Force of Love*; but as I well know you want not hints, I will proceed no farther than to recommend the bishop of CAMBRAY'S *Education of a Daughter*,* as it is translated into the only language I have any knowledge of, though perhaps very much to its disadvantage. I have heard it objected against that piece, that its instructions are not of general use, but only fitted for a great lady; but I confess I am not of that opinion; for I do not remember that there are any rules laid down for the expences of a woman, in which particular only I think a gentlewoman ought to differ from a lady of the best fortune, or highest quality, and not in their principles of justice, gratitude, sincerity, prudence, or modesty. I ought perhaps to make an apology for this long epistle; but as I rather believe you a friend to sincerity, than ceremony, shall only assure you I am,

SIR,

Your most humble servant,

*ANNABELLA.*

* The reader will find a very excellent system of directions for female conduct in Dr. GREGORY'S *Legacy to his Daughters*, published by G. ROBERTSON, Piccadilly.

# N°. 96.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 29, 1711.

——————————Amicum
Mancipium domino, et frugi——————

HOR. 2 SAT. viii. 3.

——————"The faithful servant, and the true."

CREECH.

## A FOOTMAN'S HISTOTY OF HIMSELF.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'I HAVE frequently read your discourse upon Servants, and as I am one myself, have been much offended, that in that variety of forms wherein you considered the bad, you found no place to mention the good. There is however one observation of yours I approve, which is, "That there are men of wit and good sense among all orders of men, and that servants report most of the good or ill which is spoken of their masters." That there are men of sense who live in servitude, I have the vanity to say I have felt to my woeful experience. You attribute very justly the source of our general iniquity to board-wages, and the manner of living out of a domestic way: but I cannot give you my thoughts on this subject any way so well, as by a short account of my own life to this the forty-fifth year of my age; that is to say, from my being first a footboy at fourteen, to my present station of a nobleman's porter in the year of my age above mentioned.

'Know then, that my father was a poor tenant to the family of Sir STEPHEN RACKRENT. Sir STEPHEN put me to school, or rather made me follow his son HARRY to school, from my ninth year; and there, though Sir STEPHEN paid something for my learning,

I was used like a servant, and was forced to get what scraps of learning I could by my own industry, for the school-master took very little notice of me. My young master was a lad of very sprightly parts; and my being constantly about him, and loving him, was no small advantage to me. My master loved me extremely, and has often been whipped for not keeping me at a distance. He used always to say, that when he came to his estate I should have a lease of my father's tenement for nothing. I came up to town with him to Westminster-school; at which time he taught me at night all he learnt: and put me to find out words in the dictionary when he was about his exercise. It was the will of Providence that master HARRY was taken very ill of a fever, of which he died within ten days after his first falling sick. Here was the first sorrow I ever knew; and I assure you Mr. SPECTATOR, I remember the beautiful action of the sweet youth in his fever, as fresh as if it were yesterday. If he wanted any thing, it must be given him by TOM. When I let any thing fall through the grief I was under, he would cry, "Do not beat the poor boy: give him some more julep for me, nobody else shall give it me." He would strive to hide his being so bad, when he saw I could not bear his being in so much danger, and comforted me, saying, "TOM, TOM, have a good heart." When I was holding a cup at his mouth, he fell into convulsions; and at this very time I hear my dear master's last groan. I was quickly turned out of the room, and left to sob and beat my head against the wall at my leisure. The grief I was in was inexpressible, and every body thought it would have cost me my life. In a few days my old lady, who was one of the housewives of the world, thought of turning me out of doors, because I put her in mind of her son. Sir STEPHEN proposed putting me to prentice; but my lady being an excellent manager, would not let her husband throw away his money in acts of charity. I had sense enough to be under the utmost indignation,

to

to see her discard with so little concern, one her son had loved so much; and went out of the house to ramble wherever my feet would carry me.

'The third day after I left Sir STEPHEN's family, I was strolling up and down the walks in the Temple. A young gentleman of the house, who (as I heard him say afterwards) seeing me half-starved and well-dressed, thought me an equipage ready to his hand, after very little inquiry more than "Did I want a Master?" bid me follow him; I did so, and in a very little while thought myself the happiest creature in this world. My time was taken up in carrying letters to wenches, or messages to young ladies of my master's acquaintance. We rambled from tavern to tavern, to the play-house, the Mulberry-Garden, and all places of resort; where my master engaged every night in some new amour, in which and drinking he spent all his time when he had money. During these extravagancies I had the pleasure of lying on the stairs of a tavern half a night, playing at dice with other servants, and the like idlenesses. When my master was moneyless, I was generally employed in transcribing amorous pieces of poetry, old songs and new lampoons. This life held till my master married, and he had then the prudence to turn me off, because I was in the secret of his intrigues.

'I was utterly at a loss what course to take next; when at last I applied myself to a fellow-sufferer, one of his mistresses, a woman of the town. She happening at that time to be pretty full of money, clothed me from head to foot; and knowing me to be a sharp fellow, employed me accordingly. Sometimes I was to go abroad with her, and when she had pitched upon a young fellow, she thought for her turn, I was to be dropped as one she could not trust. She would often cheapen goods at the New-Exchange; and when she had a mind to be attacked, she would send me away on an errand. When an humble servant and she were beginning a parley, I came immediately, and told her Sir JOHN was come

home; then she would order another coach to prevent being dogged. The lover makes signs to me as I get behind the coach, I shake my head it was impossible: I leave my lady at the next turning, and follow the cully to know how to fall in his way on another occasion. Besides good offices of this nature, I writ all my mistress's love-letters; some from a lady that saw such a gentleman at such a place in such a coloured coat, some shewing the terror she was in of a jealous old husband, others explaining that the severity of her parents was such (though her fortune was settled) that she was willing to run away with such a one, though she knew he was but a younger brother. In a word, my half education, and love of idle books, made me out-write all that made love to her by way of epistle; and as she was extremely cunning, she did well enough in company by a skilful affectation of the greatest modesty. In the midst of all this I was surprised with a letter from her, and a ten pound note.

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HONEST TOM,

"You will never see me more. I am married to a very cunning country gentleman, who might possibly guess something if I kept you still; therefore farewell."

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'When this place was lost also in marriage, I was resolved to go among quite another people for the future, and got in butler to one of those families where there is a coach kept, three or four servants, a clean house, and a good general outside upon a small estate. Here I lived very comfortably for some time, until I unfortunately found my master, the very gravest man alive, in the garret with the chamber-maid. I knew the world too well to think of staying there; and the next day pretended to have received a letter out of the country

try that my father was dying, and got my discharge with a bounty for my discretion.

'The next I lived with was a peevish single man, whom I stayed with for a year and a half. Most part of the time I passed very easily; for when I began to know him, I minded no more, than he meant, what he said; so that one day in a good humour he said "I was the best man he ever had, by my want of respect to him."

'These, Sir, are the chief occurrences of my life, and I will not dwell upon very many other places I have been in, where I have been the strangest fellow in the world, where nobody in the world had such servants as they, where sure they were the unluckiest people in the world in servants, and so forth. All I mean by this representation is, to show you that we poor servants are not (what you called us too generally) all rogues; but that we are what we are, according to the example of our superiors. In the family I am now in, I am guilty of no one sin but lying; which I do with a grave face in my gown and staff every day I live, and almost all day long, in denying my lord to impertinent suitors, and my lady to unwelcome visitants. But Sir, I am to let you know that I am, when I can get abroad, a leader of the servants: I am he that keeps time with beating my cudgel against the boards in the gallery at an opera; I am he that am touched so properly at a tragedy, when the people of quality are staring at one another during the most important incidents. When you hear in crowd a cry in the right place, a hum where the point is touched in a speech, or a huzza set up where it is the voice of the people; you may conclude it is begun or joined by,

SIR,

Your more than humble servant,

*THOMAS TRUSTY.*

T.

## No. 97.

THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1711.

Projecere animas———

VIRG. EN. vi. 436.

"They prodigally threw their lives away."

### ON DUELLING.

AMONG the loose papers which I have frequently spoken of heretofore, I find a conversation between PHARAMOND and EUCRATE upon the subject of Duels, and the copy of an Edict issued in consequence of that discourse.

EUCRATE argued, that nothing but the most severe and vindictive punishment, such as placing the bodies of the offenders in chains, and putting them to death by the most exquisite torments, would be sufficient to extirpate a crime which had so long prevailed, and was so firmly fixed in the opinion of the world as great and laudable. The King answered, that indeed instances of ignominy were necessary in the cure of this evil; but considering that it prevailed only among such as had a nicety in their sense of honour, and that it often happened that a duel was fought to save appearances to the world, when both parties were in their hearts in amity and reconciliation to each other; it was evident that turning the mode another way would effectually put a stop to what had being only as a mode. That to such persons, poverty and shame were torments sufficient. That he would not go farther in punishing in others, crimes which he was satisfied he himself was most guilty of, in that he might have prevented them by speaking his

his displeasure sooner. Besides which, the King said, he was in general averse to tortures; which was putting human nature itself, rather than the criminal, to disgrace; and that he would be sure not to use this means where the crime was but an ill effect arising from a laudable cause, the fear of shame. The King, at the same time, spoke with much grace upon the subject of mercy; and repented of many acts of that kind which had a magnificent aspect in the doing, but dreadful consequences in the example. Mercy to particulars, he observed, was cruelty in the general. That though a prince could not revive a dead man by taking the life of him who killed him, neither could he make reparation to the next that should die by the evil example; or answer to himself for the partiality in not pardoning the next as well as the former offender. 'As for me,' says PHARAMOND, 'I have conquered France, and yet have given laws to my people. The laws are my methods of life; they are not a diminution but a direction to my power. I am still absolute to distinguish the innocent and the virtuous, to give honours to the brave and generous: I am absolute in my good-will; none can oppose my bounty, or prescribe rules for my favour. While I can, as I please, reward the good, I am under no pain that I cannot pardon the wicked: for which reason,' continued PHARAMOND, 'I will effectually put a stop to this evil, by exposing no more the tenderness of my nature to the importunity of having the same respect to those who are miserable by their fault, and those who are so by their misfortune. Flatterers (concluded the King smiling) repeat to us princes, that we are heaven's vicegerents; let us be so, and let the only thing out of our power be *to do ill*.'

Soon after the evening, wherein PHARAMOND and EUCRATE had this conversation, the following edict was published against DUELS.

## PHARAMOND'S EDICT AGAINST DUELS.

PHARAMOND, *King of the Gauls, to all his loving subjects sendeth greeting.*

'WHEREAS it has come to our royal notice and observation, that in contempt of all laws divine and human, it is of late become a custom among the nobility and gentry of this our kingdom, upon slight and trivial, as well as great and urgent provocations, to invite each other into the field, there by their own hands, and of their own authority to decide their controversies by combat; we have thought fit to take the said custom into our royal consideration, and find, upon inquiry into the usual causes whereon such fatal decisions have arisen, that by this wicked custom, maugre all the precepts of our holy religion, and the rules of right reason, the greatest act of the human mind, *forgiveness of injuries*, is become vile and shameful; that the rules of good society and virtuous conversation are hereby inverted; that the loose, the vain, and the impudent, insult the careful, the discreet, and the modest; that all virtue is suppressed, and all vice supported, in the one act of being capable to dare to the death. We have also farther, with great sorrow of mind, observed that this dreadful action, by long impunity (our royal attention being employed upon matters of more general concern), is become honourable, and the refusal to engage in it ignominious. In these our royal cares and inquiries we are yet farther made to understand, that the persons of most eminent worth, and most hopeful abilities, accompanied with the strongest passion for true glory, are such as are most liable to be involved in the dangers arising from this licence. Now taking the said premises into our serious consideration, and well weighing that all such emergencies (wherein the mind is incapable of

commanding itself, and where the injury is too sudden or too exquisite to be borne) are particularly provided for by laws heretofore enacted; and that the qualities of less injuries, like those of ingratitude, are too nice and delicate to come under general rules; we do resolve to blot this fashion, or wantonness of anger, out of the minds of our subjects, by our royal resolutions declared in this edict as follow.

'No person who either sends or accepts a challenge, or the posterity of either, though no death ensues thereupon, shall be, after the publication of this our edict, capable of bearing office in these our dominions.

'The person who shall prove the sending or receiving a challenge, shall receive to his own use and property, the whole personal estate of both parties; and their real estate shall be immediately vested in the next heir of the offenders, in as ample manner as if the said offenders were actually deceased.

'In cases where the laws (which we have already granted to our subjects) admit of an appeal for blood; when the criminal is condemned by the said appeal, he shall not only suffer death, but his whole estate, real mixed, and personal, shall from the hour of his death be vested in the next heir of the person whose blood he spilt.

'That it shall not hereafter be in our royal power, or that of our successors, to pardon the said offences, or restore the offenders in their estates, honour, or blood, for ever.'

Given at our court at Blois, the 8th of February, 420, in the second year of our reign.

T.

# N°. 98.

FRIDAY, JUNE 22, 1711.

——— Tanta est quærendi cura decoris.

JUV. SAT. vi. 500.

"So studiously their persons they adorn."

## ON LADIES' HEAD-DRESSES.

THERE is not so variable a thing in nature as a *Lady's Head-Dress.* Within my own memory I have known it it to rise and fall above thirty degrees. About ten years ago it shot up to a very great height, insomuch that the female part of our species were much taller than the men. The women were of such an enormous stature, that "we appeared as grashoppers before them." * At present the whole sex is in a manner dwarfed, and shrunk into a race of beauties that seems almost another species. I remember several ladies, who were once very near seven foot high, that at present want some inches of five. How they came to be thus curtailed I cannot learn; whether the whole sex be at present under any penance which we know nothing of, or whether they have cast their head-dresses in order to surprise us with something in that kind which shall be entirely new; or whether some of the tallest of the sex being too cunning for the rest, have contrived this method to make themselves appear sizeable, is still a secret; though I find most are of opinion, they are at present like trees new lopped and pruned, that will certainly sprout up and flourish with greater heads than before. For my own part, as I do not love to be insulted by women who are taller

* *Numb.* xiii. 33.

taller than myself, I admire the sex much more in their present humiliation, which has reduced them to their natural dimensions, than when they had extended their persons and lengthened themselves out into formidable and gigantic figures. I am not for adding to the beautiful edifices of nature, nor for raising any whimsical superstructure upon her plans: I must therefore repeat it, that I am highly pleased with the coiffure now in fashion, and think it shews the good sense which at present very much reigns among the valuable part of the sex. One may observe, that women in all ages have taken more pains than men to adorn the outside of their heads; and indeed I very much admire, that those female architects, who raise such wonderful structures out of ribbands, lace, and wire, have not been recorded for their respective inventions. It is certain there has been as many orders in these kinds of buildings, as in those which have been made of marble. Sometimes they rise in the shape of a pyramid, sometimes like a tower, and sometimes like a steeple. In JUVENAL's time the building grew by several orders and stories, as he has very humorously described it.

Tot premit ordinibus, tot adhuc compagibus altum
Ædificat caput: Andromachen à fronte videbis;
Post minor est: Aliam credas.——

JUV. SAT. vi. 501.

"With curls on curls they build her head before,
"And mount it with a formidable tow'r:
"A giantess she seems; but look behind,
"And then she dwindles to the pigmy kind."

DRYDEN.

But I do not remember in any part of my reading, that the *Head-Dress* aspired to so great an extravagance as in the fourteenth century; when it was built up in a couple of cones or spires, which stood so excessively high on each side of the head, that a woman, who was but a pygmy without her *head-dress*, appeared like a

Colossus upon putting it on. Monsieur PARADIN * says, 'That these old-fashioned fontanges rose an ell above the head; that they were pointed like steeples, and had long loose pieces of crape fastened to the tops of them, which were curiously fringed, and hung down their backs like streamers.'

The women might possibly have carried this *Gothic building* much higher, had not a famous monk, THOMAS CONECTE by name, attacked it with great zeal and resolution. This holy man travelled from place to place to preach down this monstrous commode; and succeeded so well in it, that as the magicians sacrificed their books to the flames upon the preaching of an apostle, many of the women threw down their *head-dresses* in the middle of his sermon, and made a bonfire of them within sight of the pulpit. He was so renowned as well for the sanctity of his life as his manner of preaching, † that he had often a congregation of twenty thousand people; the men placing themselves on the one side of his pulpit, and the women on the other, that appeared (to use the similitude of an ingenious writer) like a forest of cedars with their heads reaching to the clouds. He so warmed and animated the people against this monstrous ornament, that it lay under a kind of persecution; and whenever it appeared in public, was pelted down by the rabble, who flung stones at the persons that wore it. But notwithstanding this prodigy vanished while the preacher was among them, it began to appear again some months after his departure, or to tell it in Monsieur PARADIN's own words, 'The women that, like snails in a fright, had drawn in their horns, shot them out again as

* A French author of the sixteenth century. He wrote several of those narratives which, in the infancy of letters, are styled histories.

† This preacher flourished in the fifteenth century. After successfully attacking the vices and follies of other countries, he at last went to Rome, and inveighed against the profligacy of the clergy. The reverend debauchees accused him of heresy. He was condemned to the flames, and suffered.

as soon as the danger was over.' This extravagance of the women's *head-dresses* in that age is taken notice of by Monsieur d'ARGENTRE in his history of Bretagne, and by other historians, as well as the person I have here quoted.

It is usually observed, that a good reign is the only proper time for making of laws against the exorbitance of power; in the same manner an excessive *head-dress* may be attacked the most effectually when the fashion is against it. I do therefore recommend this paper to my female readers by way of prevention.

I would desire the *Fair Sex* to consider how impossible it is for them to add any thing that can be ornamental to what is already the master-piece of nature. The head has the most beautiful appearance, as well as the highest station, in a human figure. Nature has laid out all her art in beautifying the face; she has touched it with vermilion, planted in it a double row of ivory, made it the seat of smiles and blushes, lighted it up and enlivened it with the brightness of the eyes, hung it on each side with curious organs of sense, given it airs and graces that cannot be described; and surrounded it with such a flowing shade of hair as sets all its beauties in the most agreeable light. In short, she seems to have designed the head as the *cupola* to the most glorious of her works; and when we load it with such a pile of supernumerary ornaments, we destroy the symmetry of the human figure, and foolishly contrive to call off the eye from great and real beauties, to childish gewgaws, ribbands, and bone-lace. * L.

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* This paper is a striking instance of that gentleness and insinuation which renders the satire of ADDISON more effectual than that of others of equal force of intellect and of humour.

# No. 99.

SATURDAY, JUNE 23, 1711.

Turpi secernis honestum.

HOR. 1 SAT. vi. 63.

"You know to fix the bounds of right and wrong."

## THE POINT OF HONOUR AMONG MEN AND WOMEN.

THE Club, of which I have often declared myself a member, were last night engaged in a discourse upon that which passes for the chief point of honour among men and women; and started a great many hints upon the subject, which I thought were entirely new. I shall therefore methodize the several reflections that arose upon this occasion, and present my reader with them for the speculation of this day; after having premised, that if there is any thing in this paper which seems to differ with any passage of last Thursday's, the reader will consider this as the sentiments of the Club, and the other as my own private thoughts, or rather those of PHARAMOND.

The great point of honour in men is Courage, and in women Chastity. If a man loses his honour in one rencounter, it is not impossible for him to regain it in another; a slip in a woman's honour is irrecoverable. I can give no reason for fixing the point of honour to these two qualities, unless it be that each sex sets the greatest value on the qualification which renders them the most amiable in the eyes of the contrary sex. Had men chosen for themselves, without regard to the opinions of the fair sex, I should believe the choice would have fallen on wisdom or virtue; or had women determined

mined their own point of honour, it is probable that wit or good-nature would have carried it against Chastity.

Nothing recommends a man more to the female sex than Courage; * whether it be that they are pleased to see one who is a terror to others fall like a slave at their feet, or that this quality supplies their own principal defect, in guarding them from insults, and avenging their quarrels; or that Courage is a natural indication of a strong and sprightly constitution. On the other side, nothing makes woman more esteemed by the opposite sex than Chastity; whether it be that we always prize those most who are hardest to come at, or that nothing besides Chastity, with its collateral attendants, truth, fidelity, and constancy, gives the man a property in the person he loves, and consequently endears her to him above all things.

I am very much pleased with a passage in the inscription on a monument erected in Westminster-Abbey to the late Duke and Duchess of NEWCASTLE. "Her name was MARGARET LUCAS, youngest sister to the Lord LUCAS of Colchester; a noble family, for all the brothers were valiant, and all the sisters virtuous."

In books of chivalry, where the point of honour is strained to madness, the whole story runs on Chastity and Courage. The damsel is mounted on a white palfrey, as an emblem of her innocence; and, to avoid scandal, must have a dwarf for her page. She is not to think of a man, until some misfortune has brought a knight-errant to her relief. The knight falls in love, and did not gratitude restrain her from murdering her deliverer, would die at her feet by her disdain. However, he must wait many years in the desert, before her virgin-heart can think of a surrender. The knight goes off, attacks every thing he meets that is bigger and stronger than



* This observation is admirably illustrated by FIELDING in his *Tom Jones*, in that chapter in which the hero breaks his arm in saving SOPHIA WESTERN.

himself, seeks all opportunities of being knocked on the head, and after seven years rambling, returns to his mistress, whose Chastity has been attacked in the mean time by giants and tyrants, and undergone as many trials as her lover's valour.

In Spain, where there are still great remains of this romantic humour, it is a transporting favour for a lady to cast an accidental glance on her lover from a window, though it be two or three stories high; as it is usual for the lover to assert his passion for his mistress, in single combat with a mad bull.

The great violation of the point of honour from man to man, is giving the lye. One may tell another he whores, drinks, blasphemes, and it may pass unresented; but to say he lies, though but in jest, is an affront that nothing but blood can expiate. The reason perhaps may be, because no other vice implies a want of Courage so much as the making of a lie; and therefore telling a man he lies, is touching him in the most sensible part of honour, and indirectly calling him a coward. I cannot omit under this head what HERODOTUS tells us of the ancient Persians, that from the age of five years to twenty they instruct their sons only in three things, to manage the horse, to make use of the bow, and to speak truth.

The placing the point of honour in this false kind of Courage, has given occasion to the very refuse of mankind, who have neither virtue nor common sense, to set up for men of honour. An English peer, who has not been long dead, used to tell a pleasant story of a French gentleman that visited him early one morning at Paris, and after great professions of respect, let him know that he had it in his power to oblige him; which, in short, amounted to this, that he believed he could tell his lordship the person's name who jostled him as he came out from the Opera; but before he would proceed, he begged his lordship, that he would not deny him the honour of making him his second. The English lord, to avoid being drawn into a very foolish affair, told him,

that

that he was under engagements for his two next duels to a couple of particular friends. Upon which the gentleman immediately withdrew, hoping his lordship would not take it ill if he meddled no farther in an affair from whence he himself was to receive no advantage.

The beating down this false notion of honour, in so vain and lively a people as those of France, is deservedly looked upon as one of the most glorious parts of their present king's reign. It is pity but the punishment of these mischievous notions should have in it some particular circumstances of shame and infamy; that those who are slaves to them may see, that instead of advancing their reputations, they lead them to ignominy and dishonour.

Death is not sufficient to deter men who make it their glory to despise it; but if every one that fought a duel were to stand in the pillory, it would quickly lessen the number of these imaginary men of honour, and put an end to so absurd a practice.

When honour is a support to virtuous principles, and runs parallel with the laws of God and our country, it cannot be too much cherished and encouraged: but when the dictates of honour are contrary to those of religion and equity, they are the greatest depravations of human nature, by giving wrong ambitions and false ideas of what is good and laudable; and should therefore be exploded by all governments, and driven out as the bane and plague of human society.

L.

# N°. 100.

MONDAY, JUNE 25, 1711.

Nil ego contulerim jucundo sanus amico.
HOR. I SAT. V. 44.
"The greatest blessing is a pleasant friend."

## ON GOOD HUMOUR.

A MAN advanced in years that thinks fit to look back upon his former life, and calls that only life which was passed with satisfaction and enjoyment, excluding all parts which were not pleasant to him, will find himself very young, if not in his infancy. Sickness, ill-humour, and idleness, will have robbed him of a great share of that space we ordinarily call our life. It is therefore the duty of every man that would be true to himself, to obtain, if possible, a disposition to be pleased, and place himself in a constant aptitude for the satisfactions of his being. Instead of this, you hardly see a man who is not uneasy in proportion to his advancement in the arts of life. An affected delicacy is the common improvement we meet with in those who pretend to be refined above others. They do not aim at true pleasures themselves, but turn their thoughts upon observing the false pleasures of other men. Such people are valetudinarians in society, and they should no more come into company than a sick man should come into the air. If a man is too weak to bear what is a refreshment to men in health, he must still keep his chamber. When any one in Sir ROGER'S company complains he is out of order, he immediately calls for some posset-drink for him; for which reason that sort of people who are ever

ever bewailing their constitution in other places, are the chearfullest imaginable when he is present.

It is a wonderful thing that so many, and they not reckoned absurd, shall entertain those with whom they converse, by giving them the history of their pains and aches; and imagine such narrations their quota of the conversation. This is of all other the meanest help to discourse, and a man must not think at all, or think himself very insignificant, when he finds an account of his head-ach answered by another's asking, "What news in the last mail?" Mutual good-humour is a dress we ought to appear in whenever we meet, and we should make no mention of what concerns ourselves, without it be of matters wherein our friends ought to rejoice: but indeed there are crowds of people who put themselves in no method of pleasing themselves or others; such are those whom we usually call indolent persons. Indolence is, methinks, an intermediate state between pleasure and pain, and very much unbecoming any part of our life after we are out of the nurse's arms. Such an aversion to labour creates a constant weariness, and one would think should make existence itself a burden. The indolent man descends from the dignity of his nature, and makes that being which was rational merely vegetative. His life consists only in the mere increase and decay of a body, which with relation to the rest of the world, might as well have been uninformed, as the habitation of a reasonable mind.

Of this kind is the life of that extraordinary couple, HARRY TERSETT and his lady. HARRY was in the days of his celibacy, one of those pert creatures who have much vivacity and little understanding; Mrs. REBECCA QUICKLY, whom he married, had all that the fire of youth and a lively manner could do towards making an agreeable woman. These two people of seeming merit fell into each other's arms; and passion being sated, and no reason or good-sense in either to succeed it, their life is now at a stand; their meals are insipid, and their time te-

dious; their fortune has placed them above care, and their loss of taste reduced them below diversion. When we talk of these as instances of inexistence, we do not mean, that in order to live, it is necessary we should always be in jovial crews, or crowned with chaplets of roses, as the merry fellows among the ancients are described; but it is intended, by considering these contraries to pleasure, indolence, and too much delicacy, to shew that it is prudence to preserve a disposition in ourselves to receive a certain delight in all we hear and see.

This portable quality of *Good Humour* seasons all the parts and occurences we meet with, in such a manner, that there are no moments lost; but they all pass with so much satisfaction, that the heaviest of loads, (when it is a load) that of time, is never felt by us. VARILAS has this quality to the highest perfection, and communicates it wherever he appears. The sad, the merry, the severe, the melancholy, shew a new chearfulness when he comes amongst them. At the same time no one can repeat any thing that VARILAS has ever said that deserves repetition; but the man has that innate goodness of temper, that he is welcome to every body, because every man thinks he is so to him. He does not seem to contribute any thing to the mirth of the company; and yet upon reflection you find it all happened by his being there. I thought it was whimsically said of a gentleman, that if VARILAS had wit, it would be the best wit in the world. It is certain, when a well-corrected lively imagination and good-breeding are added to a sweet disposition, they qualify it to be one of the greatest blessings, as well as pleasures of life.

Men would come into company with ten times the pleasure they do, if they were sure of hearing nothing which should shock them, as well as expected what would please them. When we know every person that is spoken of is represented by one who has no ill-will

and

and every thing that is mentioned described by one that is apt to set it in the best light, the entertainment must be delicate, because the cook has nothing brought to his hand but what is the most excellent in its kind. Beautiful pictures are the entertainments of pure minds, and deformities of the corrupted. It is a degree towards the life of angels, when we enjoy conversation wherein there is nothing presented but in its excellence: and a degree towards that of demons, wherein nothing is shewn but in its degeneracy.

T

# No. 101.

TUESDAY, JUNE 26, 1711.

ROMULUS, et LIBER pater, et cum CASTORE POLLUX,
Post ingentia facta, deorum in templa recepti;
Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aspera bella
Componunt, agros assignant, oppida condunt;
Ploravere suis non respondere favorem
Speratum meritis: ——

HOR. 2 EP. i. 5.

IMITATED.

"EDWARD and HENRY, now the boast of fame,
"And virtuous ALFRED, a more sacred name,
"After a life of generous toils endur'd,
"The Gaul subdu'd, or property secur'd,
"Ambition humbled, mighty cities storm'd,
"Or laws establish'd, and the world reform'd;
"Clos'd their long glories with a sigh to find
"Th' unwilling gratitude of base mankind."

POPE.

## REAL CHARACTERS OF MEN NOT KNOWN TILL AFTER THEIR DEATHS.

'CENSURE,' says a late ingenious author,* is the tax a man pays to the public for being eminent.' It is a folly for an eminent man to think of escaping it, and a weakness to be affected with it. All the illustrious persons of antiquity, and indeed of every age in the world, have passed through this fiery persecution. There is no defence against reproach but obscurity; it is a kind of concomitant to greatness, as satires and invectives were an essential part of a Roman triumph.

If men of eminence are exposed to censure on one hand, they are as much liable to flattery on the other. If they receive reproaches which are not due to them, they

*SWIFT.

they likewise receive praises which they do not deserve. In a word, the man in a high post is never regarded with an indifferent eye, but always considered as a friend or an enemy. For this reason persons in great stations have seldom their true characters drawn till several years after their deaths. Their personal friendships and enmities must cease, and the parties they were engaged in be at an end, before their faults or their virtues can have justice done them. When writers have the least opportunities of knowing the truth, they are in the best disposition to tell it.

It is therefore the privilege of posterity to adjust the characters of illustrious persons, and to set matters right between those antagonists, who by their rivalry for greatness divided a whole age into factions. We can now allow CÆSAR to be a great man, without derogating from POMPEY; and celebrate the virtues of CATO, without detracting from those of CÆSAR. Every one that has been long dead has a due proportion of praise allotted him, in which, whilst he lived, his friends were too profuse, and his enemies too sparing,

According to Sir ISAAC NEWTON's calculations, the last comet that made its appearance in 1680, imbibed so much heat by its approaches to the sun, that it would have been two thousand times hotter than red hot iron, had it been a globe of that metal; and that supposing it as big as the earth, and at the same distance from the sun, it would be fifty thousand years in cooling, before it recovered its natural temper. In the like manner, if an Englishman considers the great ferment into which our political world is thrown at present, and how intensely it is heated in all its parts, he cannot suppose that it will cool again in less than three hundred years, In such a tract of time it is possible that the heats of the present age may be extinguished, and our several classes of great men represented under their proper characters. Some eminent historian may then probably arise that will not write *recentibus odiis* (as TACITUS ex-

presses it) with the passions and prejudices of a cotemporary author, but make an impartial distribution of fame among the great men of the present age.

I cannot forbear entertaining myself very often with the idea of such an imaginary historian describing the reign of ANNE the First, and introducing it with a preface to his reader, that he is now entering upon the most shining part of the English story. The great rivals in fame will be then distinguished according to their respective merits, and shine in their proper points of light. Such an one (says the historian) though variously represented by the writers of his own age, appears to have been a man of more than ordinary abilities, great application, and uncommon integrity; nor was such an one (though of an opposite party and interest) inferior to him in any of these respects. The several antagonists who now endeavour to depreciate one another, and are celebrated or traduced by different parties, will then have the same body of admirers, and appear illustrious in the opinion of the whole British nation. The deserving man, who can now recommend himself to the esteem of but half his countrymen, will then receive the approbations and applauses of a whole age.

Among the several persons that flourish in this glorious reign, there is no question but such a future historian, as the person of whom I am speaking, will make mention of the men of genius and learning, who have now any figure in the British nation. For my own part, I often flatter myself with the honourable mention which will then be made of me; and have drawn up a paragraph in my own imagination, that I fancy will not be altogether unlike what will be found in some page or other of this imaginary historian.

"It was under this reign," say she, "that the SPECTATOR published those little diurnal essays which are still extant. We know very little of the name or person of this author, except only that he was a man of a very

short face, extremely addicted to silence, and so great a lover of knowledge, that he made a voyage to Grand Cairo for no other reason, but to take the measure of a pyramid. His chief friend was one Sir ROGER DE COVERLY, a whimsical country knight, and a templar whose name he has not transmitted to us. He lived as a lodger at the house of a widow-woman, and was a great humourist in all parts of his life. This is all we can affirm with any certainty of his person and character. As for his speculations, notwithstanding the several obsolete words and obscure phrases of the age in which he lived, we still understand enough of them to see the diversions and characters of the English nation in his time: not but that we are to make allowance for the mirth and humour of the author, who has doubtless strained many representations of things beyond the truth. For if we interpret his words in their literal meaning, we must suppose that women of the first quality used to pass away whole mornings at a puppet-show:* that they attested their principles by their patches:† that an audience would sit out an evening to hear a dramatical performance written in a language which they did not understand:‡ that chairs and flower-pots were introduced as actors upon the British stage:§ that a promiscous assembly of men and women were allowed to meet at midnight in masks within the verge of the court;‖ with many improbabilities of the like nature. We must therefore in these and the like cases, suppose that these remote hints and allusions aimed at some certain follies which were then in vogue, and which at present we have not any notion of. We may guess by several passages in the speculations, that there were writers who endeavoured to detract from the works of this author; but as nothing of this nature is come down to us, we cannot guess at any objections that could be made to his Paper. If we consider his stile with that indul-

* See No. 14. † No. 81. ‡ No. 18. § No. 22, 36. ‖ No. 8.

indulgence which we must shew to old English writers, or if we look into the variety of his subjects, with those several critical dissertations, moral reflections,

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The following part of the paragraph is so much to my advantage, and beyond any thing I can pretend to, that I hope my reader will excuse me for not inserting it. L.

## Nº. 102.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 27, 1711.

——— Lusus animo debent aliquando dari,
Ad cogitandum ut redcat sibi.

PHÆDR. FAB. xiv. 3.

"The mind ought sometimes to be diverted, that it may
"return the better to thinking"

### ON THE USE OF THE FAN.

I DO not know whether to call the following letter a satire upon coquettes, or a representation of their several fantastical accomplishments, or what other title to give it; but as it is I shall communicate it to the public. It will sufficiently explain its own intentions, so that I shall give it my reader at length, without either preface or postscript.

MR. SPECTATOR,

'WOMEN are armed with fans as men with swords, and sometimes do more execution with them. To the end there-

therefore that ladies may be entire mistresses of the weapon which they bear, I have erected an academy for the training up of young women in the *exercise of the Fan*, according to the most fashionable airs and motions that are now practised at court. The ladies who *carry* fans under me are drawn up twice a day in my great hall, where they are instructed in the use of their arms, and *exercised* by the following words of command:

Handle your Fans,
Unfurl your Fans,
Discharge your Fans,
Ground your Fans,
Recover your Fans,
Flutter your Fans.

By the right observation of these few plain words of command, a woman of a tolerable genius, who will apply herself diligently to her exercise for the space of but one half-year, shall be able to give her fan all the graces that can possibly enter into that little modish machine.

'But to the end that my readers may form to themselves a right notion of this *exercise*, I beg leave to explain it to them in all its parts. When my female regiment is drawn up in array, with every one her weapon in her hand, upon my giving the word to *handle their Fans*, each of them shakes her fan at me with a smile, then gives her right-hand woman a tap upon the shoulder, then presses her lips with the extremity of her fan, then lets her arms fall in an easy motion, and stands in a readiness to receive the next word of command. All this is done with a close fan, and is generally learned in the first week.

'The next motion is that of *unfurling the Fan*, in which are comprehended several little flirts and vibrations, as also gradual and deliberate openings, with many voluntary fallings asunder in the fan itself, that

are

are seldom learned under a month's practice. This part of the exercise pleases the spectators more than any other, as it discovers on a sudden an infinite number of Cupids, garlands, altars, birds, beasts, rainbows, and the like agreeable figures, that display themselves to view, whilst every one in the regiment holds a picture in her hand.

'Upon my giving the word to *discharging their Fans*, they give one general crack that may be heard at a considerable distance when the wind sits fair. This is one of the most difficult parts of the exercise; but I have several ladies with me, who at their first entrance could not give a pop loud enough to be heard at the further end of a room, who can now *discharge a Fan* in such a manner, that it shall make a report like a pocket-pistol. I have likewise taken care (in order to hinder young women from letting off their fans in wrong places or unsuitable occasions) to shew upon whst subject the crack of a fan may come in properly: I have likewise invented a fan, with which a girl of sixteen, by the help of a little wind which is inclosed about one of the largest sticks, can make as loud a crack as a woman of fifty with an ordinary fan.

'When the fans are thus discharged, the word of command in course is to *ground their Fans*. This teaches a lady to quit her fan gracefully when she throws it aside in order to take up a pack of cards, adjust a curl of hair, replace a falling pin, or apply herself to any other matter of importance. This part of the exercise, as it only consists in tossing a fan with an air upon a long table, (which stands by for that purpose) may be learned in two days time as well as in a twelvemonth.

'When my female regiment is thus disarmed, I generally let them walk about the room for some time; when on a sudden (like ladies that look upon their watches after a long visit) they all of them hasten to their arms, catch them up in a hurry, and place themselves in their proper stations upon my calling out *recover*

*cover your Fans.* This part of the exercise is not difficult, provided a woman applies her thoughts to it.

'The *fluttering of the Fan* is the last, and indeed the master-piece of the whole exercise; but if a lady does not mispend her time, she may make herself mistress of it in three months. I generally lay aside the dog-days and hot time of the summer for the teaching this part of the exercise; for as soon as ever I pronounce *flutter your Fans,* the place is filled with so many zephyrs and gentle breezes as are very refreshing in that season of the year, though they might be dangerous to ladies of a tender constitution in any other.

'There is an infinite variety of motions to be made use of in the flutter of a fan. There is the angry flutter, the modest flutter, the timorous flutter, the confused flutter, the merry flutter, and the amorous flutter. Not to be tedious, there is scarce any emotion in the mind which does not produce a suitable agitation in the fan; insomuch, that if I only see the fan of a disciplined lady, I know very well whether she laughs, frowns, or blushes. I have seen a fan so very angry, that it would have been dangerous for the absent lover who provoked it to have come within the wind of it; and at other times so very languishing, that I have been glad for the lady's sake the lover was at a sufficient distance from it. I need not add, that a fan is either a prude or coquette, according to the nature of the person who bears it.—To conclude my letter, I must acquaint you that I have from my own observations compiled a little treatise for the use of my scholars, intitled *the Passions of the Fan*; which I will communicate to you, if you think it may be of use to the public. I shall have a general review on Thursday next; to which you shall be very welcome if you will honour it with your presence.

I am, &c.

P. S. 'I teach young gentlemen the whole art of gallanting a fan.

N. B.

N. B. 'I have several little plain fans made for this use, to avoid expence.'

L.

## No. 103.

THURSDAY, JUNE 28, 1711.

——————Sibi quivis
Speret idem, frustra sudet, frustraque laboret
Ausus idem————

HOR. ARS. POET. v. 240.

"Such all might hope to imitate with ease:
"Yet while they strive the same success to gain,
"Should find their labour and their hopes are vain."

FRANCIS.

### ON COMPLIMENTARY EXPRESSIONS.

MY friend the Divine having been used with words of complaisance (which he thinks could be properly applied to no one living, and I think could be only spoken of him, and that in his absence) was so extremely offended with the excessive way of speaking civilities among us, that he made a discourse against it at the Club, which he concluded with this remark, "that he had not heard one compliment made in our Society since its commencement." Every one was pleased with his conclusion; and as each knew his good-will to the rest, he was convinced that the many professions of kindness and service, which we ordinarily meet with, are not natural where the heart is well inclined; but are a prostitution of speech, seldom intended to mean any part of what they express, never to mean all they express. Our reverend friend upon this topic, pointed to us two or three paragraphs on this subject in the first sermon of the first volume

volume of the late Archbishop's posthumous works,* I do not know that ever I read any thing that pleased me more, and as it is the praise of LONGINUS, that he speaks of the sublime in a stile suitable to it, so one may say of this author upon Sincerity, that he abhors any pomp of rhetoric on this occasion, and treats it with a more than ordinary simplicity, at once to be a preacher and an example. With what command of himself does he lay before us, in the language and temper of his profession, a fault, which by the least liberty and warmth of expression would be the most lively wit and satire! But his heart was better disposed, and the good man chastised the great wit in such a manner, that he was able to speak as follows.

"—Among too many other instances of the great corruption and degeneracy of the age wherein we live, the great and general want of sincerity in conversation is none of the least. The world is grown so full of dissimulation and compliment, that men's words are hardly any signification of their thoughts; and if any man measure his words by his heart, and speak as he thinks, and do not express more kindness to every man, than men usually have for any man, he can hardly escape the censure of want of breeding. The old English plainness and sincerity, that generous integrity of nature, and honesty of disposition, which always argues true greatness of mind, and is usually accompanied with undaunted courage and resolution, is in a great measure lost among us. There hath been a long endeavour to transform us into foreign manners and fashions, and to bring us to a servile imitation of none of the best of our neighbours, in some of the worst of their qualities. The dialect of conversation is now-a-days so swelled with vanity and compliment, and so surfeited (as I may say) of expressions of kindness and respect, that if a man that lived an



* TILLOTSON's sermon on *Sincerity*.

age or two ago should return into the world again, he would really want a dictionary to help him to understand his own language, and to know the true intrinsic value of the phrase in fashion, and would hardly at first believe at what a low rate the highest strains and expressions of kindness imaginable do commonly pass in current payment: and when he should come to understand it, it would be a great while before he could bring himself with a good countenance and a good conscience to converse with men upon equal terms, and in their own way.

"And in truth it is hard to say, whether it should more provoke our contempt or our pity, to hear what solemn expressions of respect and kindness will pass between men, almost upon no occasion; how great honour and esteem they will declare for one whom perhaps they never saw before, and how entirely they are all on the sudden devoted to his service and interest, for no reason; how infinitely and eternally obliged to him, for no benefit; and how extremely they will be concerned for him, yea and afflicted too, for no cause. I know it is said, in justification of this hollow kind of conversation, that there is no harm, no real deceit in compliment, but the matter is well enough, so long as we understand one another; *et verba valent ut nummi*, "words are like money;" and when the current value of them is generally understood, no man is cheated by them. This is something, if such words were any thing; but being brought into the account, they are mere cyphers.—However, it is still a just matter of complaint, that sincerity and plainness are out of fashion, and that our language is running into a lye; that men have almost quite perverted the use of speech, and made words to signify nothing; that the greatest part of the conversation of mankind is little else but driving a trade of dissimulation; insomuch that it would make a man heartily sick and weary of the world, to see the little sincerity that is in use and practice among men."

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When the vice is placed in this contemptible light, he argues unanswerably against it, in words and thoughts so natural, that any man who reads them would imagine he himself could have been the author of them.

"If the shew of any thing be good for any thing, I am sure sincerity is better: for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? For to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now the best way in the world to seem to be any thing, is really to be what he would seem to be. Besides, that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it; and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it; and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it, is lost."

In another part of the same discourse he goes on to shew, that all artifice must naturally tend to the disappointment of him that practises it.

"Whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks the truth, nor trusted when perhaps he means honestly. When a man hath once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood." R.

# N°. 104.

FRIDAY, JUNE 29, 1711.

——Qualis equos Threissa fatigat
HARPALYCE——

VIRG. ÆN. i. 320.

"With such array HARPALYCE bestrode
"Her Thracian courser."

DRYDEN.

## ON DECORUM IN FEMALE DRESS.

IT would be a noble improvement, or rather a recovery of what we call Good-breeding, if nothing were to pass among us for agreeable which was the least transgression against that rule of life called *Decorum*, or a regard to *Decency*. This would command the respect of mankind, because it carries in it deference to their good opinion, as humility lodged in a worthy mind is always attended with a certain homage, which no haughty soul, with all the arts imaginable, will ever be able to purchase. TULLY says, *Virtue* and *Decency* are so nearly related, that it is difficult to separate them from each other but in our imagination. As the beauty of the body always accompanies the health of it, so certainly is *Decency* concomitant to *Virtue*. As beauty of body, with an agreeable carriage, pleases the eye, and that pleasure consists in that we observe all the parts with a certain elegance are proportioned to each other; so does *decency* of behaviour which appears in our lives obtain the approbation of all with whom we converse, from the order, consistency, and moderation of our words and actions. This flows from the reverence we bear towards every good man, and to the world in general; for to be negligent of what any one thinks of you, does not

not only shew you arrogant but abandoned. In all these considerations we are to distinguish how one virtue differs from another. As it is the part of justice never to do violence, it is of modesty never to commit offence. In this last particular lies the whole force of what is called *Decency*; to this purpose that excellent moralist above-mentioned talks of *Decency*; but this quality is more easily comprehended by an ordinary capacity, than expressed with all *his* eloquence. This decency of behaviour is generally transgressed among all orders of men; nay, the very women, though themselves created it as it were for ornament, are often very much mistaken in this ornamental part of life. It would, methinks, be a short rule for behaviour, if every young lady in her dress, words, and actions, were only to recommend herself as a sister, daughter, or wife, and make herself the more esteemed in one of those characters. The care of themselves, with regard to the families in which women are born, is the best motive for their being courted to come into the alliance of other houses. Nothing can promote this end more than a strict preservation of *Decency*. I should be glad if a certain equestrian order of ladies, some of whom one meets in an evening at every outlet of the town, would take this subject into their serious consideration. In order thereunto the following letter* may not be wholly unworthy their perusal.

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MR. SPECTATOR,

'GOING lately to take the air in one of the most beautiful evenings this season has produced; as I was admiring the serenity of the sky, the lively colours of the fields, and the variety of the landscape every way around me, my eyes were suddenly called off from these



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* By Mr. JOHN HUGHES.

inanimate objects by a little party of horsemen I saw passing the road. The greater part of them escaped my particular observation, by reason that my whole attention was fixed on a very fair youth who rode in the midst of them, and seemed to have been dressed by some description in a romance. His features, complexion, and habit, had a remarkable effeminacy, and a certain languishing vanity appeared in his air. His hair, well curled and powdered, hung to a considerable length on his shoulders, and was wantonly tied, as if by the hands of his mistress, in a scarlet ribband, which played like a streamer behind him; he had a coat and waistcoat of blue camlet trimmed and embroidered with silver; a cravat of the finest lace; and wore in a smart cock, a little beaver hat edged with silver, and made more sprightly by a feather. His horse too, which was a pacer, was adorned after the same airy manner, and seemed to share in the vanity of the rider. As I was pitying the luxury of this young person, who appeared to me to have been educated only as an object of sight, I perceived on my nearer approach, and as I turned my eyes downward, a part of the equipage I had not observed before, which was a petticoat of the same with the coat and waistcoat. After this discovery, I looked again on the face of the fair Amazon who had thus deceived me, and thought those features which had before offended me by their softness, were now strengthened into as improper a boldness; and though her eyes, nose, and mouth seemed to be formed with perfect symmetry, I am not certain whether she, who in appearance was a very handsome youth, may not be in reality a very indifferent woman.

'There is an objection which naturally presents itself against these occasional perplexities and mixtures of dress, which is, that they seem to break in upon that propriety and distinction of appearance in which the beauty of different characters is preserved; and if they should be more frequent than they are at present, would look

look like turning our public assemblies into a *general masquerade*. The model of this *Amazonian hunting-habit* for ladies was, as I take it, first imported from France, and well enough expresses the gaiety of a people who are taught to do any thing, so it be with an assurance; but I cannot help thinking it sits awkwardly yet on our *English Modesty*. The petticoat is a kind of incumbrance upon it, and if the Amazons should think fit to go on in this plunder of our sex's ornaments, they ought to add to their spoils, and complete their triumph over us, by *wearing the breeches*.

'If it be natural to contract insensibly the manners of those we imitate, the ladies who are pleased with assuming our dresses will do us more honour than we deserve, but they will do it at their own expence. Why should the lovely CAMILLA deceive us in more shapes than her own, and affect to be represented in her picture with a gun and a spaniel; while her elder brother, the heir of a worthy family, is drawn in silks like his sister? The dress and air of a man are not well to be divided; and those who would not be content with the latter, ought never to think of assuming the former. There is so large a portion of natural agreeableness among the fair sex of our island, that they seem betrayed into these romantic habits without having the same occasion for them with their inventors: all that needs to be desired of them is, that they would *be themselves*, that is, what Nature designed them. And to see their mistake when they depart from this, let them look upon a *Man* who affects the softness and effeminacy of a *Woman*, to learn how their sex must appear to us, when approaching to the resemblance of a Man.

I am, Sir,

Your most humble servant.'

T.

# N°. 105.

SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1711.

——————Id arbitror
Adprimè in vita esse utile, NEQUID NIMIS.
TER. ANDR. ACT. I. SC. I.

"I take it to be a principal rule of life, not to be too much addicted to any one thing."

'Too much of any thing is good for nothing.'
ENGL. PROV.

## ON PEDANTRY.

MY friend WILL HONEYCOMB values himself very much upon what he calls the knowledge of mankind, which has cost him many disasters in his youth; for WILL reckons every misfortune that he has met with among the women, and every rencounter among the men, as parts of his education; and fancies he should never have been the man he is, had not he broke windows, knocked down constables, disturbed honest people with his midnight serenades, and beat up a lewd woman's quarters, when he was a young fellow. The engaging in adventures of this nature WILL calls the studying of mankind; and terms this knowledge of the town, the knowledge of the world. WILL ingeniously confesses, that for half his life his head ached every morning with reading of men over-night; and at present comforts himself under certain pains which he endures from time to time, that without them he could not have been acquainted with all the gallantries of the age. This WILL looks upon as the learning of a gentleman, and regards all other kinds of science as the accomplishments of one whom he calls a scholar, a bookish man or a philosopher.

For

For these reasons WILL shines in mixed company, where he has the discretion not to go out of his depth, and has often a certain way of making his real ignorance appear a seeming one. Our *Club* however has frequently caught him tripping, at which times they never spare him. For as WILL often insults us with his knowledge of the town, we sometimes take our revenge upon him by our knowledge of books.

He was last week producing two or three letters which he wrote in his youth to a *Coquette Lady*. The raillery of them was natural, and well enough for a mere man of the town; but very unluckily, several of the words were wrong spelt. WILL laughed this off at first as well as he could; but finding himself pushed on all sides, and especially by the TEMPLAR, he told us with a little passion, that he never liked *pedantry* in spelling, and that he spelt like a gentleman, and not like a scholar: upon this WILL had recourse to his old topic of shewing the narrow-spiritedness, the pride, and ignorance of *Pedants*; which he carried so far, that upon my retiring to my lodgings, I could not forbear throwing together such reflections as occurred to me upon that subject.

A man who has been brought up among books, and is able to talk of nothing else, is a very indifferent companion, and what we call a *Pedant*. But, methinks, we should enlarge the title, and give it every one that does not know how to think out of his profession and particular way of life.

What is a greater *Pedant* than a mere man of the town? Bar him the play-houses, a catalogue of the reigning beauties, and an account of a few fashionable distempers that have befallen him, and you strike him dumb. How many a pretty gentleman's knowledge lies all within the verge of the court! He will tell you the names of the principal favourites, repeat the shrewd sayings of a man of quality, whisper an intrigue that is not yet blown upon by common fame; or, if the sphere

sphere of his observations is a little larger than ordinary, will perhaps enter into all the incidents, turns, and revolutions in a game of *Ombre*. When he has gone thus far, he has shewn you the whole circle of his accomplishments, his parts are drained, and he is disabled from any farther conversation. What are these but *rank Pedants?* and yet these are the men who value themselves most on their exemption from the *Pedantry* of *Colleges*.

I might here mention the *Military Pedant*, who always talks in a camp, and is storming towns, making lodgments, and fighting battles from one end of the year to the other. Every thing he speaks smells of gunpowder; if you take away his artillery from him, he has not a word to say for himself. I might likewise mention the *Law-Pedant*, that is perpetually putting cases, repeating the transactions of Westminster-hall, wrangling with you upon the most indifferent circumstances of life, and not to be convinced of the distance of a place, or of the most trivial point in conversation, but by dint of argument. The *State-Pedant* is wrapt up in news, and lost in politics. If you mention either of the kings of Spain or Poland, he talks very notably; but if you go out of the *Gazette*, you drop him. In short, a mere courtier, a mere soldier, a mere scholar, a mere any thing, is an insipid *pedantic* character, and equally ridiculous.

Of all the species of *Pedants* which I have mentioned, the *Book-Pedant* is much the most supportable; he has at least an exercised understanding, and a head which is full though confused, so that a man who converses with him may often receive from him hints of things that are worth knowing, and what he may possibly turn to his own advantage, though they are of little use to the owner. The worst kind of *Pedants* among learned men, are such as are naturally endued with a very small share of common sense, and have read a great number of books without taste or distinction.

The

The truth of it is, learning, like travelling, and all other methods of improvement, as it finishes good sense, so it makes a silly man ten thousand times more insufferable, by supplying variety of matter to his impertinence, and giving him an opportunity of abounding in absurdities.

Shallow Pedants cry up one another much more than men of solid and useful learning. To read the titles they give an editor, or collator of a *manuscript*, you would take him for the glory of the *Commonwealth of Letters*, and the wonder of his age, when perhaps upon examination you find that he has only rectified a Greek particle, or laid out a whole sentence in proper commas.

They are obliged indeed to be thus lavish of their praises, that they may keep one another in countenance; and it is no wonder if a great deal of knowledge, which is not capable of making a man wise, has a natural tendency to make him vain and arrogant. L.

## N^o. 106.

MONDAY, JULY 2, 1711.

——— Hinc tibi copia
Manabit ad plenum, benigno
Ruris honorum opulenta cornu.
HOR. I. OD. XVII. 14.

"Here Plenty's liberal horn shall pour
"Of fruits for thee a copious show'r,
"Rich honours of the quiet plain."

### SPECTATOR'S VISIT AT SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY'S.

HAVING often received an invitation from my friend Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY to pass away a month with him in

in the country, I last week accompanied him thither, and am settled with him for some time at his country-house, where I intend to form several of my ensuing speculations. Sir ROGER, who is very well acquainted with my humour, lets me rise and go to bed when I please, dine at his own table or in my chamber as I think fit, sit still and say nothing without bidding me be merry. When the gentlemen of the country come to see him, he only shews me at a distance. As I have been walking in his fields I have observed them stealing a sight of me over a hedge, and have heard the Knight desiring them not to let me see them, for that I hated to be stared at.

I am the more at ease in Sir ROGER's family, because it consists of sober and staid persons; for as the Knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care for leaving him; by these means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet-de-chambre for his brother, his butler is gray-headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that I have ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy-counsellor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness, out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

I could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenances of these ancient domestics upon my friend's arrival at his country-seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him, and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old Knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good nature engages

every body to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humour, and none so much as the person whom he diverts himself with; on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

My worthy friend has put me under the particular care of his butler, who is a very prudent man, and, as well as the rest of his fellow-servants, wonderfully desirous of pleasing me, because they have often heard their master talk of me as of his particular friend.

My chief companion, when Sir ROGER is diverting himself in the woods or the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir ROGER, and has lived at his house in the nature of a *Chaplain* above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation: he heartily loves Sir ROGER, and knows that he is very much in the old Knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependent.

I have observed in several of my Papers, that my friend Sir ROGER, amidst all his good qualities, is something of a humorist; and that his virtues, as well as imperfections, are as it were tinged by a certain extravagance, which makes them particularly *his*, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind, as it is generally very innocent in itself, so it renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colours. As I was walking with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned? and without staying for my answer told me, that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table; for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the university to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear

clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of back-gammon. My friend, says Sir ROGER, found me out this gentleman, who besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not shew it. I have given him the parsonage of the parish; and, because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years; and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time asked any thing of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants his parishioners. There has not been a law-suit in the parish since he has lived among them: if any dispute arises, they apply themselves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly, he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of *practical divinity*.

As Sir ROGER was going on in his story, the gentleman we were talking of came up to us; and upon the Knight's asking him who preached to-morrow (for it was Saturday night) told us, the Bishop of ST. ASAPH in the morning, and Dr. SOUTH in the afternoon. He then shewed us his list of preachers for the whole year, where I saw with a great deal of pleasure Archbishop TILLOTSON, Bishop SAUNDERSON, Dr. BARROW, Dr. CALAMY, with several living authors who have published discourses of practical divinity. I no sooner saw this venerable man in the pulpit, but I very much approved of my friend's insisting upon the qualifications of a good aspect and a clear voice; for I was so charmed

with the gracefulness of his figure and delivery, as well as with the discourses he pronounced, that I think I never passed any time more to my satisfaction. A sermon repeated after this manner, is like the composition of a poet in the mouth of a graceful actor.

I could heartily wish that more of our country clergy would follow this example; and instead of wasting their spirits in laborious compositions of their own, would endeavour after a handsome elocution, and all those other talents that are proper to enforce what has been penned by greater masters. This would not only be more easy to themselves, but more edifying to the people.

L.

## No. 107.

TUESDAY, JULY 3, 1711.

Æsopo ingentem statuam posuere Attici,
Servumque collocârunt æterna in basi,
Patere honoris scirent ut cunctis viam.

PHÆDR. EPILOG. L. 2.

"The Athenians erected a large statue to Æsop, and placed "him, though a slave, on a lasting pedestal; to shew that "the way to honour lies open indifferently to all."

### QUIET OF A COUNTRY LIFE.

THE reception, manner of attendance, undisturbed freedom and quiet, which I meet with here in the country has confirmed me in the opinion I always had, that the general corruption of manners in servants is owing to the conduct of masters. The aspect of every one in the family carries so much satisfaction, that it appears he knows the happy lot which has befallen him in being a member of it. There is one particular which I have seldom

seldom seen but at Sir ROGER'S; it is usual in all other places, that servants fly from the parts of the house through which their master is passing; on the contrary, here they industriously place themselves in his way; and it is on both sides, as it were, understood as a visit, when the servants appear without calling. This proceeds from the humane and equal temper of *the man of the house*, who also perfectly well knows how to enjoy a great estate, with such œconomy as ever to be much before-hand. This makes his own mind untroubled, and consequently unapt to vent peevish expressions, or give passionate or inconsistent orders to those about him. Thus respect and love go together; and a certain chearfulness in performance of their duty is the particular distinction of the lower part of this family. When a servant is called before his master, he does not come with an expectation to hear himself rated for some trivial fault, threatened to be stripped, or used with any other unbecoming language, which mean masters often give to worthy servants; but it is often to know, what road he took that he came so readily back according to order; whether he passed by such a ground; if the old man who rents it is in good health; or whether he gave Sir ROGER'S love to him, or the like.

A man who preserves a respect founded on his benevolence to his dependants, lives rather like a Prince than a Master in his family; his orders are received as favours rather than duties; and the distinction of approaching him is part of the reward for executing what is commanded by him.

There is another circumstance in which my friend excels in his management, which is the manner of rewarding his servants. He has ever been of opinion, that giving his cast clothes to be worn by valets has a very ill effect upon little minds, and creates a silly sense of equality between the parties, in persons affected only with outward things. I have heard him often pleasant on this occasion, and describe a young gentleman abusing his

his man in that coat, which a month or two before was the most pleasing distinction he was conscious of in himself. He would turn his discourse still more pleasantly upon the bounties of the ladies in this kind; and I have heard him say he knew a fine woman, who distributed rewards and punishments in giving becoming or unbecoming dresses to her maids.

But my good friend is above these little instances of good-will, in bestowing only trifles on his servants; a good servant to him is sure of having it in his choice very soon of being no servant at all. As I before observed, he is so good a husband, and knows so thoroughly that the skill of the purse is the cardinal virtue of this life; I say, he knows so well that frugality is the support of generosity, that he can often spare a large fine when a tenement falls, and give that settlement to a good servant who has a mind to go into the world, or make a stranger pay the fine to that servant, for his more comfortable maintenance, if he stays in his service.

A man of honour and generosity considers it would be miserable to himself to have no will but that of another, though it were of the best person breathing, and for that reason goes on as fast as he is able to put his servants into independent livelihoods. The greatest part of Sir ROGER'S estate is tenanted by persons who have served himself or his ancestors. It was to me extremely pleasant to observe the visitants from several parts to welcome his arrival into the country: and all the difference that I could take notice of between the late servants who came to see him, and those who staid in the family, was, that these latter were looked upon as finer gentlemen and better courtiers.

This manumission, and placing them in a way of livelihood, I look upon as only what is due to a good servant; which encouragement will make his successor be as diligent, as humble, and as ready as he was. There is something wonderful in the narrowness f those

minds, which can be pleased, and be barren of bounty to those who please them.

One might on this occasion, recount the sense that great persons in all ages have had of the merit of their dependents, and the heroic services which men have done their masters in the extremity of their fortunes; and shewn to their undone patrons, that fortune was all the difference between them; but as I design this my speculation only as a gentle admonition to thankless masters, I shall not go out of the occurrences of common life, but assert it as a general observation, that I never saw, but in Sir ROGER'S family and one or two more, good servants treated as they ought to be. Sir ROGER'S kindness extends to their children's children, and this very morning he sent his coachman's grandson to *prentice*. I shall conclude this paper with an account of a picture in his gallery, where there are many which will deserve my future observation.

At the very upper end of this handsome structure I saw the portraiture of two young men standing in a river, the one naked, the other in a livery. The person supported seemed half dead, but still so much alive as to shew in his face exquisite joy and love towards the other. I thought the fainting figure resembled my friend Sir ROGER; and looking at the butler who stood by me, for an account of it, he informed me that the person in the livery was a servant of Sir ROGER'S, who stood on the shore while his master was swimming, and observing him taken with some sudden illness, and sink under water, jumped in and saved him. He told me Sir ROGER took off the dress he was in as soon as he came home, and by a great bounty at that time, followed by his favour ever since, had made him master of that pretty seat which we saw at a distance as we came to this house. I remembered indeed Sir ROGER said, there lived a very worthy gentleman, to whom he was highly obliged, without mentioning any thing further. Upon

my

my looking a little dissatisfied at some part of the picture, my attendant informed me that it was against Sir ROGER's will, and at the earnest request of the gentleman himself, that he was drawn in the habit in which he had saved his master.

R.

## N°. 108.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 4, 1711.

Gratis anhelans, multa agendo nihil agens.

PHÆDR. FAB. V. 2.

"Out of breath to no purpose, and very busy about nothing."

A YOUNGER BROTHER OF A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

AS I was yesterday morning walking with Sir ROGER before his house, a country fellow brought him a huge fish, which, he told him, Mr. WILLIAM WIMBLE* had caught that very morning; and that he presented it with his service to him, and intended to come and dine with him. At the same time he delivered a letter, which my friend read to me as soon as the messenger left him.

SIR ROGER,

'I DESIRE you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. I intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the peach bite in the Black River. I observed with some concern, the last



* It has been said that the character of WIMBLE is taken from a Mr. THOMAS MORECRAFT. There might be a person of that name to whom it might apply, but the excellence of the character depends not on particular but general applicability.

time I saw you upon the bowling-green, that your whip wanted a lash to it; I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eton with Sir JOHN's eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely. I am,

SIR,

Your humble servant,

*WILL WIMBLE.*'

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This extraordinary letter, and message that accompanied it, made me very curious to know the character and quality of the gentleman who sent them; which I found to be as follow.---WILL WIMBLE is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the WIMBLES. He is now between forty and fifty; but being bred to no business and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendant of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man. He makes a May-fly to a miracle; and furnishes the whole country with angle-rods. As he is a good-natured officious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip-root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the county. WILL is a particular favourite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has weaved, or a setting-dog that he has trained himself. He now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters; and raises a great deal of mirth among them, by inquiring,

as often as he meets them, "how they wear!" These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humours make WILL the darling of the country.

Sir ROGER was proceeding in the character of him, when we saw him make up to us with two or three hazle-twigs in his hand, that he had cut in Sir ROGER's woods, as he came through them, in his way to the house. I was very much pleased to observe on one side the hearty and sincere welcome with which Sir ROGER received him, and on the other, the secret joy which his guest discovered at sight of the good old Knight. After the first salutes were over, WILL desired Sir ROGER to lend him one of his servants to carry a set of shuttle-cocks he had with him in a little box, to a lady that lived about a mile off, to whom it seems he had promised such a present for above this half year. Sir ROGER's back was no sooner turned but honest WILL began to tell me of a large cock pheasant that he had sprung in one of the neighbouring woods, with too or three other adventures of the same nature. Odd and uncommon characters are the game that I look for, and most delight in; for which reason I was as much pleased with the novelty of the person that talked to me, as he could be for his life with the springing of a pheasant, and therefore listened to him with more than ordinary attention.

In the midst of his discourse the bell rung to dinner, where the gentleman I have been speaking of had the pleasure of seeing the huge jack, he had caught, served up for the first dish in a most sumptuous manner. Upon our sitting down to it he gave us a long account how he had hooked it, played with it, foiled it, and at length drew it out upon the bank, with several other particulars that lasted all the first course. A dish of wild-fowl that came afterwards furnished conversation for the rest of the dinner, which concluded with a late invention of WILL's for improving the quail-pipe.

Upon withdrawing into my room after dinner, I was

secretly touched with compassion towards the honest gentleman that had dined with us; and could not but consider with a great deal of concern, how so good an heart and such busy hands were wholly employed in trifles; that so much humanity should be so little beneficial to others, and so much industry so little advantageous to himself. The same temper of mind and application to affairs might have recommended him to the public esteem, and have raised his fortune in another station of life.---What good to his country or himself might not a trader or merchant have done with such useful though ordinary qualifications?

WILL WIMBLE's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family, who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen, than thrive in a trade or profession that is beneath their quality. This humour fills several parts of Europe with pride and beggary. It is the happiness of a trading nation like ours, that the younger sons, though uncapable of any liberal art or profession, may be placed in such a way of life, as may perhaps enable them to vie with the best of their family. Accordingly we find several citizens that were launched into the world with narrow fortunes, rising by an honest industry to greater estates than those of their elder brothers. It is not improbable but WILL was formerly tried at divinity, law, or physic; and that finding his genius did not lie that way, his parents gave him up at length to his own inventions. But certainly, however improper he might have been for studies of a higher nature, he was perfectly well turned for the occupations of trade and commerce. As I think this is a point which cannot be too much inculcated, I shall desire my reader to compare what I have here written with what I have said in my twenty-first speculation.

L.

# N°. 109.

THURSDAY, JULY 5, 1711.

Abnormis sapiens ——

HOR. 2 SAT. ii, 3.

"Of plain good sense, untutor'd in the schools."

## SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY'S PICTURE GALLERY.

I WAS this morning walking in the gallery, when Sir ROGER entered at the end opposite to me, and advancing towards me, said he was glad to meet me among his relations the DE COVERLEYS, and hoped I liked the conversation of so much good company, who were as silent as myself. I knew he alluded to the pictures, and as he is a gentleman who does not a little value himself upon his ancient descent, I expected he would give me some account of them. We were now arrived at the upper end of the gallery, when the Knight faced towards one of the pictures, and as we stood before it, he entered into the matter, after his blunt way of saying things as they occur to his imagination, without regular introduction, or care to preserve the appearance of chain of thought.

"It is," said he, "worth while to consider the force of dress; and how the persons of one age differ from those of another, merely by that only. One may observe also, that the general fashion of one age has been followed by one particular set of people in another, and by them preserved from one generation to another. Thus the vast jetting coat and small bonnet, which was the habit in HARRY the Seventh's time, is kept on in the yeomen of the Guard; not without a good and politic view, because they look a foot taller, and a foot and an

half broader: besides, that the cap leaves the face expanded, and consequently more terrible, and fitter to stand at the entrance of palaces.

"This predecessor of ours, you see, is dressed after this manner, and his cheeks would be no larger than mine, were he in a hat as I am. He was the last man that won a prize in the Tilt-Yard (which is now a common street before Whitehall). You see the broken lance that lies there by his right foot. He shivered that lance of his adversary all to pieces; and bearing himself, look you, Sir, in this manner, at the same time he came within the target of the gentleman who rode against him, and taking him with incredible force before him on the pommel of his saddle, he in that manner rode the tournament over, with an air that shewed he did it rather to perform the rule of the lists, than expose his enemy; however, it appeared he knew how to make use of a victory, and with a gentle trot he marched up to a gallery where their mistress sat (for they were rivals) and let him down with laudable courtesy and pardonable insolence. I do not know but it might be exactly where the Coffee-house is now.

"You are to know this my ancestor was not only of a military genius, but fit also for the arts of peace, for he played on the bass-viol as well as any gentleman at court; you see where his viol hangs by his basket-hilt sword. The action at the tilt-yard you may be sure won the fair lady, who was a maid of honour, and the greatest beauty of her time; here she stands the next picture. You see, Sir, my great great grand mother has on the new-fashioned petticoat, except that the modern is gathered at the waist: my grandmother appears as if she stood in a large drum, whereas the ladies now walk as if they were in a go-cart. For all this lady was bred at court, she became an excellent country-wife, she brought ten children, and when I shew you the library, you shall see in her own hand (allowing for the difference

difference of the language) the best receipt now in England, both for an hasty-pudding and a white-pot.

"If you please to fall back a little, because it is necessary to look at the three next pictures at one view; these are three sisters. She on the right hand, who is so very beautiful, died a maid; the next to her, still handsomer, had the same fate, against her will; this homely thing in the middle had both their portions added to her own, and was stolen by a neighbouring gentleman, a man of stratagem and resolution, for he poisoned three mastiffs to come at her, and knocked down two deer-stealers in carrying her off. Misfortunes happen in all families. The theft of this romp, and so much money, was no great matter to our estate. But the next heir that possessed it was this soft gentleman, whom you see there. Observe the small buttons, the little boots, the laces, the slashes about his clothes, and above all the posture he is drawn in (which, to be sure, was his own choosing;) you see he sits with one hand on a desk writing and looking as it were another way, like an easy writer, or a sonneteer. He was one of those that had too much wit to know how to live in the world; he was a man of no justice, but great good-manners; he ruined every body that had any thing to do with him, but never said a rude thing in his life; the most indolent person in the world, he would sign a deed that passed away half his estate with his gloves on, but would not put on his hat before a lady, if it were to save his country. He is said to be the first that made love by squeezing the hand. He left the estate with ten thousand pounds debt upon it; but, however, by all hands I have been informed that he was every way the finest gentleman in the world. That debt lay heavy on our house for one generation, but it was retrieved by a gift from that honest man you see there, a citizen of our name, but nothing at all akin to us. I know Sir Andrew Freeport has said behind my back, that this man was descended from one of the ten children of the maid

of

of honour I shewed you above; but it was never made out. We winked at the thing indeed, because money was wanting at that time."

Here I saw my friend a little embarrassed, and turned my face to the next portraiture.

Sir ROGER went on with his account of the gallery in the following manner. "This man (pointing to him I looked at) I take to be the honour of our house. Sir HUMPHRY DE COVERLEY; he was in his dealings as punctual as a tradesman, and as generous as a gentleman. He would have thought himself as much undone by breaking his word, as if it were to be followed by bankruptcy. He served his country as knight of this shire to his dying day. He found it no easy matter to maintain an integrity in his words and actions, even in things that regarded the offices which were incumbent upon him, in the care of his own affairs and relations of life, and therefore dreaded (though he had great talents) to go into employments of state, where he must be exposed to the snares of ambition. Innocence of life and great ability were the distinguishing parts of his character; the latter, he had often observed, had led to the destruction of the former, and *be* used frequently to lament that great and good had not the same signification. He was an excellent husbandman, but had resolved not to exceed such a degree of wealth; all above it he bestowed in secret bounties many years after the sum he aimed at for his own use was attained. Yet he did not slacken his industry, but to a decent old age spent the life and fortune which was superfluous to himself, in the service of his friends and neighbours."

Here we were called to dinner, and Sir ROGER ended the discourse of this gentleman, by telling me, as we followed the servant, that this his ancestor was a brave man, and narrowly escaped being killed in the civil wars; "For, (said he) he was sent out of the field upon a private message, the day before the battle of Worcester." The whim of narrowly escaping by having been

been within a day of danger, with other matters above-mentioned, mixed with good sense, left me at a loss whether I was more delighted with my friend's wisdom or simplicity. R.

## N°. 110.

FRIDAY, JULY 6, 1711.

Horror ubique animos, simul ipsa silentia terrent.

VIRG. ÆN. ii. 755.

"All things are full of horror and affright,
"And dreadful ev'n the silence of the night."

DRYDEN.

### ON GHOSTS AND APPARITIONS.

AT a little distance from Sir ROGER's house, among the ruins of an old abbey, there is a long walk of aged elms; which are shot up so very high, that when one passes under them, the rooks and crows that rest upon the tops of them seem to be cawing in another region. I am very much delighted with this sort of noise, which I consider as a kind of natural prayer to that Being who supplies the wants of his whole creation, and who, in the beautiful language of the Psalms, feedeth the young ravens that call upon him. I like this retirement the better, because of an ill report it lies under of being *haunted*;* for which reason (as I have been told in the family) no living creature ever walks in it besides the

* In the Highlands of Scotland, although the common people are both acute and well informed, yet the belief of the appearance of ghosts is universal. Of those apparitions, like the demons of the ancients, some are benevolent, others are malignant. If one set annoys the good people in their return from convivial meetings, another pro-

the chaplain. My good friend the butler desired me, with a very grave face, not to venture myself in it after sun-set, for that one of the footmen had been almost frightened out of his wits by a spirit that appeared to him in the shape of a black horse without an head; to which he added, that about a month ago one of the maids coming home late that way with a pail of milk upon her head, heard such a rustling among the bushes that she let it fall.

I was taking a walk in this place last night between the hours of nine and ten, and could not but fancy it one of the most proper scenes in the world for a ghost to appear in. The ruins of the abbey are scattered up and down on every side, and half covered with ivy and elder-bushes, the harbours of several solitary birds which seldom make their appearance till the dusk of the evening. The place was formerly a church-yard, and has still several marks in it of graves and burying-places. There is such an echo among the old ruins and vaults, that if you stamp but a little louder than ordinary, you hear the sound repeated. At the same time the walk of elms, with the croaking of the ravens which from time to time are heard from the tops of them, looks exceeding solemn and venerable. These objects naturally raise seriousness and attention; and when night heightens tbe awfulness of the place, and pours out her supernumerary horrors upon every thing in it, I do not at all wonder that weak minds fill it with spectres and apparitions.

Mr. Locke, in his chapter of the Association of Ideas, has very curious remarks, to shew how by the prejudice of education one idea often introduces into the mind a whole set that bear no resemblance to one another in the nature of things. Among several examples of this kind, he produces the following instance. "The ideas

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tects their corn and cattle, by disturbing thieves in their intended depredations. Some of the ghosts appear for a time, others perpetually occupy certain districts.

ideas of goblins and sprights have really no more to do with darkness than light: yet let but a foolish maid inculcate these often on the mind of a child, and raise them there together, possibly he shall never be able to separate them again so long as he lives; but darkness shall ever afterwards bring with it those frightful ideas, and they shall be so joined, that he can no more bear the one than the other."

As I was walking in this solitude, where the dusk of the evening conspired with so many other occasions of terror, I observed a cow grazing not far from me, which an imagination that was apt to *startle* might easily have construed into a black horse without an head: and I dare say the poor footman lost his wits upon some such trivial occasion.

My friend Sir ROGER has often told me with a great deal of mirth, that at his first coming to his estate he found three parts of his house altogether useless; that the best room in it had the reputation of being haunted, and by that means was locked up; that noises had been heard in his long gallery, so that he could not get a servant to enter it after eight o'clock at night; that the door of one of his chambers was nailed up, because there went a story in the family that a butler had formerly hanged himself in it; and that his mother, who lived to a great age, had shut up half the rooms in the house, in which either her husband, a son, or a daughter had died. The Knight seeing his habitation reduced to so small a compass, and himself in a manner shut out of his own house, upon the death of his mother ordered all the apartments to be flung open, and *exorcised* by his chaplain, who lay in every room one after another, and by that means dissipated the fears which had so long reigned in the family.

I should not have been thus particular upon these ridiculous horrors, did not I find them so very much prevail in all parts of the country. At the same time I think a person who is thus terrified with the imagination

of *ghosts* and *spectres* much more reasonable than one who, contrary to the reports of all historians sacred and profane, ancient and modern, and to the traditions of all nations, thinks the appearance of *spirits* fabulous and groundless. Could not I give myself up to this general testimony of mankind, I should to the relations of particular persons who are now living, and whom I cannot distrust in other matters of fact. I might here add, that not only the historians, to whom we may join the poets, but likewise the philosophers of antiquity have favoured this opinion. LUCRETIUS himself, though by the course of his philosophy he was obliged to maintain that the soul did not exist separate from the body, makes no doubt of the reality of *apparitions*, and that men have often appeared after their death. This I think very remarkable: he was so pressed with the matter of fact which he could not have the confidence to deny, that he was forced to account for it by one of the most absurd unphilosophical notions that was ever started. He tells us, that the surfaces of all bodies are perpetually flying off from their respective bodies, one after another; and that these surfaces or thin cases that included each other whilst they were joined in the body like the coats of an onion, are sometimes seen entire when they are separated from it; by which means we often behold the shapes and shadows of persons who are either dead or absent.

I shall dismiss this paper with a story out of JOSEPHUS, not so much for the sake of the story itself as for the moral reflections with which the author concludes it, and which I shall here set down in his own words. "GLAPHYRA, the daughter of king ARCHELAUS, after the death of her two first husbands (being married to a third, who was brother to her first husband, and so passionately in love with her that he turned off his former wife to make room for this marriage) had a very odd kind of dream. She fancied that she saw her first husband coming towards her, and that she embraced him with

with great tenderness; when in the midst of the pleasure which she expressed at the sight of him, he reproached her after the following manner: "GLAPHYRA, (says he) thou hast made good the old saying, that women are not to be trusted. Was not I the husband of thy virginity? Have I not children by thee? How couldst thou forget our loves so far as to enter into a second marriage, and after that into a third, nay to take for thy husband a man who has so shamelessly crept into the bed of his brother? However, for the sake of our past loves, I shall free thee from thy present reproach, and make thee mine for ever." GLAPHYRA told this dream to several women of her acquaintance, and died soon after. I thought this story might not be impertinent in this place, wherein I speak of those kings. Besides, that the example deserves to be taken notice of, as it contains a most certain proof of the *Immortality* of the *Soul*, and of *Divine Providence*. If any man thinks these facts incredible, let him enjoy his own opinion to himself, but let him not endeavour to disturb the belief of others, who by instances of this nature are excited to the study of virtue.

L.

# No. III.

SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1711.

——Inter silvas academi quærere verum.
HOR. 2 EP. ii. 45.
"To search for truth in academic groves."

## ON THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL.

THE course of my last speculation led me insensibly into a subject upon which I always meditate with great delight, I mean the *Immortality of the Soul.* I was yesterday walking alone in one of my friend's woods, and lost myself in it very agreeably, as I was running over in my mind the several arguments that established this great point, which is the basis of morality, and the source of all the pleasing hopes and secret joys that can arise in the heart of a reasonable creature. I considered those several proofs, drawn;

First, From the nature of the *Soul* itself, and particularly its *Immateriality*; which, though not absolutely necessary to the eternity of its duration, has, I think, been evinced to almost a demonstration.

Secondly, From its passions and sentiments, as particularly from its love of existence, its horror of annihilation, and its hopes of immortality, with that sweet satisfaction which it finds in the practice of virtue, and that uneasiness which follows in it upon the commission of vice.

Thirdly, From the nature of the Supreme Being, whose justice, goodness, wisdom, and veracity are all concerned in this great point.

But among these and other excellent arguments for the *Immortality of the Soul*, there is one drawn from the perpetual

perpetual progress of the soul to its perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at it; which is a hint that I do not remember to have seen opened and improved by others who have written on this subject, though it seems to me to carry a great weight with it. How can it enter into the thoughts of man, that the Soul, which is capable of such immense perfections, and of receiving new improvements to all eternity, shall fall away into nothing almost as soon as it is created? Are such abilities made for no purpose? A brute arrives at a point of perfection that he can never pass: in a few years he has all the endowments he is capable of; and were he to live ten thousand more, would be the same thing he is at present. Were a *human Soul* thus at a stand in her accomplishments, were her faculties to be full blown, and incapable of farther enlargements, I could imagine it might fall away insensibly, and drop at once into a state of annihilation. But can we believe a thinking being, that is in a perpetual progress of improvements, and travelling on from perfection to perfection, after having just looked abroad into the works of its Creator, and made a few discoveries of his infinite goodness, wisdom, and power, must perish at her first setting out, and in the very beginning of her inquiries?

A man, considered in his present state, seems only sent into the world to propagate his kind. He provides himself with a successor, and immediately quits his post to make room for him.

——————————— Hæres
Hæredem alterius, velut unda supervenit undam.
HOR. 2 EP. ii. 175.

"——Heir crowds heir, as in a rolling flood
"Wave urges wave."
CREECH.

He does not seem born to enjoy life, but to deliver it down to others. This is not surprising to consider in animals, which are formed for our use, and can finish their business in a short life. The silk-worm, after

having spun her task, lays her eggs and dies. But a man can never have taken in his full measure of knowledge, has not time to subdue his passions, establish his soul in virtue, and come up to the perfection of his nature, before he is hurried off the stage. Would an infinitely wise Being make such glorious creatures for so mean a purpose? Can he delight in the production of such abortive intelligences, such short-lived reasonable beings? Would he give us talents that are not to be exerted? Capacities that are never to be gratified? How can we find that wisdom, which shines through all his works in the formation of man, without looking on this world as only a nursery for the next, and believing that the several generations of rational creatures, which rise up and disappear in such quick successions, are only to receive their first rudiments of existence here, and afterwards to be transplanted into a more friendly climate, where they may spread and flourish to all eternity?

There is not, in my opinion, a more pleasing and triumphant consideration in religion than this of the perpetual progress which the soul makes towards the perfection of its nature, without ever arriving at a period in it. To look upon the *Soul* as going on from strength to strength, to consider that she is to shine for ever with new accessions of glory, and brighten to all eternity; that she will be still adding virtue to virtue, and knowledge to knowledge; carries in it something wonderfully agreeable to that ambition which is natural to the *mind of man*. Nay, it must be a prospect pleasing to God himself, to see his creation for ever beautifying in his eyes, and drawing nearer to him, by greater degrees of resemblance.

Methinks this single consideration, of the progress of a finite spirit to perfection, will be sufficient to extinguish all envy in inferior natures, and all contempt in superior. That cherubim, which now appears as a God to a *human Soul*, knows very well that the period will

will come about in eternity, when the *human Soul* shall be as perfect as he himself now is: nay, when she shall look down upon that degree of perfection, as much as she now falls short of it. It is true, the higher nature still advances, and by that means preserves his distance and superiority in the scale of being; but he knows that how high soever the station is of which he stands possessed at present, the inferior nature will at length mount up to it, and shine forth in the same degree of glory.

With what astonishment and veneration may we look into our own souls, where there are such hidden stores of virtue and knowledge, such inexhausted sources of perfection! We know not yet what we shall be, nor will it ever enter into the heart of man to conceive the glory that will be always in reserve for him. The Soul, considered with its Creator, is like one of those mathematical lines that may draw nearer to another for all eternity without a possibility of touching it: and can there be a thought so transporting, as to consider ourselves in these perpetual approaches to him, who is not only the standard of perfection but of happiness!

L.

# N°. 112.

MONDAY, JULY 9, 1711.

Ἀθανάτους μὲν πρῶτα θεὺς, νόμῳ ὡς διάκειται
Τίμα———

PYTHAG.

"First, in obedience to thy Country's rites,
"Worship th' immortal Gods."

## A COUNTRY SUNDAY.

I AM always very well pleased with a Country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilizing of mankind. It is certain the country people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country fellow distinguishes himself as much in the *Church-yard*, as a citizen does upon the *Change*, the whole parish-politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir ROGER being a good church-man, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing. He has likewise given a handsom

some pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expence. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate he found his parishioners very irregular; and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassock and a common prayer book: and at the same time employed an itinerant singing master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms; upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed outdo most of the country churches that I have ever heard.

As Sir ROGER is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer no body to sleep in it besides himself; for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees any body else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servants to them. Several other of the old Knight's particularities break out upon these occasions. Sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it; sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces *amen* three or four times to the same prayer; and sometimes stands up when every body else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one JOHN MATTHEWS to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This JOHN MATTHEWS, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the Knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see any thing ridiculous in his behaviour; besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his

character make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, no body presumes to stir till Sir ROGER is gone out of the church. The Knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side: and every now and then inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church; which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising day, when Sir ROGER has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a bible to be given him next day for his encouragement; and sometimes accompanies it with a flitch of bacon to his mother. Sir ROGER has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place; and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir ROGER and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that rise between the parson and the 'squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always preaching at the 'squire; and the 'squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The 'squire has made all his tenants atheists and tythe-stealers; while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them in almost every sermon, that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the 'squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half-year; and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his

his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country, are very fatal to the ordinary people; who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning; and are very hardly brought to regard any truth, how important soever it may be, that is preached to them, when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it. L.

## N°. 113.

TUESDAY, JULY 10, 1711.

——— Hærent infixi pectore vultus.

VIRG. ÆN. iv. 4.

"Her looks were deep imprinted in his heart."

### SIR ROGER'S ACCOUNT OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF HIS PASSION FOR THE WIDOW.

IN my first description of the company in which I pass most of my time, it may be remembered, that I mentioned a great affliction which my friend Sir ROGER had met with in his youth;* which was no less than a disappointment in *love*. It happened this evening, that we fell into a very pleasing walk at a distance from his house. As soon as we came into it, "It is," quoth the good old man, looking round him with a smile, "very hard that any part of my land should be settled upon one who has used me so ill as the perverse widow did; and



* See No. 2.

and yet I am sure I could not see a sprig of any bough of this whole walk of trees, but I should reflect upon her and her severity. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world. You are to know, this was the place wherein I used to muse upon her: and by that custom I can never come into it, but the same tender sentiments revive in my mind, as if I had actually walked with that beautiful creature under these shades. I have been fool enough to carve her name on the bark of several of these trees; so unhappy is the condition of men in love, to attempt the removing of their passion by the methods which serve only to imprint it deeper. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman in the world."——

Here followed a profound silence; and I was not displeased to observe my friend falling so naturally into a discourse, which I had ever before taken notice he industriously avoided. After a very long pause, he entered upon an account of this great circumstance in his life, with an air which I thought raised my idea of him above what I had ever had before; and gave me the picture of that chearful mind of his, before it received that stroke which has ever since affected his words and actions. But he went on as follows:

"I came to my estate in my twenty-second year, and resolved to follow the steps of the most worthy of my ancestors who have inhabited this spot of earth before me, in all the methods of hospitality and good neighbourhood, for the sake of my fame; and in country sports and recreations, for the sake of my health. In my twenty-third year I was obliged to serve as sheriff of the county; and in my servants, officers, and whole equipage, indulged the pleasure of a young man (who did not think ill of his own person) in taking that public occasion of shewing my figure and behaviour to advantage. You may easily imagine to yourself what appearance I made, who am pretty tall, rode well, and was very well dressed, at the head of a whole county, with music

music before me, a feather in my hat, and my horse well bitted. I can assure you, I was not a little pleased with the kind looks and glances I had from all the balconies and windows as I rode to the hall where the assizes were held. But when I came there, a beautiful creature in a widow's habit sat in court, to hear the event of a cause concerning her dower. This commanding creature (who was born for the destruction of all who behold her) put on such a resignation in her countenance, and bore the whispers of all around the court with such a pretty uneasiness, I warrant you, and then recovered herself from one eye to another, until she was perfectly confused by meeting something so wistful in all she encountered, that at last, with a murrain to her, she cast her bewitching eye upon me. I no sooner met it, but I bowed like a great surprised booby; and knowing her cause to be the first which came on, I cried, like a captivated calf as I was, "Make way for the defendant's witnesses." This sudden partiality made all the county immediately see the sheriff also was become a slave to the fine widow. During the time her cause was upon trial, she behaved herself, I warrant you, with such a deep attention to her business, took opportunities to have little billets handed to her counsel, then would be in such a pretty confusion, occasioned, you must know, by acting before so much company, that not only I but the whole court was prejudiced in her favour; and all that the next heir to her husband had to urge, was thought so groundless and frivolous, that when it came to her counsel to reply, there was not half so much said as every one besides in the court thought he could have urged to her advantage. You must understand, Sir, this perverse woman is one of those unaccountable creatures that secretly rejoice in the admiration of men, but indulge themselves in no farther consequences. Hence it is that she has ever had a train of admirers, and she removes from her slaves in town to those in the country, according to the seasons of the year. She is a reading lady,

lady, and far gone in the pleasures of friendship. She is always accompanied by a confident, who is witness to her daily protestations against our sex, and consequently a bar to her first steps towards love, upon the strength of her own maxims and declarations.

"However, I must need say, this accomplished mistress of mine has distinguished me above the rest, and has been known to declare Sir ROGER DE COVERLEY was the tamest and most humane of all the brutes in the country. I was told she said so, by one who thought he rallied me; but upon the strength of this slender encouragement of being thought least detestable, I made new liveries, new-paired my coach-horses, sent them all to town to be bitted, and taught to throw their legs well, and move altogether, before I pretended to cross the country and wait upon her. As soon as I thought my retinue suitable to the character of my fortune and youth, I set out from hence to make my addresses. The particular skill of this lady has ever been to inflame your wishes, and yet command respect. To make her mistress of this art, she has a greater share of knowledge, wit, and good sense, than is usual even among men of merit; then she is beautiful beyond the race of women. If you will not let her go on with a certain artifice with her eyes, and the skill of beauty, she will arm herself with her real charms, and strike you with admiration instead of desire. It is certain that if you were to behold the whole woman, there is that dignity in her aspect, that composure in her motion, that complacency in her manner, that if her form makes you hope, her merit makes you fear. But then again, she is such a desperate scholar, that no country-gentleman can approach her without being a jest. As I was going to tell you, when I came to her house I was admitted to her presence with great civility; at the same time she placed herself to be first seen by me in such an attitude, as I think you call the posture of a picture, that she discovered new charms, and I at last came towards her with

with such an awe as made me speechless. This she no sooner observed but she made her advantage of it, and began a discourse to me concerning love and honour, as they both are followed by pretenders, and the real votaries to them. When she discussed these points in a discourse, which I verily believe was as learned as the best philosopher in Europe could possibly make, she asked me whether she was so happy as to fall in with my sentiments on these important particulars. Her confident sat by her, and upon my being in the last confusion and silence, this malicious aid of hers turning to her, says, "I am very glad to observe Sir ROGER pauses upon this subject, and seems resolved to deliver all his sentiments upon the matter when he pleases to speak." They both kept their countenances, and after I had sat half an hour meditating how to behave before such profound casusits, I rose up and took my leave. Chance has since that time thrown me very often in her way, and she as often has directed a discourse to me which I do not understand. This barbarity has kept me ever at a distance from the most beautiful object my eyes ever beheld. It is thus also she deals with all mankind, and you must make love to her, as you would conquer the *Sphinx*, by posing her. But were she like other women, and that there were any talking to her, how constant must the pleasure of that man be, who could converse with a creature——But after all, you may be sure her heart is fixed on some one or other; and yet I have been credibly informed—but who can believe half that is said?—After she had done speaking to me, she put her hand to her bosom, and adjusted her tucker. Then she cast her eyes a little down, upon my beholding her too earnestly. They say she sings excellently: her voice in her ordinary speech has something in it inexpressibly sweet. You must know I dined with her at a public table the day after I first saw her, and she helped me to some tansy, in the eye of all the gentlemen in the country. She has certainly the finest hand of any woman

man in the world. I can assure you, Sir, were you to behold her, you would be in the same condition; for as her speech is music, her form is angelic. But I find I grow irregular while I am talking of her; but indeed it would be stupidity to be unconcerned at such perfection. Oh the excellent creature! she is as inimitable to all women, as she is inaccessible to all men."

I found my friend begin to rave, and insensibly led him towards the house, that we might be joined by some other company; and am convinced that the widow is the secret cause of all that inconsistency which appears in some parts of my friend's discourse: though he has so much command of himself as not directly to mention her, yet according to that of MARTIAL, which one knows not how to render into English, *dum tacet hanc loquitur*. I shall end this paper with that whole epigram, which represents with much humour my honest friend's condition.

Quicquid agit RUFUS, nihil est, nisi NÆVIA RUFO,
Si gaudet, si flet, si tacet, hanc loquitur:
Cœnat, propinat, poscit, negat, annuit, una est
NÆVIA; si non sit NÆVIA, mutus erit.
Scriberet hesternâ patri cùm luce salutem,
NÆVIA lux, inquit, NÆVIA numen, ave.

EPIG. 1. 69.

"Let RUFUS weep, rejoice, stand, sit, or walk,
"Still he can nothing but of NÆVIA talk;
"Let him eat, drink, ask questions, or dispute,
"Still he must speak of NÆVIA, or be mute.
"He writ to his father, ending with this line,
"I am, my lovely NÆVIA, ever thine."

R.

# No. 114.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 11, 1711.

——Paupertatis pudor et fuga——

HOR. 1 EP. XVIII. 24.

——"The dread of nothing more
"Than to be thought necessitous and poor."

POOLY.

## THE NECESSITY AND USEFULNESS OF ECONOMY.

ECONOMY in our affairs has the same effect upon our fortunes which good-breeding has upon our conversation. There is a pretending behaviour in both cases, which, instead of making men esteemed, renders them both miserable and contemptible. We had yesterday at Sir ROGER'S a set of country gentlemen who dined with him: and after dinner the glass was taken, by those who pleased, pretty plentifully. Among others I observed a person of a tolerable good aspect, who seemed to be more greedy of liquor than any of the company, and yet methought, he did not taste it with delight. As he grew warm, he was suspicious of every thing that was said, and as he advanced towards being fuddled, his humour grew worse. At the same time his bitterness seemed to be rather an inward dissatisfaction in his own mind, than any dislike he had taken to the company. Upon hearing his name, I knew him to be a gentleman of a considerable fortune in this county, but greatly in debt. What gives the unhappy man this peevishness of spirit is, that his estate is dipped, and is eating out with usury; and yet he has not the heart to sell any part of it. His proud stomach, at the cost of restless nights, constant inquietudes, danger of affronts, and

and a thousand nameless inconveniences, preserves this canker in his fortune, rather than it shall be said he is a man of fewer hundreds a year than he has been commonly reputed. Thus he endures the torment of poverty, to avoid the name of being less rich. If you go to his house, you see great plenty; but served in a manner that shews it is all unnatural, and that the master's mind is not at home. There is a certain waste and carelessness in the air of every thing, and the whole appears but a covered indigence, a magnificent poverty. That neatness and chearfulness, which attends the table of him who lives within compass, is wanting, and exchanged for a libertine way of service in all about him.

This gentleman's conduct, though a very common way of management, is as ridiculous as that officer's would be, who had but few men under his command, and should take the charge of an extent of country rather than of a small pass. To pay for, personate, and keep in a man's hands, a greater estate than he really has, is of all others the most unpardonable vanity, and must in the end reduce the man who is guilty of it to dishonour, Yet if we look round us in any county of Great Britain, we shall see many in this fatal error; if that may be called by so soft a name, which proceeds from a false shame of appearing what they really are, when the contrary behaviour would in a short time advance them to the condition which they pretend to.

LAERTES has fifteen hundred pounds a year; which is mortgaged for six thousand pounds; but it is impossible to convince him, that if he sold as much as would pay off that debt, he would save four shillings in the pound, which he gives for the vanity of being the reputed master of it. Yet if LAERTES did this, he would perhaps be easier in his own fortune; but then IRUS, a fellow of yesterday who has but twelve hundred a year, would be his equal. Rather than this shall be, LAERTES goes on to bring well-born beggars into the

world, and every twelve-month charges his estate with at least one year's rent more by the birth of a child.

LAERTES and IRUS are neighbours, whose way of living are an abomination to each other. IRUS is moved by the fear of poverty, and LAERTES by the shame of it. Though the motive of action is of so near affinity in both, and may be resolved into this, "That to each of "them poverty is the greatest of all evils," yet are their manners very widely different. Shame of poverty makes LAERTES launch into unnecessary equipage, vain expence, and lavish entertainments. Fear of poverty makes IRUS allow himself only plain necessaries, appear without a servant, sell his own corn, attend his labourers, and be himself a labourer. Shame of poverty makes LAERTES go every day a step nearer to it; and fear of poverty stirs up IRUS to make every day some further progress from it.

These different motives produce the excesses which men are guilty of in the negligence of and provision for themselves. Usury, stock-jobbing, extortion, and oppression, have their seed in the dread of want; and vanity, riot, and prodigality, from the shame of it: but both these excesses are infinitely below the pursuit of a reasonable creature. After we have taken care to command so much as is necessary for maintaining ourselves in the order of men suitable to our character, the care of superfluities is a vice no less extravagant, than the neglect of necessaries would have been before.

Certain it is, that they are both out of nature, when she is followed with reason and good sense. It is from this reflection that I always read Mr. COWLEY with the greatest pleasure. His magnanimity is as much above that of other considerable men, as his understanding; and it is a true distinguishing spirit in the elegant author who published his works, to dwell so much upon the temper of his mind and the moderation of his desires. By these means he has rendered his friend as amiable as famous. That state of life which bears the face of poverty

poverty with Mr. COWLEY's *great Vulgar* is admirably described; and it is no small satisfaction to those of the same turn of desire, that he produces the authority of the wisest men of the best age of the world, to strengthen his opinion of the ordinary pursuits of mankind.

It would methinks be no ill maxim of life, if according to that ancestor of Sir ROGER, whom I lately mentioned, every man would point to himself what sum he would resolve not to exceed. He might by these means cheat himself into a tranquillity on this side of that expectation, or convert what he should get above it to nobler uses than his own pleasures or necessities. This temper of mind would exempt a man from an ignorant envy of restless men above him, and a more inexcusable contempt of happy men below him. This would be sailing by some compass, living with some design; but to be eternally bewildered in prospects of future gain, and putting on unnecessary armour against improbable blows of fortune, is a mechanic being which has not good sense for its direction, but is carried on by a sort of acquired instinct towards things below our consideration, and unworthy our esteem. It is possible that the tranquillity I now enjoy at Sir ROGER's may have created in me this way of thinking, which is so abstracted from the common relish of the world: but as I am now in a pleasing arbour surrounded with a beautiful landscape, I find no inclination so strong as to continue in these mansions, so remote from the ostentatious scenes of life; and am at this present writing philosopher enough to conclude with Mr. COWLEY,

"If e'er ambition did my fancy cheat
With any wish so mean as to be great;
Continue Heav'n, still from me to remove
The humble blessings of that life I love."

T.

NO.

# N°. 115.

THURSDAY, JULY 12, 1711.

——————Ut sit mens sana in corpore sano.

JUV. SAT. X. 356.

"Pray for a sound mind in a sound body."

## ON LABOUR AND EXERCISE.

BODILY LABOUR is of two kinds, either that which a man submits to for his livelihood, or that which he undergoes for his pleasure. The latter of them generally changes the name of *labour* for that of *exercise*, but differs only from ordinary *labour* as it rises from another motive.

A country life abounds in both these kinds of labour, and for that reason gives a man a greater stock of health, and consequently a more perfect enjoyment of himself, than any other way of life. I consider the body as a system of tubes and glands, or to use a more rustic phrase, a bundle of pipes and strainers, fitted to one another after so wonderful a manner as to make a proper engine for the soul to work with. This description does not only comprehend the bowels, bones, tendons, veins, nerves, and arteries, but every muscle and every ligature, which is a composition of fibres, that are so many imperceptible tubes or pipes interwoven on all sides with invisible glands or strainers.

This general idea of a *human body*, without considering it in the niceties of anatomy, lets us see how absolutely necessary labour is for the right preservation of it. There must be frequent motions and agitations, to mix, digest, and separate the juices contained in it, as well as to clear and cleanse that infinitude of pipes and

strainers of which it is composed, and to give their solid parts a more firm and lasting tone. Labour and *exercise* ferment the humours, cast them into their proper channels, throw off redundancies, and help nature in those secret distributions, without which the body cannot subsist in its vigour, nor the soul act with chearfulness.

I might here mention the effect which this has upon all the faculties of the mind, by keeping the understanding clear, the imagination untroubled, and refining those spirits that are necessary for the proper exertion of our intellectual faculties, during the present laws of union between soul and body. It is to a neglect in this particular that we must ascribe the spleen, which is so frequent in men of studious and sedentary tempers, as well as the vapours to which those of the other sex are so often subject.

Had not exercise been absolutely necessary for our well-being, nature would not have made the body so proper for it, by giving such an activity to the limbs, and such a pliancy to every part, as necessarily produce those compressions, extensions, contortions, dilatations, and all other kinds of motions that are necessary for the preservation of such a system of tubes and glands as has been before mentioned. And that we might not want inducements to engage us in such an exercise of the body as is proper for its welfare, it is so ordered that nothing valuable can be procured without it. Not to mention riches and honour, even food and raiment are not to be come at without the toil of the hands and the sweat of the brows. Providence furnishes materials, but expects that we should work them up ourselves. The earth must be laboured before it gives its increase, and when it is forced into its several products, how many hands must they pass through before they are fit for use! Manufactures, trade, and agriculture, naturally employ more than nineteen parts of the species in twenty; and as for those who are not obliged to labour, by the condition

dition in which they are born, they are more miserable than the rest of mankind, unless they indulge themselves in that voluntary labour which goes by the name of *exercise*.

My friend Sir ROGER has been an indefatigable man in business of this kind, and has hung several parts of his house with the trophies of his former labours. The walls of his great hall are covered with the horns of several kinds of deer that he has killed in the chace, which he thinks the most valuable furniture of his house, as they afford him frequent topics of discourse, and shew that he has not been idle. At the lower end of the hall is a large otter's skin stuffed with hay, which his mother ordered to be hung up in that manner, and the Knight looks upon with great satisfaction, because it seems he was but nine years old when his dog killed him. A little room adjoining to the hall is a kind of arsenal filled with guns of several sizes and inventions, with which the Knight has made great havock in the woods, and destroyed many thousands of pheasants, partridges, and woodcocks. His stable-doors are patched with noses that belonged to foxes of the Knight's own hunting down. Sir ROGER shewed me one of them that for distinction sake has a brass nail struck through it, which cost him about fifteen hours riding, carried him through half a dozen counties, killed him a brace of geldings, and lost above half his dogs. This the Knight looks upon as one of the greatest exploits of his life. The perverse widow, whom I have given some account of, was the death of several foxes; for Sir ROGER has told me that in the course of his amours he patched the western door of his stable. Whenever the widow was cruel, the foxes were sure to pay for it. In proportion as his passion for the widow abated and old age came on, he left off fox-hunting; but a hare is not yet safe that sits within ten miles of his house.

There is no kind of exercise which I would so recom-

mend to my readers of both sexes as this of riding, as there is none which so much conduces to health, and is every way accommodated to the body, according to the idea which I have given of it. Doctor SYDENHAM is very lavish in its praises; and if the English reader will see the mechanical effects of it described at length, he may find them in a book published not many years since, under the title of the *Medicina Gymnastica*. For my own part, when I am in town, for want of these opportunities, I exercise myself an hour every morning upon a dumb bell that is placed in a corner of my room, and pleases me the more because it does every thing I require of it in the most profound silence. My landlady and her daughters are so well acquainted with my hours of exercise, that they never come into my room to disturb me whilst I am ringing.

When I was some years younger than I am at present, I used to employ myself in a more laborious diversion, which I learned from a Latin treatise of exercises that is written with great erudition: it is there called the σκιομαχία, or the fighting with a man's own shadow, and consists in the brandishing of two short sticks grasped in each hand, and loaden with plugs of lead at either end. This opens the chest, exercises the limbs, and gives a man all the pleasure of boxing, without the blows. I could wish that several learned men would lay out that time which they employ in controversies and disputes about nothing, in this method of fighting with their own shadows. It might conduce very much to evaporate the spleen, which makes them uneasy to the public as well as to themselves.

To conclude, as I am a compound of soul and body, I consider myself as obliged to a double scheme of duties; and think I have not fulfilled the business of the day when I do not thus employ the one in labour and exercise, as well as the other in study and contemplation. L.

# No. 116.

FRIDAY, JULY 13, 1711.

——— Vocat ingenti clamore Cithæron,
Taygetique canes———

VIRG. GEORG. iii. 43.

"The echoing hills and chiding hounds invite."

## A HUNTING PARTY.

THOSE who have searched into human nature, observe that nothing so much shews the nobleness of the soul, as that its felicity consists in action. Every man has such an active principle in him, that he will find out something to employ himself upon, in whatever place or state of life he is posted. I have heard of a gentleman who was under close confinement in the bastile seven years; during which time he amused himself in scattering a few small pins about his chamber, gathering them up again, and placing them in different figures on the arm of a great chair. He often told his friends afterwards, that unless he had found out this piece of exercise, he verily believed he should have lost his senses.

After what has been said, I need not inform my readers, that Sir ROGER, with whose character I hope they are at present pretty well acquainted, has in his youth gone through the whole course of those rural diversions which the country abounds in; and which seem to be extremely well suited to that laborious industry a man may observe here in a far greater degree than in towns and cities. I have before hinted at some of my friend's exploits: he has in his youthful days taken forty coveys of partridges in a season; and tired many a salmon with a line consisting but of a single hair. The constant

thanks and good wishes of the neighbourhood always attended him, on account of his remarkable enmity towards foxes; having destroyed more of those vermin in one year, than it was thought the whole county could have produced. Indeed the Knight does not scruple to own among his most intimate friends, that in order to establish his reputation this way, he has secretly sent for great numbers of them out of other counties, which he used to turn loose about the country by night, that he might the better signalize himself in their destruction the next day. His hunting-horses were the finest and best managed in all these parts. His tenants are still full of the praises of a grey stone-horse that unhappily staked himself several years since, and was buried with great solemnity in the orchard.

Sir ROGER, being at present too old for fox-hunting, to keep himself in action, has disposed of his beagles, and got a pack of *stop hounds*. What these want in speed, he endeavours to make amends for by the deepness of their mouths and the variety of their notes, which are suited in such manner to each other, that the whole cry makes up a complete concert. He is so nice in this particular, that a gentleman having made him a present of a very fine hound the other day, the Knight returned it by the servant with a great many expressions of civility; but desired him to tell his master, that the dog he had sent was indeed a most excellent *bass*, but that at present he only wanted a *counter tenor*. Could I believe my friend had ever read SHAKESPEARE, I should certainly conclude he had taken the hint from THESEUS in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*.

"My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flued, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew.
Crook-knee'd and dew-lap'd like Thessalian bulls,
Slow in pursuit, but match'd in mouths like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tuneable
Was never halloo'd to, nor chear'd with horn."

Sir Roger is so keen after this sport, that he has been out almost every day since I came down; and upon the chaplain's offering to lend me his easy pad, I was prevailed on yesterday morning to make one of the company. I was extremely pleased, as we rid along, to observe the general benevolence of all the neighbourhood towards my friend. The farmers sons thought themselves happy if they could open a gate for the good old Knight as he passed by; which he generally requited with a nod or a smile, and a kind inquiry after their fathers or uncles.

After we had rode about a mile from home, we came upon a large heath, and the sportsmen began to beat. They had done so for some time, when, as I was at a little distance from the rest of the company, I saw a hare pop out from a small furze-brake almost under my horse's feet. I marked the way she took, which I endeavoured to make the company sensible of by extending my arm: but to no purpose, till Sir Roger, who knows that none of my extraordinary motions are insignificant, rode up to me, and asked me, "If puss was gone that way?" Upon my answering Yes, he immediately called in the dogs, and put them upon the scent. As they were going off, I heard one of the country-fellows muttering to his companion, "That 'twas a wonder they had not lost all their sport, for want of the silent gentleman's crying *stole away*."

This, with my aversion to leaping hedges, made me withdraw to a rising ground, from whence I could have the pleasure of the whole chace, without the fatigue of keeping in with the hounds. The hare immediately threw them above a mile behind her; but I was pleased to find, that instead of running straight forwards, or in hunter's language, *flying the country*, as I was afraid she might have done, she wheeled about, and described a sort of a circle round the hill where I had taken my station, in such a manner as gave me a very distinct view of the sport. I could see her first pass by, and

the dogs some time afterwards unravelling the whole track she had made, and following her through all her doubles. I was at the same time delighted in observing that deference which the rest of the pack paid to each particular hound, according to the character he had acquired among them. If they were at a fault, and an old hound of reputation opened but once, he was immediately followed by the whole cry; while a raw dog, or one who was a noted liar, might have yelped his heart out, without being taken notice of.

The hare now, after having squatted two or three times, and been put up again as often, came still nearer to the place where she was at first started. The dogs pursued her, and these were followed by the jolly Knight, who rode upon a white gelding, encompassed by his tenants and servants, and chearing his hounds with all the gaiety of five and twenty. One of the sportsmen rode up to me, and told me, that he was sure the chace was almost at an end, because the old dogs, which had hitherto lain behind, now headed the pack. The fellow was in the right. Our hare took a large field just under us, followed by the full cry *in view*. I must confess the brightness of the weather, the chearfulness of every thing around me, the chiding of the hounds, which was returned upon us in a double echo from two neighbouring hills, with the hallooing of the sportsmen, and the sounding of the horn, lifted my spirits into a most lively pleasure, which I freely indulged because I was sure it was innocent. If I was under any concern, it was on the account of the poor hare, that was now quite spent, and almost within the reach of her enemies; when the huntsman getting forward, threw down his pole before the dogs. They were now within eight yards of that game which they had been pursuing for almost as many hours; yet on the signal before-mentioned they all made a sudden stand, and though they continued opening as much as before, durst not once attempt to pass beyond the pole. At the same

same time Sir ROGER rode forward, and alighting, took up the hare in his arms; which he soon after delivered up to one of his servants, with an order, if she could be kept alive, to let her go in his great orchard; where it seems he has several of these prisoners of war, who live together in a very comfortable captivity. I was highly pleased to see the discipline of the pack, and the good-nature of the Knight, who could not find in his heart to murder a creature that had given him so much diversion.

As we were returning home, I remembered that Monsieur Paschal, in his most excellent discourse on the *Misery of Man*, tells us, That "all our endeavours after greatness proceed from nothing but a desire of being surrounded by a multitude of persons and affairs that may hinder us from looking into ourselves, which is a view we cannot bear." He afterwards goes on to shew that our love of sports comes from the same reason, and is particularly severe upon *hunting*. "What," says he, "unless it be to drown thought, can make men throw away so much time and pains upon a silly animal, which they might buy cheaper in the market?" The foregoing reflection is certainly just, when a man suffers his whole mind to be drawn into his sports, and altogether loses himself in the woods; but does not affect those who propose a far more laudable end from this exercise, I mean, "the preservation of health, and keeping all the organs of the soul in a condition to execute her orders." Had that incomparable person, whom I last quoted, been a little more indulgent to himself in this point, the world might probably have enjoyed him much longer; whereas through too great an application to his studies in his youth he contracted that ill habit of body, which, after a tedious sickness, carried him off, in the fortieth year of his age; and the whole history we have of his life till that time, is but one continued account of the behaviour of a noble soul struggling under innumerable pains and distempers.

For

For my own part, I intend to hunt twice a week during my stay with Sir ROGER; and shall prescribe the moderate use of this exercise to all my country friends, as the best kind of physic for mending a bad constitution, and preserving a good one.

I cannot do this better, than in the following lines out of Mr. DRYDEN.*

"The first physicians by debauch were made;
Excess began, and Sloth sustains the trade.
By Chace our long liv'd fathers earn'd their food;
Toil strung the nerves, and purified the blood;
But we their sons, a pamper'd race of men,
Are dwindled down to threescore years and ten.
Better to hunt in fields for health unbought,
Than fee the Doctor for a nauseous draught.
The wise for cure on exercise depend:
God never made his work for man to mend."

X.

## No. 117.

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1711.

——— Ipsi sibi somnia fingunt

VIRG. ECL. viii. 108.

"With voluntary dreams they cheat their minds."

### ON WITCHCRAFT.

THERE are some opinions in which a man should stand neuter, without engaging his assent to one side or the other. Such a hovering faith as this, which refuses to settle upon any determination, is absolutely necessary in

* A former annotator observes, that Mr. BUDGELL could be no sportsman, by making his hunting party in the month of July.

in a mind that is careful to avoid errors and prepossessions. When the arguments press equally on both sides in matters that are indifferent to us, the safest method is to give up ourselves to neither.

It is with this temper of mind that I consider this subject of *Witchcraft*. When I hear the relations that are made from all parts of the world, not only from Norway and Lapland, from the East and West-Indies, but from every particular nation in Europe, I cannot forbear thinking that there is such an intercourse and commerce with evil spirits, as that which we express by the name of Witchcraft. But when I consider that the ignorant and credulous parts of the world abound most in these relations, and that the persons among us, who are supposed to engage in such an infernal commerce, are people of a weak understanding and crazed imagination, and at the same time reflect upon the many impostures and delusions of this nature that have been detected in all ages, I endeavour to suspend my belief till I hear more certain accounts than any which have yet come to my knowledge. In short, when I consider the question, whether there are such persons in the world as those we call *Witches*, my mind is divided between the two opposite opinions, of rather (to speak my thoughts freely) I believe in general that there is, and has been such a thing as Witchcraft; but at the same time can give no credit to any particular instance of it.

I am engaged in this speculation, by some occurrences that I met with yesterday, which I shall give my reader an account of at large. As I was was walking with my friend Sir Roger by the side of one of his woods, an old woman applied herself to me for my charity. Her dress and figure put me in mind of the following description in Otway.*

" In a close lane, as I pursu'd my journey,
I spy'd a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
Picking

* See his *Orphan*, Act. II.

Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself.
Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red;
Cold palsy shook her head; her hands seem'd wither'd;
And on her crooked shoulders had she wrapt
The tatter'd remnant of an old striped hanging,
Which served to keep her carcass from the cold:
So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patch'd
With different colour'd rags, black, red, white, yellow,
And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness."

As I was musing on this description, and comparing it with the object before me, the Knight told me, that this very old woman had the reputation of a Witch all over the country, that her lips were observed to be always in motion, and that there was not a switch about her house which her neighbours did not believe had carried her several hundreds of miles. If she chanced to stumble, they always found sticks or straw that lay in the figure of a cross before her. If she made any mistake at church, and cried amen in a wrong place, they never failed to conclude that she was saying her prayers backwards. There was not a maid in the parish that would take a pin of her, though she should offer a bag of money with it. She goes by the name of MOLL WHITE, and has made the country ring with several imaginary exploits which are palmed upon her.—If the dairy-maid does not make her butter come so soon as she would have it, MOLL WHITE is at the bottom of the churn. If a horse sweats in the stable, MOLL WHITE has been upon his back. If a hare makes an unexpected escape from the hounds, the huntsman curses MOLL WHITE. "Nay, (says Sir ROGER) I have known the master of the pack, upon such an occasion, send one of his servants to see if MOLL WHITE had been out that morning."

This account raised my curiosity so far, that I begged my friend Sir ROGER, to go with me into her hovel, which stood in a solitary corner under the side of the wood.

wood. Upon our first entering Sir ROGER winked to me, and pointed at something that stood behind the door, which, upon looking that way, I found to be an old broom staff. At the same time he whispered me in the ear to take notice of a tabby cat that sat in the chimney corner, which, as the old Knight told me, lay under as bad a report as MOLL WHITE herself; for besides that MOLL is said often to accompany her in the same shape, the cat is reported to have spoken twice or thrice in her life, and to have played several pranks above the capacity of an ordinary cat.

I was secretly concerned to see human nature in so much wretchedness and disgrace, but at the same time could not forbear smiling to hear Sir ROGER, who is a little puzzled about the old woman, advising her as a Justice of Peace to avoid all communication with the Devil; and never to hurt any of her neighbour's cattle. We concluded our visit with a bounty, which was very acceptable.

In our return home Sir ROGER told me, that old MOLL had been often brought before him for making children spit pins, and giving maids the nightmare; and that the country people would be tossing her into a pond, and trying experiments with her every day, if it was not for him and his chaplain.

I have since found upon inquiry, that Sir ROGER was several times staggered with the reports that had been brought him concerning this old woman, and would frequently have bound her over to the county sessions, had not his chaplain with much ado persuaded him to the contrary.

I have been the more particular in this account, because I hear there is scarce a village in England that has not a MOLL WHITE in it.* When an old woman begins to doat, and grow chargeable to a parish, she is generally

* In the Highlands of Scotland, the existence of witches is, to this day, as fully believed as of ghosts. In almost every hamlet

rally turned into a witch, and fills the whole country with extravagant fancies, imaginary distempers, and terrifying dreams. In the mean time, the poor wretch that is the innocent occasion of so many evils, begins to be frighted at herself, and sometimes confesses secret commerces and familiarities that her imagination forms in a delirious old age. This frequently cuts off charity from the greatest objects of compassion, and inspires people with a malevolence towards those poor decrepid parts of our species in whom human nature is defaced by infirmity and dotage.

L.

## N°. 118.

MONDAY, JULY 16, 1711.

——— Hæret lateri lethalis arundo.

VIRG. ÆN. iv. 73.

———"The fatal dart
"Sticks in his side, and rankles in his heart."

DRYDEN.

### THE INFLUENCE OF FEMALE CONFIDENTS.

THIS agreeable seat is surrounded with so many pleasing walks, which are struck out of a wood, in the midst of which the house stands, that one can hardly ever be weary of rambling from one labyrinth of delight to another. To one used to live in a city the charms of the country are so exquisite, that the mind is lost in a certain

let there is to be found an old woman to whom are attributed exploits no less wonderful than those of MOLL WHITE; but like many great personages, *sacro caruere vate*, no writer has attempted to transmit their achievements to posterity.

certain transport which raises us above ordinary life, and yet is not strong enough to be inconsistent with tranquillity. This state of mind was I in, ravished with the murmur of water, the whisper of breezes, the singing of birds; and whether I looked up to the heavens, down on the earth, or turned to the prospects around me, still struck with new sense of pleasure; when I found by the voice of my friend, who walked by me, that we had insensibly strolled into the grove sacred to the widow. "This woman (says he) is of all others the most unintelligible; she either designs to marry, or she does not. What is the most perplexing of all is, that she doth not either say to her lovers she has any resolution against that condition of life in general, or that she banishes them; but conscious of her own merit she permits their addresses, without fear of any ill consequence, or want of respect, from their rage or despair. She has that in her aspect, against which it is impossible to offend. A man whose thoughts are constantly bent upon so agreeable an object, must be excused if the ordinary occurrences in conversation are below his attention. I call her indeed perverse, but, alas! why do I call her so; because her superior merit is such, that I cannot approach her without awe, that my heart is checked by too much esteem: I am angry that her charms are not more accessible, that I am more inclined to worship than salute her. How often have I wished her unhappy, that I might have an opportunity of serving her! And how often troubled in that very imagination, at giving her the pain of being obliged? Well, I have led a miserable life in secret upon her account; but fancy she would have condescended to have some regard for me, if it had not been for that watchful animal her Confident.

"Of all persons under the sun (continued he, calling me by my name) be sure to set a mark upon Confidents: they are of all people the most impertinent. What is most pleasant to observe in them, is, that they assume

to

to themselves the merit of the persons whom they have in their custody. ORESTILLA is a great fortune, and in wonderful danger of surprises, therefore full of suspicions of the least indifferent thing, particularly careful of new acquaintance, and of growing too familiar with the old. THEMISTA, her favourite woman, is every whit as careful of whom she speak to, and what she says. Let the ward be a beauty, her confident shall treat you with an air of distance; let her be a fortune, and she assumes the suspicious behaviour of her friend and patroness. Thus it is that very many of our unmarried women of distinction are to all intents and purposes married, except the consideration of different sexes. They are directly under the conduct of their whisperer; and think they are in a state of freedom, while they can prate with one of these attendants of all men in general, and still avoid the man they most like. You do not see one heiress in a hundred whose fate does not turn upon this circumstance of choosing a confident. Thus it is that the lady is addressed to, presented and flattered, only by proxy, in her woman. In my case, how is it possible that"-----Sir ROGER was proceeding in his harangue, when we heard the voice of one speaking very importunately, and repeating these words, 'What, not one smile!' We followed the sound till we came to a close thicket, on the other side of which we saw a young woman sitting as it were in a personated sullenness just over a transparent fountain. Opposite to her stood Mr. WILLIAM, Sir ROGER's master of the game. The Knight whispered me, 'Hist! these are lovers.' The huntsman looking earnestly at the shadow of the young maiden in the stream, 'Oh thou dear picture, if thou couldst remain there in the absence of that fair creature whom you represent in the water, how willingly could I stand here satisfied for ever, without troubling my dear BETTY herself with any mention of her unfortunate WILLIAM, whom she is angry with! But alas! when she pleases to be gone, thou wilt also vanish-----Yet let me talk

talk to thee while thou dost stay. Tell my dearest BETTY thou dost not more depend upon her, than does her WILLIAM: her absence will make away with me as well as thee. If she offers to remove thee, I will jump into these waves to lay hold on thee; herself, her own dear person, I must never embrace again.---Still do you hear me without one smile---It is too much to bear'---He had no sooner spoke these words, but he made an offer of throwing himself into the water: at which his mistress started up, and at the next instant he jumped across the fountain, and met her in an embrace. She half recovering from her fright, said in the most charming voice imaginable, and with a tone of complaint, 'I thought how well you would drown yourself. No, no, you will not drown yourself till you have taken your leave of SUSAN HOLIDAY.' The huntsman, with a tenderness that spoke the most passionate love, and with his cheek close to hers, whispered the softest vows of fidelity in her ear, and cried, 'Do not, my dear, believe a word that KATE WILLOW says; she is spiteful, and makes stories, because she loves to hear me talk to herself for your sake.' Look you there, quoth Sir ROGER, do you see there, all mischief comes from Confidents. * But let us not interrupt them; the maid is honest, and the man dare not be otherwise, for he knows I loved her father: I will interpose in this matter, and hasten the wedding. KATE WILLOW is a witty mischievous wench in the neighbourhood, who was a beauty; and makes me hope I shall see the perverse widow in her condition. She was so flippant with her answers to all the honest fellows that came near her, and so very vain of her



* The learned reader will find the pernicious consequences accruing to women of rank, from listening to corrupt attendants of their own sex, most strikingly exhibited in the *Phaedra* of EURIPIDES, wherein, after PHÆDRA had exerted her reason and virtue in combating her guilty passion for her husband's son, the wicked suggestions of her confident persuaded her to give vent to her passion and solicit HIPPOLITUS. The consequence is, the ruin of the youth and of herself, and the misery of her husband.

beauty, that she has valued herself upon her charms till they are ceased. She therefore now makes it her business to prevent other young women from being more discreet than she was herself: however, the saucy thing said the other day well enough, 'Sir ROGER and I must make a match, for we are both despised by those we loved.' The hussy has a great deal of power wherever she comes, and has her share of cunning.

"However, when I reflect upon this woman, I do not know whether in the main I am the worse for having loved her: whenever she is recalled to my imagination my youth returns, and I feel a forgotten warmth in my veins. This affliction in my life has streaked all my conduct with a softness, of which I should otherwise have been incapable. It is owing, perhaps, to this dear image in my heart, that I am apt to relent, that I easily forgive, and that many desirable things are grown into my temper, which I should not have arrived at by better motives than the thought of being one day hers. I am pretty well satisfied such a passion as I have had is never well cured; and between you and me, I am often apt to imagine it has had some whimsical effect upon my brain: for I frequently find, that in my most serious discourse I let fall some comical familiarity of speech or odd phrase that makes the company laugh. However, I cannot but allow she is a most excellent woman. When she is in the country I warrant she does not run into dairies, but reads upon the nature of plants: but has a glass-hive, and comes into the garden out of books to see them work, and observe the policies of their commonwealth. She understands every thing. I would give ten pounds to hear her argue with my friend Sir ANDREW FREEPORT about trade. No, no, for all she looks so innocent as it were, take my word for it she is no fool." T.

# N°. 119.

TUESDAY, JULY 17, 1711.

Urbem quam dicunt Romam, Melibœe, putavi
Stultus ego huic nostræ similem———

VIRG. ECL. i. 20.

"The city men call Rome, unskilful clown,
"I thought resembled this our humble town."

WARTON.

## DIFFERENCE OF MANNERS IN LONDON AND THE COUNTRY.

THE first and most obvious reflections which arise in a man who changes the city for the country, are upon the different *manners* of the people whom he meets with in those two different scenes of life. By *manners* I do not mean *morals*, but *behaviour* and *good-breeding*, as they shew themselves in the town and in the country.

And here, in the first place, I must observe, a very great revolution that has happened in this article of *good-breeding*. Several obliging deferences, condescensions, and submissions, with many outward forms and ceremonies that accompany them, were first of all brought up among the politer part of mankind, who lived in courts and cities, and distinguished themselves from the rustic part of the species (who on all occasions acted bluntly and naturally) by such a mutual complaisance and intercourse of civilities. These forms of conversation by degrees multiplied and grew troublesome; the modish world found too great a constraint in them, and have therefore thrown most of them aside. Conversation, like the Romish religion, was so incumbered with show and ceremony, that it stood in need of a reformation to retrench its superfluities, and restore it to its

natural good sense and beauty. At present, therefore, an unconstrained carriage, and a certain openness of behaviour, are the height of *good-breeding*. The fashionable world is grown free and easy; our manners sit more loose upon us. Nothing is so modish as an agreeable negligence. In a word, *good-breeding* shows itself most, where to an ordinary eye it appears the least.

If after this we look on the people of mode in the country, we find in them the *manners* of the last age. They have no sooner fetched themselves up to the fashion of the polite world, but the town has dropped them, and are nearer to the first state of nature than to those refinements which formerly reigned in the court, and still prevail in the country. One may now know a man that never conversed in the world, by his excess of *good-breeding*. A polite country esquire shall make you as many bows in half an hour, as would serve a courtier for a week. There is infinitely more to do about place and precedency in a meeting of Justices wives, than in an assembly of duchesses.

This rural politeness is very troublesome to a man of my temper, who generally *take* the chair that is next *me*, and *walk* first or last, in the front or in the rear, as chance directs. I have known my friend Sir Roger's dinner almost cold before the company could adjust the ceremonial, and be prevailed upon to sit down; and have heartily pitied my old friend, when I have seen him forced to pick and cull his guests, as they sat at the several parts of his table, that he might drink their healths according to their respective ranks and qualities.* Honest Will Wimble, who I should have thought had been altogether uninfected with ceremony, gives me abundance of trouble in this particular. Though he

* In the remote parts of the kingdom, much of this unnecessary ceremony still prevails among country gentlemen. At funerals in particular, occasions on which one might imagine ideas of worldly rank might be laid aside, the entertainer has much trouble in arranging precedence.

he has been fishing all the morning, he will not help himself at dinner until I am served. When we are going out of the hall, he runs behind me; and last night, as we were walking in the fields, stopped short at a stile until I came up to it, and upon my making signs to him to get over, told me with a serious smile, that sure I believed they had no manners in the country.

There has happened another revolution in the point of *good-breeding*, which relates to the conversation among men of mode, and which I cannot but look upon as very extraordinary. It was certainly one of the first distinctions of a well-bred man to express every thing that had the most remote appearance of being obscene, in modest terms and distant phrases; whilst the clown, who had no such delicacy of conception and expression, clothed his ideas in those plain homely terms that are the most obvious and natural. This kind of *good-manners* was perhaps carried to an excess, so as to make conversation too stiff, formal, and precise: for which reason (as hypocrisy in one age is generally succeeded by atheism in another) *conversation* is in a great measure relapsed into the first extreme; so that at present several of our men of the town, and particularly those who have been polished in France, make use of the most coarse uncivilized words in our language, and utter themselves often in such a manner as a clown would blush to hear.

This infamous piece of *good-breeding*, which reigns among the coxcombs of the town, has not yet made its way into the country; and as it is impossible for such an irrational way of *conversation* to last long among a people that make any profession of religion, or show of modesty, if the country gentlemen get into it, they will certainly be left in the lurch. Their *good-breeding* will come too late to them, and they will be thought a parcel of lewd clowns, while they fancy themselves talking together like men of wit and pleasure.

As the two points of *good-breeding*, which I have hitherto insisted upon, regard behaviour and *conversation*, there is a third which turns upon dress. In this too the country are very much behind-hand. The rural beaus are not yet got out of the fashion that took place at the time of the Revolution, but ride about the country in red coats and laced hats, while the women in many parts are still trying to outvie one another in the height of their head-dresses.

But a friend of mine, who is now upon the western circuit, having promised to give me an account of the several modes and fashions that prevail in the different parts of the nation through which he passes, I shall defer the enlarging upon this last topic till I have received a letter from him, which I expect every post.

L.

## N°. 120.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 18, 1711.

——Equidem credo, quia sit divinitus illis
Ingenium——

VIRG. GEORG. i. 451.

"I deem their breasts inspir'd
"With a divine sagacity."

### INSTINCTIVE LOVE OF BRUTES FOR THEIR YOUNG.

MY friend Sir ROGER is very often merry with me upon my passing so much of my time among his poultry. He has caught me twice or thrice looking after a bird's nest, and several times sitting an hour or two together near a hen and chickens. He tells me he believes I am personally acquainted with every fowl about his house;

house; calls such a particular cock my favourite; and frequently complains that his ducks and geese have more of my company than himself.

I must confess I am infinitely delighted with those speculations of *nature* which are to be made in a country-life; and as my reading has very much lain among books of *natural history*, I cannot forbear recollecting upon this occasion the several remarks which I have met with in authors, and comparing them with what falls under my own observation: the arguments for Providence drawn from the *natural history of animals* being in my opinion demonstrative.

The make of every kind of animal is different from that of every other kind; and yet there is not the least turn in the muscles or twist in the fibres of any one, which does not render them more proper for that particular animal's way of life than any other cast or texture of them would have been.

The most violent appetites in all creatures are *lust* and *hunger*. The first is a perpetual call upon them to propagate their kind; the latter to preserve themselves.

It is astonishing to consider the different degrees of care that descend from the parent to the young, so far as is absolutely necessary for the leaving a posterity. Some creatures cast their eggs as chance directs them, and think of them no farther; as insects and several kinds of fish. Others, of a nicer frame, find out proper beds to deposit them in, and there leave them; as the serpent, the crocodile, and ostrich: others hatch their eggs and tend the birth, until it is able to shift for itself.

What can we call the principle which directs every different kind of bird to observe a particular plan in the structure of its nest, and directs all the same species to work after the same model? It cannot be *imitation*; for though you hatch a crow under a hen, and never let it see any of the works of its own kind, the nest it makes shall be the same, to the laying of a stick, with all the other nests of the same species. It cannot be *rea-*

*son*; for were animals endued with it to as great a degree as man, their buildings would be as different as ours, according to the different conveniences that they would propose to themselves.

Is it not remarkable, that the same temper of weather, which raises this genial warmth in animals, should cover the trees with leaves, and the fields with grass, for their security and concealment, and produce such infinite swarms of insects for the support and sustenance of their respective broods?

Is it not wonderful, that the love of the parent should be so violent while it lasts, and that it should last no longer than is necessary for the preservation of the young?

The violence of this *natural love* is exemplified by a very barbarous experiment; which I shall quote at length, as I find it in an excellent author, and hope my readers will pardon the mentioning such an instance of cruelty, because there is nothing can so effectually shew the strength of that principle in animals of which I am here speaking. "A person who was well skilled in dissections opened a bitch, and as she lay in the most exquisite tortures, offered her one of her young puppies, which she immediately fell a licking; and for the time seemed insensible of her own pain. On the removal, she kept her eye fixed on it, and began a wailing sort of cry, which seemed rather to proceed from the loss of her young one, than the sense of her own torments."

But notwithstanding this *natural love* in brutes is much more violent and intense than in rational creatures, Providence has taken care that it should be no longer troublesome to the parent than it is useful to the young; for so soon as the wants of the latter cease, the mother withdraws her fondness, and leaves them to provide for themselves; and what is a very remarkable circumstance in this part of *instinct*, we find that the *love* of the parent may be lengthened out beyond its usual time, if the preservation of the species requires it: as we may see in

birds that drive away their young as soon as they are able to get their livelihood, but continue to feed them if they are tied to the nest, or confined within a cage, or by any other means appear to be out of a condition of supplying their own necessities.

This *natural love* is not observed in animals to ascend from the young to the parent, which is not at all necessary for the continuance of the species: nor indeed in reasonable creatures does it rise in any proportion, as it spreads itself downwards; for in all *family affection*, we find protection granted and favours bestowed, are greater motives to love and tenderness, than safety, benefits, or life received.

One would wonder to hear sceptical men disputing for the reason of animals, and telling us it is only our pride and prejudices that will not allow them the use of that faculty.

Reason shews itself in all occurrences of life; whereas the brute makes no discovery of such a talent, but in what immediately regards his own preservation, or the continuance of his species. Animals in their generation are wiser than the sons of men; but their wisdom is confined to a few particulars, and lies in a very narrow compass. Take a brute out of his *instinct*, and you find him wholly deprived of understanding. To use an instance that comes often under observation:

With what caution does the *hen* provide herself a nest in places unfrequented, and free from noise and disturbance! When she has laid her eggs in such a manner that she can cover them, what care does she take in turning them frequently, that all parts may partake of the vital warmth! When she leaves them, to provide for her necessary sustenance, how punctually does she return before they have time to cool, and become incapable of producing an animal! In the summer you see her giving herself greater freedoms, and quitting her care for above two hours together; but in winter, when the rigour

rigour of the season would chill the principles of life, and destroy the young one, she grows more assiduous in her attendance, and stays away but half the time. When the birth approaches, with how much nicety and attention does she help the chick to break its prison! not to take notice of her covering it from the injuries of the weather, providing it proper nourishment, and teaching it to help itself; nor to mention her forsaking the nest, if after the usual time of reckoning the young one does not make its appearance. A chymical operation could not be followed with greater art or diligence, than is seen in the hatching of a *chick*; though there are many other birds that shew an infinitely greater sagacity in all the forementioned particulars.

But at the same time the *hen*, that has all this seeming ingenuity (which is indeed absolutely necessary for the propagation of the species) considered in other respects, is without the least glimmerings of thought or common sense. She mistakes a piece of chalk for an egg, and sits upon it in the same manner. She is insensible of any increase or diminution in the number of those she lays. She does not distinguish between her own and those of another species; and when the birth appears of ever so different a bird, will cherish it for her own. In all these circumstances which do not carry an immediate regard to the subsistence of herself or her species, she is a very idiot.

There is not, in my opinion, any thing more mysterious in nature than this *instinct* in animals, which thus rises above reason, and falls infinitely short of it. It cannot be accounted for by any properties in matter, and at the same time works after so odd a manner, that one cannot think it the faculty of an intellectual being. For my own part, I look upon it as upon the principle of gravitation in bodies, which is not to be explained by any known qualities inherent in the bodies themselves, nor from any laws of mechanism, but, according to the best

best notions of the greatest philosophers, is an immediate impression from the *First Mover*, and the *divine energy* acting in the *creatures*.

L.

## No. 121.

THURSDAY, JULY 19, 1711.

———Jovis omnia plena.

VIRG. ECL. iii. 69.

———"All things are full of Jove."

### INSTINCT IN IRRATIONAL ANIMALS, FARTHER CONSIDERED.

As I was walking this morning in the great yard that belongs to my friend's country-house, I was wonderfully pleased to see the different workings of *instinct* in a *hen* followed by a brood of ducks. The young, upon the sight of a pond, immediately ran into it; while the step-mother, with all imaginable anxiety, hovered about the borders of it, to call them out of an element that appeared to her so dangerous and destructive. As the different principle which acted in these different animals cannot be termed *reason*, so when we call it *instinct*, we mean something we have no knowledge of. To me, as I hinted in my last paper, it seems the immediate direction of *Providence*, and such an operation of the Supreme Being, as that which determines all the portions of matter to their proper centres. A modern philosopher, quoted by Monsieur Bayle in his learned dissertation on the *Souls of Brutes*, delivers the same opinion, though in a bolder form of words, where he says, *Deus est anima brutorum*, "God himself is the *soul of brutes*." Who can tell what to call that seeming sagacity

city in animals, which directs them to such food as is proper for them, and makes them naturally avoid whatever is noxious or unwholesome? TULLY has observed, that a lamb no sooner falls from its mother, but immediately and of its own accord it applies itself to the teat. DAMPIER, in his travels, tells us, that when seamen are thrown upon any of the unknown coasts of America they never venture upon the fruit of any tree, how tempting soever it may appear, unless they observe that it is marked with the pecking of birds; but fall on without any fear or apprehension where the birds have been before them.

But notwithstanding animals have nothing like the use of *reason*, we find in them all the lower parts o our nature, the passions and senses in their greatest strength and perfection. And here it is worth our observation, that all beasts and birds of prey are wonderfully subject to anger, malice, revenge, and all the other violent passions that may animate them in search of their proper food; as those that are incapable of defending themselves, or annoying others, or whose safety lies chiefly in their flight, are suspicious, fearful, and apprehensive of every thing they see or hear; whilst others, that are of assistance and use to man, have their natures softened with something mild and tractable, and by that means are qualified for a domestic life. In this case the passions generally correspond with the make of the body. We do not find the fury of a lion in so weak and defenceless an animal as a lamb, nor the meekness of a lamb in a creature so armed for battle and assault as the lion. In the same manner, we find that particular animals have a more or less exquisite sharpness and sagacity in those particular senses which most turn to their advantage, and in which their safety and welfare is the most concerned.

Nor must we here omit that great variety of arms with which nature has differently fortified the bodies of several kind of animals, such as claws, hoofs, horns, teeth, and

and tusks, a tail, a sting, a trunk, or a *proboscis*. It is likewise observed by naturalists, that it must be some hidden principle distinct from what we call *reason*, which instructs animals in the use of these their arms, and teaches them to manage them to the best advantage; because they naturally defend themselves with that part in which their strength lies, before the weapon be formed in it; as is remarkable in lambs, which, though they are bred within doors, and never saw the actions of their own species, push at those who approach them with their forehead, before the first budding of a horn appears.

I shall add to these general observations an instance, which Mr. LOCKE has given us of *Providence* even in the imperfections of a creature which seems the meanest and most despicable in the whole animal world. "We may," says he, "from the make of an oyster, or cockle, conclude, that it has not so many nor so quick senses as a man, or several other animals: nor if it had, would it, in that state and incapacity of transferring itself from one place to another, be bettered by them. What good would sight or hearing do to a creature, that cannot move itself to or from the object, wherein at a distance it perceives good or evil? And would not quickness of sensation be an inconvenience to an animal that must be still where chance has once placed it, and there receive the afflux of colder or warmer, clean or foul water, as it happens to come to it."

I shall add to this instance out of Mr. LOCKE another out of the learned Dr. MORE, who cites it from CARDAN, in relation to another animal which *Providence* has left defective, but at the same time has shewn its wisdom in the formation of that organ in which it seems chiefly to have failed. "What is more obvious and ordinary than a *mole*? and yet what more palpable argument of *Providence* than she? The members of her body are so exactly fitted to her nature and manner of life: for her dwelling being under ground where nothing is to be seen

seen, nature has so obscurely fitted her with eyes, that naturalists can scarce agree whether she have any sight at all, or no. But for amends, what she is capable of for her defence and warning of danger, she has very eminently conferred upon her; for she is exceeding quick of hearing. And then her short tail and short legs, but broad fore-feet armed with sharp claws; we see by the event to what purpose they are, she so swiftly working herself under ground, and making her way so fast in the earth as they that behold it cannot but admire it. Her legs therefore are short, that she need dig no more than will serve the mere thickness of her body; and her fore-feet are broad that she may scoop away much earth at a time; and little or no tail she has, because she courses it not on the ground, like the rat or mouse, of whose kindred she is; but lives under the earth, and is fain to dig herself a dwelling there. And she making her way through so thick an element, which will not yield easily, as the air or the water, it had been dangerous to have drawn so long a train behind her; for her enemy might fall upon her rear, and fetch her out, before she had compleated or got full possession of her works."

I cannnot forbear mentioning Mr. BOYLE's remark upon this last creature, who I remember somewhere in his works observes, that though the *mole* be not totally blind (as it is commonly thought) she has not sight enough to distinguish particular objects. Her eye is said to have but one humour in it, which is supposed to give her the idea of light, but of nothing else, and is so formed that this idea is probably painful to the animal. Whenever she comes up into broad day she might be in danger of being taken, unless she were thus affected by a light striking upon her eye, and immediately warning her to bury herself in her proper element. More sight would be useless to her, as none at all might be fatal.

I have only instanced such animals as seem the most imperfect

imperfect works of nature; and if *Providence* shews itself even in the blemishes of these creatures, how much more does it discover itself in the several endowments which it has variously bestowed upon such creatures as are more or less finished and compleated in their several faculties, according to the condition of life in which they are posted.

I could wish our *Royal Society* would compile a body of *natural history*, the best that could be gathered together from books and observations. If the several writers among them took each his particular species, and gave us a distinct account of its original, birth and education; its policies, hostilities, and alliances, with the frame, and texture of its inward and outward parts, and particularly those that distinguish it from all other animals, with their peculiar aptitudes for the state of being in which Providence has placed them, it would be one of the best services their studies could do mankind, and not a little redound to the glory of the All-wise Contriver.

It is true, such a *natural history*, after all the disquisitions of the learned, would be infinitely short and defective. Seas and deserts hide millions of animals from our observation. Innumerable artifices and stratagems are acted in the *bowling wilderness* and in the *great deep*, that can never come to our knowledge. Besides that there are infinitely more species of creatures which are not to be seen without, nor indeed with the help of the finest glasses, than of such as are bulky enough for the naked eye to take hold of. However, from the consideration of such animals as lie within the compass of our knowledge, we might easily form a conclusion of the rest, that the same variety of wisdom and goodness runs through the whole creation, and puts every creature in a condition to provide for its safety and subsistence in its proper station.

TULLY has given us an admirable sketch of *natural history*, in his second book concerning the *Nature of*

*the Gods*; and that in a stile so raised by metaphors and descriptions, that it lifts the subject above raillery and ridicule, which frequently fall on such nice observations when they pass through the hands of an ordinary writer.

L.

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# SPECTATOR.

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